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SIR THOMAS MORE.

A PLAY;

NOW FIRST PRINTED.

EDITED BY

THE REV. ALEXANDER DYCE.



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P R E F A C E.

The only extant MS. of the following play,—*Harleian* 7368,—is written in several hands,¹ a portion of it appearing to have belonged to a playhouse transcript : in some places it is slightly mutilated ; and in others it presents so much confusion from the scenes having been re-modelled and the leaves misplaced, that considerable difficulty has been experienced in preparing a copy for the press.

Concerning the author of this tragedy nothing is known. It would seem to have been composed towards the close of the sixteenth century (about 1590, or perhaps a little earlier) ; but there are some grounds for supposing that a few additions were made to it at a later period.

A. D.

¹ Hence in the present edition the inconsistency in the use of *u* and *v*.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE EARLIER SCENES OF THE PLAY.

I.

From Hall's *Chronicle*, fol. lix. (b), ed. 1548.

[The VIII. yere of Kyng Henry the VIII.]

In this ceason, the Genowayes, Frenchemen and other straungiers sayde and boasted themselves to be in suche fauour with the kyng and hys counsayll, that they set naughte by the rulers of the citie ; and the multitude of straungers was so great aboute London, that the poore Englishe artificers coulede skace get any lynynge ; and, moost of all, the straungers were so proude, that they disdayned, mocked and oppressed the Englishemen, whiche was the begynnynge of the grudge. For, amonge all other thynges, there was a carpenter in London called Willyamson, whiche bought two stockdoues in Chepe, and as he was aboute to paye for them, a Frencheman tooke them oute of hys hande, and sayde they were not meate for a carpenter. "Well," sayde the Englishman, "I haue bought them and now payd for them, and therefore I will haue them." "Naye," sayde the Frencheman, "I will haue theim for my lorde the ambassador ;" and so, for better or worse, the Frencheman called the Englisheman knaue, and went awaye with the stockdoues. The straungiers came to the Frenche ambassadour, and surmysed a complaynt agaynste the poore carpenter : and the ambassadour came to my lorde Mayre, and sayde so muche, that the carpenter was sent to pryson ; and yet not contented with this, so complayned to the kynges counsail, that the kynges commaundement was layde on hym. And when Syr Ihon Baker knyght and other worshipfull persones sued too the ambassadour for hym, he aunswered, by the body of God, that the English knaue shoulde lose his lyfe ; for, he sayde, no Englishe-
The pride of Frenchemen

man shoulde deny that the Frenchemen required. And other aunswer had they none.

Also a Frencheman that had slayne a man should abiure the realme, and had a crosse in his hande; and then sodeinly came a great sorte of Frenchmen aboute him, and one of them sayde to the constable that led hym, "Syr, is this crosse the price to kyll an Englishman?" The constable was somewhat astonyed, and aunswered not. Then sayde another Frencheman, "On that pryce we woulde be banyshed all, by the masse:" thys sayng was noted to be spoken spitefully. Howebeit, the Frenchemen were not alonely oppressors of the Englishmen; for a Lombarde, called Fraunces de Bard, entised a mannes wyfe in Lombarde Strete to come to his chambre with her husbandes plate; whiche thyng she dyd. After, when her husbando knewe it, he demaunded hys wyfe; but aunswer was made he shoulde not haue her: then he demaunded his plate, and in lyke maner aunswer was made that he shoulde neither haue plate nor wyfe. And when he had sewed an accion agaynst the straunger in the Gylde Hall, the straunger so faced the Englishman, that he faynted in hys sute. And then the Lombarde arrested the poore man for his wyfes boorde while he kept her from her husband in his chamber. This mocke was much noted; and, for these and many other oppressions done by them, there encreased suche a malice in the Englishemens hartes, that at the laste it brast oute. For, amongst other that sore grudged at these matters there was a broker in London, called Thon Lynecoln, whiche wrote a bill before Easter, desyryng Doctor Standychie at hys sermon at Sainet Marye Spyttell, the Mondaye in Easter weke, too moue the Mayre and aldermen to take parte with the comminalltie agaynst the straungiers. The doctor aunswered, that it became not hym too moue anye suche thyng in a sermon. From hym he departed, and came to a chaunon in Saynete Mary Spittell, a doctor in deuinitie, called doctor Bele, and lamentably declared to hym, howe miserably the common artificer lyued

and skase coude get any woorke to fynde them, their wyfes and chyl dren, for there were such a number of artificers straungers that tooke awaye all the lyuinge in maner; and also howe the Englishe merchauntes coude haue no utteraunce, for the merchaunt straungers brynge in all sylkes, clothe of golde, wyne, oyle, iron, and suche other merchaundise, that no man almoost byeth of an Englisheman; and also outwarde they carye so muche Englishe wolle, tynne, and leade, that Englishmen that auenture outwarde can haue no lyuyng: "whiche thynges," sayd Lyncoln, "hathe bene shewed to the counsayll, and cannot be heard; and farther," sayde he, "the straungiers compasse the cytye rounde aboute in Southwarke, in Westmynster, Temple Barre, Holborne, Saynete Martynes, Saynete Ihous Strete, Algate, Towre Hyll, and Saynete Katherynes, and forstall the market, so that no good thyng for them cometh to the market; whiche is the cause that Englishemen want and sterue, and thei lyue haboundantly in great pleasoure; wherefore," sayde Lyncolne, "Master doctor, syth you were borne in London, and se the oppression of the straungers and the great misery of your awne natyue countray, exhorte all the cytizens to ioyne in one agaynst these straungers, rancuers and destroyers of your countrey." Master doctor, hearynge thys, sayde he muche lamented the case if it were as Lyncoln hadde declared. "Yes," sayde Lyncolne, "that it is, and muche more, for the Dutchemen bryng ouer iron, tymber, lether, and weynskot, ready wrought, as nayles, lockes, baskettes, cupbordes, stooles, tables, chestes, gyrdels, with poyntes, sadelles, and painted clothes, so that, if it were wrought here, Englishmen might haue some worke and lyuyng by it; and, besyde this, they growe into such a multitude, that it is to be looked upon, for I sawe on a Soudaye this Lent vi. c. straungiers shotyng at the popyngaye with crosbowes, and they kepe such assembles and fraternities together, and make such a gathering to their common boxe, that euery butcher will holde plee with the cytye of London." "Wel," sayd the doc-

tor, "I will do for a reformation of this matter asmuche as a priest may do ;" and so receaued Lincolnes byl, and studyed for his purpose. Then Lyncoln, very ioyous of hys enterprice, went from man to man, sayng that shortly they shoulde heare newes, and daily excited younge people and artificers to beare malice to the straungiers.

When Ester came, and Doctor Bele should preache the Twesdaye in Ester weke, he came into the pulpit, and there declared that to him was brought a pitiful bill. and red it in thys wyse ; *To al you the worshipful lordes and masters of this citie, that wil take compassion ouer the poore people your neyghbours, and also of the great importable hurtes, losses, and hynderaunces, whereof procedeth the extreme pouertie too all the kynnes subiectes that inhabite within this citie and suburbes of the same ; for so it is that the alyens and straungiers eate the bread from the poore fatherles chyldren, and take the liuynge from all the artificers, and the entercourse from all merchauntes, wherby pouertie is so muche encreased, that euery mon bewaileth the misery of other ; for craftesmen be brought to beggary, and merchauntes to nedynes : wherefore, the premisses considred, the redresse must be of the commons, knyght and knyghte to one parte, and as the hurt and damage greueth all men, so muste all men set to their willyng power for remedy, and not to suffre the sayd alyens so highly in their wealth, and the naturall borne men of [t]his region too come to confusion.* Of this letter was more ; but the doctor red no farther ; and then he began. *Calum culi Domino, terram autem dedit filiis hominum ;* and upon thys text he intreated, that this lande was geuen too Englishemen, and as hyrdes woulde defende their nest, so oughte Englishemen to choryshe and defende themselves, and to hurte and greue aliens for the common weale. And vpon this text, *pugna pro patria*, he brought in howe by Goddes lawe it was lawfull to fight for their countrey, and euer he subtellye moued the people to rebell agaynst the straungiers, and breake the kynnes peace, nothyng regardynge the league betwene princes and the kynnes honour.

Of this sermon many a light person tooke courage, and openly spake against straungiers. And, as the deuell woulde, the Sundaye after, at Grenewiche, in the kynges gallery was Fraunces de Bard, whiche, as you harde, kept an Englishemens wyfe and his goodes, and yet he coulde haue no remedy; and with him were Domyngo, Anthony Caueler, and many mo straungiers; and ther they, talkynge with Syr Thomas Palmer knyght, iested and laughed howe that Fraunces kepte the Englishemens wyfe, saynge, that if they had the Mayres wife of London, they woulde kepe her. Syr Thomas sayd, "Sirs, you haue to muche fauour in Englande." There were diuerse Englishe merchauntes by, and harde them laugh, and were not content, insomuche as one William Bolt, a mercer, sayd, "Wel, you whoreson Lombardes, you reioyse and laugh; by the masse, we will one daye haue a daye at you, come when it will;" and that saynge the other merchauntes affirmed. This tale was reported aboute London, and the younge and euell disposed people sayde, they woulde be reuenged on the merchaunt straungiers, as well as on the artificers straungiers. On Monday the morow after, the kyng remoued to hys maner of Rychemonde.

The ix. yere,

Vpon this rumour, the xxviii. daye of Aprill, diuerse younge men of the citie assauted the alyens as they passed by the stretes; and some were striken and some buffeted, and some throwen in the canel. Wherfore the Mayre sent diuerse persons to ward, as Stephlyn Studley skynner, and Bettes, and Stephenson, and diuerse other, some to one counter, and some to another, and some to Newgate. Then sodeynly was a comen secret rumour, and no man could tell how it began, that on May daye next, the citie would rebell, and slaye all alicns, insomuche as diuerse straungers fled oute of the citie. This brute ranne so farre that it came to the kynges counsayl, inso-much as the Cardinall, beyng Lord Chauncelour, sent for Ihon Rest, Mayre of the citie, and other of the counsaile of the citie,

and demaunded of the Mayre in what case the citie stode. To whome he aunswered, that it was wel, and in good quyet. "Nay," sayd the Cardinal, "it is informed vs that your young and ryotous people will ryse, and distresse the straungiers : heare ye of no such thing?" "No, surely," sayd the Mayre, "and I trust so to gouerne them, that the kynges peace shal be obserued ; and that I dare undertake, if I and my brethren the aldermen may be suffered." "Wel," sayd the Cardinal, "go home, and wisely forsee this matter ; for, and if any suche thing be, you may shortly preuent it." The Mayre came from the Cardinals at iiii. of the clocke at afternone on May euen, and demaunded of the officers what they harde. Diuerse of them aunswered, that the voyce of the people was so, and had ben so ii. or iii. dayes before. This heryng, the Mayre sent for al his brethren to the Guylde Hall in great hast, and almost vii. of the clocke or the assemble was set. Then was declared to them by Master Brooke, the recorder, how that the kynges counsail had reported to them that the comminaltie that night would ryse, and distresse all the aliens and straungers that inhabited in the citie of London. The aldermen aunswered, they harde say so ; but they mistrusted not the matter ; but yet they sayd that it was wel done to forsee it. Then sayd the recorder, it were best that a substancial watche were set of honest persons, housholders, whiche might withstand the euell doers. An alderman sayde, that it was euell to rayse men in harneys ; for, if suche a thinge were entended, they coule not tell who woulde take their parte. Another alderman sayd, that it were best to kepe the younge men asonder, and euery man to shut in hys doores, and to kepe hys seruauentes within. Then with these opinions was the recorder sent to the Cardinal before viii. of the clocke. And then he, with suche as were of the kynges counsaill at hys place, commaunded that in no wyse watche shoulde be kept, but that euery man shoulde repayre to hys awue house, and there to kepe hym and hys seruauentes tyl vii. of the clocke of the mornyng : with whiche commaunde-

ment the sayde Rycharde Brooke, sergeaunt at the lawe and recorder, and Syr Thomas Moore, late vndershrife of London, and then of the kynges counsaill, came to the Guylde Hall halfe houre and before ix. of the clocke [*sic*], and there shewed the commaundement of the kynges counsayl. Then in all hast euery alderman sent to his warde, that no man shoulde styrrer after Euell May-day. ix. of the clocke out of his house, but to kepe hys doores shut and hys seruantes within tyll vii. of the clocke in the mornyng. After this commaundement, Syr Ihon Mondy, alderman, came from hys warde, and founde two young men in Chepe playyng at buckelers, and a great company of young men lokyng on them, for the commaundement was then skace knowen, for then it was but ix. of the clocke. Master Mondy, seyng that, bade them leaue; and the one younge man asked hym why; and then he sayd, "Thou shalt know," and toke hym by the arme to haue had him to the counter. Then all the young men resisted the alderman, and toke him from Master Mondy, and cryed "Prentyses and clubbes!" Then out at euery doore came clubbes and weapons, and the alderman fled, and was in great daungier. Then more people arose out of euery quarter, and oute came seruyngemen and water men and courtiers; and by a xi. of the clocke there were in Chepe vi. or vii. hundreth. And oute of Paules Churcheyarde came iii. hundreth, which wist not of the other; and so out of all places they gathered, and brake up the counters, and tooke out the prisoners that the Mayre had thether committed for hurtyng of the straungers, and came to Newgate, and tooke out Studley and Petyt committed thether for that cause. The Mayre and shrifes were there present, and made proclamacion in the kynges name; but nothyng was obeyed. Thus they ranne a plump thorow Sainct Nycholas Shambles; and at Saynet Martyns Gate there met with them Syr Thomas Moore and other, desyryng theym to go to their lodgynges; and as they were intreatyng and had almost brought them to a staye, the people of Saynet Martynes threwe oute stones and battes,

and hurte dyuerse honest persones that were persuadynge the ryotous people to ceasse, and they bade them holde their handes ; but still they threwe oute bryckes and hoate water. Then a sergeaunt of armes, called Nycholas Dounes, whiche was there with Master Moore entreatynge them, beyng sore hurt, in a fury cryed "Dounes with them !" Then all the misruled persons ranne to the dores and wyndowes of Saynet Martyn, and spoyled all that they founde, and caste it into the strete, and lefte fewe houses vnspoyled. And, after that, they ranne hedlynge into Cornehill by Leaden Hal to the house of one Mutuas, a Frenchman or Pycarde borne, whiche was a greate bearer of Frenchemen, were they pyckpursses or howe euell disposicion soeuer they were of ; and within hys gate, called Grenegate, dwelled dyuerse Frenchmen that kalendred worsted contrary to the kynges lawes, and all they were so borne out by the same Mutuas that no man durst medle with them ; wherfore he was sore hated, and, if the people had found him in their fury, they would haue striken of his head. But, when they found hym not, the watermen, and certayn young priestes that were there, fell to riflynge : some ranne to Blanchechapelon, and brake the straungers houses, and threwe shooes and bootes into the strete. This from x. or xi. of the clocke continued these ryotous people, duryng whiche tyme a knight, called Syr Thomas Parr, in great hast went to the Cardinall, and tolde him of thys ryot : which incontinent strengthened his house with men and ordinaunce. And after, this knight rode to the kyng at Richemond, and made the report much more then it was. Wherfore the kyng hastily sent to London, and was truly aduertised of the matter, and how that the ryot was ceassed, and many of the doers apprehended. But while this ruffling continued, Syr Richard Cholmeley, knyght, Lientenaunt of the Towre, no great frende to the citie, in a frantyeke fury losed certayn peeces of ordinaunce, and shot into the citie ; whiche did litle harme, howbeit his good wil apered. About iii. of the clocke, these ryotous persons seuered, and went to

their places of resorte, and by the waye they were taken by the Mayre and the heddes of the citie, and some sent to the Towre, and some to Newgate, and some to the counters, to the number of iii. c. : some fled, and specially the watermen and priestes and seruynghmen ; but the poore prentises were taken. About fyue of the clocke, the Erles of Shrewesbury and Surrey, whiche had harde of this ryot, came to London with suche strength as they had ; so dyd the Innes of Court, and diuerse noblemen : but, or they came, all the ryot was ceased, and many taken as you haue heard.

Then were the prisoners examined, and the sermon of Docter Bele called to remembraunce, and he taken, and sent to the Towre, and so was Iohn Lyncoln : but with this ryot the Cardinall was sore displeased. Then the iiij. day of May was an oyer and determiner at London before the Mayre, the Duke of Norffolke, the Erle of Surrey, and other. The citie thought that the duke bare them grudge for a lewde priest of his which the yere before was slayn in Chepe, in so much the duke then in his fury sayd, " I pray God, I may once haue the citezens in my daungier ! " and the duke also thought that they bare him no good wil ; wherefore he came into the citie with xiii. c. men in harneys, to kepe the oyer and determiner. And upon examinacion it could neuer be proued of any metyng, gathering, talking, or conuenticle, at any daye or tyme before that day, but that the chaunce so happened without any matter prepensed of any creature sauing Lyncoln, and neuer an honest person in maner was taken but onely he. Then proclamacions were made, that no women shoulde come together to bable and talke, but all men should kepe their wyues in their houses. All the stretes that were notable stode ful of harnesssed men, which spake many opprobrious wordes to the citezens, which greued them sore ; and, if they woulde haue bene reuenged, the other had had the worssse, for the citezens were ii. c. to one : but, lyke true subiectes, they suffred patiently.

When the lordes were set, the prisoners were brought in thorough the stretes tyed in ropes, some men, some laddes, some

chyl dren of xiii. yere. There was a great mourning of fathers and frendes for their chyl dren and kynsfolke : emong the prisoners, many were not of the cite ; some were priestes, and some husbandmen and laborers : the whole some of the prisoners were ii. c. lxxviii. persons. The cause of the treason was, because the kyng had amitie with all Christen prynces, that they had broken the truce and league, contrary to the statute of Kyng Henry the V. Of this treason diuerse were endited ; and so for that tyme the lordes departed. And, the next day, the duke came agayn, and the Erle of Surrey with ii. M. armed men which kept the stretes. When the Mayre, the duke, and the Erle[s] of Shrewsbury and Surrey were set, the prisoners were arreigned, and xiii. founde guiltye of high treason, and adiudged to be hanged, drawen, and quartered ; and for execucion wherof were set vp xi. payre of galowes in diuerse places where the offences were done, as at Algate, at Blanche-chapelon, Gracious Strete, Leaden Hal, and before euery counter one, and at Newgate, at S. Martens, at Aldrisgate, at Bishopsgate. This sight sore greued the people, to se galowes set in the kynges chamber. Then were the prysoners that were iudged brought to the places of execucion, and executed in most rygorous maner ; for the Lord Edmond Haward, sonne to the Duke of Northfolke and Knight Mershal, shewed no mercy, but extreme cruelty to the poore yongelinges in their execucion : and likewise the dukes seruantes spake many opprobrious wordes ; some bad hange, some bad drawe, some bad set the cite on fyer : but all was suffred.

On Thursday the vii. day of May was Lyncoln, Shyrwyn, and two brethren called Bets, and diuerse other adiudged to dye. Then Lyncoln said, " My lordes, I meant wel ; for, and you knew the mischief that is ensued in this realme by straungers, you would remedy it ; and many tymes I haue complained, and then I was called a busy felow : now our Lord haue mercy on me ! " Then all the sayd persons were layd on the hardels, and drawen to the Standarde in Chepe : and first was Ihon Lyncoln executed ; and, as the other had the rope

about their neckes, there came a commaundement from the kyng to respite execucion. Then the people cryed, "God saue the kyng !" Then was the oyer and determiner deferred tyll another daye, and the prisoners sent agayn to warde, and the harnessed men departed oute of London, and all thynges quyet.

The xi. daye of Maye the kyng came to his maner of Grenewiche, where the recorder of London and diuerse aldermen came to speake with his grace, and al ware gounes of black colour. And, when they perceaued the kyng comming out of his priuie chambre into his chambre of presence, they kneled doune, and the recorder sayd, "Our most natural beninge and souereigne lorde, we knowe well that your grace is displeased with vs of your citie of London for the great ryot late done : we assertein your grace that none of vs, nor no honest person, were condesendynge to that enormitie ; and yet we, oure wyfes and chyl-dren, cuery houre lament that your fauour shoulde be taken from vs ; and, forasmuche as light and ydle persones were the doers of the same, we moost humbly beseche your grace to haue mercy of vs for our negligence, and compassion of the offendours for their offence and trespasse." "Truly," sayd the kyng, "you haue highly displeased and offended vs, and ye oughte to wayle and be sory for the same ; and where ye saye that you the substanciall persons were not concentering to the same, it appereth to the contrary, for you neuer moued to let them, nor sturred once to fight with them, whiche you saye were so small a numbre of light persones ; wherefore we must thynke, and you cannot deny but you dyd wyncke at the matter : but at this tyme we will graunt to you neither our fauor nor good will, nor to thoffenders mercy ; but resort to the Cardinall, our Lord Chauncelour, and he shal make you an answer, and declare our pleasure : " and with this answer the Londoners departed, and made relacon to the Maior.

* * * * *

Thursdaye the xxii. day of May, the kyng came into Westminster hall, for whome at the vpper ende was set a clothe of

estate, and the place hanged with arras: with him was the Cardinal, the Dukes of Northfolke and Suffolke, the Erles of Shrewsbury, of Essex and Wilshyre, of Surrey [*sic*], with many lordes and other of the kinges counsail. The Mayre and aldermen, and al the chief of the citie were there in their best liuery (according as the Cardinal had them apoynted) by ix. of the clock. Then the kyng commaunded that all the prisoners should be brought forth. Then came in the poore younglinges and olde false knaues, bounden in ropes, all along, one after another, in their shertes, and euery one a halter about his neck, to the number of iiii. c. men and xi. women. And, when all were come before the kinges presence, the Cardinall sore laied to the Mayre and comminatie their negligence, and to the prisoners he declared that they had deserued death for their offence. Then al the prisoners together cryed, "Mercy, gracious lord, mercy!" Then the lordes altogether besought his grace of mercy; at whose request the kyng pardoned them al. And then the Cardinal gaue vnto them a good exhortacion, to the great gladnes of the herers. And, when the generall pardon was pronounced, all the prisoners shouted at once, and altogether cast vp their halters into the hall roffe, so that the kyng might perceaue they were none of the discrettest sorte. Here is to be noted, that diuerse offenders which were not taken, hering that the king was inclined to mercy, came wel appareled to Westmynster, and sodeynly stryped them into their shertes, with halters, and came in among the prisoners willingly, to be partakers of the kynges pardon: by the whiche doyng it was well knowen that one Jhon Gelson, yoman of the croune, was the first that began to spoyle, and exhorted other to dooe the same, and because he fled and was not taken, he came in the rope with the other prisoners, and so had his pardon. This compaignie was after called the Blacke Wagon. Then were all the galowes within the citie taken doune, and many a good praier saied for the kyng; and the citezens toke more hede to their seruantes.

II.

*The Story of Ill May-Day¹ in the time of King Henry VIII.,
and why it was so called, and how Queen Catherine begged the
lives of Two Thousand London Apprentices.*

[From *The Crown Garland of Golden Roses.*]

Peruse the stories of this land,
And with advertisement mark the same,
And you shall justly understand
How Ill May-day first got the name.
For when King Henry th' Eighth did reign,
And rul'd our famous kingdom here,
This royal queen he had from Spain,
With whom he liv'd full many a year ;

Queen Catherine nam'd, as stories tell,
Sometime his elder brother's wife ;
By which unlawful marriage fell
An endless trouble during life :
But such kind love he still conceiv'd
Of his fair queen and of her friends,
Which being by Spain and France perceiv'd,
Their journeys fast for England bends ;

And with good leave were suffered
Within our kingdom here to stay :
Which multitude made victuals dear,
And all things else, from day to day ;
For strangers then did so increase
By reason of King Henry's queen,
And privileg'd in many a place
To dwell, as was in London seen.

¹ *The Story of Ill May-Day, &c.*] Now reprinted from Evans's *Old Ballads*, iii. 76, ed. 1810.

Poor tradesmen had small dealing then,
And who but strangers bore the bell ?
Which was a grief to Englishmen,
To see them here in London dwell :
Wherefore (God wot) upon May-eve,
As prentices on Maying went,
Who made the magistrates believe.
At all to have no other intent.

But such a May-game it was known.
As like in London never were ;
For by the same full many a one
With loss of life did pay full dear ;
For thousands came with bilboa-blade.
As with an army they could meet.
And such a bloody slaughter made
Of foreign strangers in the street.

That all the channels ran down with blood
In every street where they remain'd ;
Yea, every one in danger stood
That any of their part maintain'd :
The rich, the poor, the old, the young,
Beyond the seas tho' born and bred,
By prentices they suffer'd wrong,
When armed thus they gather'd head.

Such multitudes together went.
No warlike troops could them withstand.
Nor yet by policy them prevent,
What they by force thus took in hand :
'Till at the last King Henry's power
This multitude encompass'd round,
Where with the strength of London's Tower
They were by force suppress'd and bound :

And hundreds hang'd by martial law
On sign-posts at their masters' doors,
By which the rest were kept in awe,
And frighted from such loud uproars ;
And others, which the fact repented
(Two thousand prentices at least),
Were all unto the king presented,
As mayor and magistrates thought best.

With two and two together tied,
Through Temple-bar and Strand they go
To Westminster, there to be tried,
With ropes about their necks also.
But such a cry in every street
Till then was never heard or known,
By mothers for their children sweet.
Unhappily thus overthrown.

Whose bitter moans and sad laments
Possess'd the court with trembling fear :
Whercat the queen herself relents,
Tho' it concern'd her country dear.
"What if," quoth she, "by Spanish blood
Have London's statoly streets been wet,
Yet will I seek this country's good,
And pardon for these young men get ;

Or else the world will speak of me,
And say Queen Catherine was unkind,
And judge me still the cause to be
These young men did these fortunes find."
And so, disrob'd from rich attires,
With hairs hang'd down, she sadly hies.
And of her gracious lord requires
A boon, which hardly he denies.

“The lives,” quoth she, “of all the blooms
Yet budding green, these youths, I crave :
O, let them not have timeless tombs !
For nature longer limits gave.”
In saying so, the pearly tears
Fell trickling from her princely eyes -
Whereat his gentle queen he cheers,
And says, “Stand up, sweet lady, rise :

The lives of them I freely give ;
No means this kindness shall debar ;
Thou hast thy boon, and they may live
To serve me in my Bullen war.”
No sooner was this pardon given,
But peals of joy rung through the hall.
As though it thunder’d down from heaven
The queen’s renown amongst them all.

For which, kind queen, with joyful heart
She gave to them both thanks and praise ;
And so from them did gently part.
And liv’d beloved all her days :
And when King Henry stood in need
Of trusty soldiers at command,
These prentices prov’d men indeed,
And fear’d no force of warlike band ;

For at the siege of Tours in France
They shew’d themselves brave Englishmen ;
At Bullen, too, they did advance
St. George’s lusty standard then :
Let Touraine, Tournay, and those towns
That good King Henry nobly won.
Tell London’s prentices’ renowns,
And of their deeds by them there done

For Ill May-day, and ill May-games
Perform'd in young and tender days,
Can be no hindrance to their fames,
Or stains of manhood any ways :
But now it is ordain'd by law,
We see, on May-day's eve at night,
To keep unruly youths in awe
By London's watch in armour bright,
Still to prevent the like misdeed
Which once through headstrong young men came ;
And that's the cause that I do read
May-day doth get so ill a name.

CORRIGENDA.

Page 22, line 7.

“*Enter at on dore Sir THOMAS MOORE.*”

I ought to have pointed out the impropriety of this title. More is not knighted till p. 32

Page 25, line 20.

“*Enter the L. Maier, SURREY, SHREWSBURY.*”

I ought to have given this stage-direction, with additions in brackets, thus ;

“*Enter the L. Maier, SURREY, SHREWSBURY, [PALMER, CHOLMLEY, and MOORE].*”

Page 83, line 9.

“Theres no man thats *ingenuous* can be poore.”

Formerly *ingenuous* and *ingenious* were used as synonymous.

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SIR THOMAS MORE,

A PLAY.

•

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.¹

Earl of SIREWSBURY

Earl of SURREY.

Sir THOMAS PALMER.

Sir ROGER CHOLMLEY.

Sir JOHN MUNDAY.

Sir THOMAS MORE.

Lord Mayor.

Aldermen.

SURESBY, a Justice.

Other Justices.

Sheriffs.

Recorder.

Sergeant at Arms.

Clerk of the Council.

ERASMUS.

Bishop of ROCHESTER.

ROPER, son-in-law to MORE.

JOHN LINCOLN, a broker.

GEORGE BETTS.

His brother (the "Clown").

WILLIAMSON, a carpenter.

SHERWIN, a goldsmith.

FRANCIS DE BARDE, } Lombards.
CAVELER, }

LIFTER, a cut-purse.

SMART, plaintiff against him.

HARRY,

ROBIN, } Prentices.

KIT, and others,

MORRIS.

FAULKNER, his servant.

Players.

GOUGH, }
CATESBY, }
RANDALL, } Belonging
Butler, } to MORE's
Brewer, } household.
Porter, }
Housekeeper, }

CROFTS.

DOWNES.

Lieutenant, }
Warders, } of the
Gentleman Porter, } Tower.

Hangman.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Mes-
sengers, Guard, Attendants.

Lady MORE.

Lady Mayoress.

Mistress ROPER, daughter to
MORE.

Another daughter to MORE.

DOLL, wife to WILLIAMSON.

A Poor Woman.

Ladies.

¹ *Dramatis Personæ*, &c.] Not in MS.

SIR THOMAS MORE.

*Enter,*¹ *at one end, IOHN LINCOLNE, with [the two BETTSSES] together ; at the other end, enters FRAUNCES DE [BARDE, and DOLL] a lustie woman, he haling her by the arme.*

Doll. Whether wilt thou hale me ?

Bard. Whether I please ; thou art my prize, and I pleade purchase² of thee.

Doll. Purchase of me ! away, ye rascall ! I am an honest plaine carpenters wife, and thoughe I haue no beautie to like³ a husband, yet whatsoeuer is mine scornes to stoupe to a straunger : hand off, then, when I bid thee !

Bard. Goe with me quietly, or Ile compell thee.

Doll. Compell me, ye dogges face ! thou thinkst thou hast the goldsmiths wife in hand, whom thou enticedst from her

¹ *Enter, &c.*] On the margin, at the commencement of the play, the MS. has the following note in the handwriting of the Master of the Revels: "Leane out * * y^e insurrection wholly, and the cause thereof, and begin with Sir Tho. Moore at y^e mayors sessions, with a reportt afterwarde off his good service don, being shrieue off London, vpon a mutiny agaynst y^e Lumbardes, only by a shortt reportt, and nott otherwise, att your own perilles. E. Tyllney."

² *purchase*] i. e. booty.

³ *like*] i. e. please.

husband with all his plate, and when thou turndst her home to him againe, madste him, like an asse, pay for his wifes boorde.

Bard. So will I make thy husband too, if please me.

Doll. Heere he comes himselfe ; tell him so, if thou darste.

Enter CAUELER with a paire of dooues ; WILLIAMSON the carpenter, and SHERWIN following him.

Caue. Followe me no further ; I say thou shalt not haue them.

Wil. I bought them in Cheapeside, and paide my monie for them.

Sher. He did, sir, indeed ; and you offer him wrong, bothe to take them from him, and not restore him his monie neither.

Caue. If he paid for them, let it suffice that I possesse them : beefe and brewes¹ may serue such hindes ; are piggions meate for a coorse carpenter ?

Lin. It is hard when Englishmens pacience must be thus jettted on² by straungers, and they not dare to reuendge their owne wrongs.

Geo. Lincolne, lets beate them downe, and beare no more of these abuses.

¹ *brewes*] Means, in our early English writers, broth, soup.—In Scotland, at the present day, the word, pronounced *brose*, signifies “A kind of pottage, made by pouring water or broth on meal, which is stirred while the liquid is poured. The dish is denominated from the nature of the liquid, as *water-brose*, *kail-brose*.” Jamieson’s *Et. Dict. of Scot. Lang.*

² *jettted on*] Equivalent to—boldly encroached upon. So in Shakespeare’s *Richard III.* act ii. sc. 4 ;

“Insulting tyranny begins to *jet*
Upon the innocent and aweless throne.”

where the commentators explain “*jet*”—strut ; and where Messrs. Malone and Knight (in spite of a passage in *Titus Andronicus*, act ii. sc. 1.) prefer the wrong reading of the folio, “*jut*.”

Lin. We may not, Betts: be pacient, and heare more.

Doll. How now, husband! what, one straunger take thy food from thec, and another thy wife! bir-Lady, flesh and blood, I thinke, can hardly brooke that.

Lin. Will this geere neuer be otherwise? must these wrongs be thus endured?

Geo. Let vs step in, and help to reuendge their iniurie.

Bard. What art thou that talkest of reuendge? my lord ambassadour shall once more make your Maior haue a check, if he punishe thee not for this saucie presumption.

Will. Indeed, my lord Maior, on the ambassadours complainte, sent me to Newgate one day, because (against my will) I tooke the wall of a straunger: you may doo any thing; the goldsmith's wife and mine now must be at your comaundment.

Geo. The more pacient fooles are ye bothe, to suffer it.

Bard. Suffer it! mend it thou or he, if ye can or dare. I tell thee, fellowe, and she were the Maior of Londons wife, had I her once in my possession, I would keep her in spite of him that durst say nay.

Geo. I tell the, Lombard, these wordes should cost thy best cappe, were I not curbd by dutie and obedience: the Maior of Londons wife! Oh God, shall it be thus?

Doll. Why, Bettes, am not I as deare to my husband as my lord Maiors wife to him? and wilt thou so neglectly suffer thine owne shame?—Hands off, proude stranger! or, [by] him that bought me, if mens milkie harts dare not strike a straunger, yet women will beate them downe, ere they beare these abuses.

Bard. Mistresse, I say you shall along with me.

Doll. Touche not Doll Williamson, least she lay thee along on Gods deare eartho.—And you, sir [*To CAUELER*], that allow such coorse cates to carpenters, whilst pidgions, which they pay for, must scrue your daintie appetite, deliuer them back to my husband again, or Ile call so many women to myne assistance as weele not leaue one inche vntorne of thee: if our husbands must be brided by lawe, and forced to beare your

wrongs, their wiues will be a little lawelesse, and soundly beate ye.

Caue. Come away, De Bard, and let vs goe complaine to my lord ambassadour. [*Ex. Anbo.*]

Doll. I,¹ goe, and send him among vs, and weelee giue him his welcome too. — I am ashamed that freeborne Englishmen, hauing beatten straungers within their owne homes, should thus be brau'de and abusde by them at home.

Sher. It is not our lack of courage in the cause, but the strict obedience that we are bound too.² I am the goldsmith whose wrongs you talkte of; but how to redresse yours or mine owne is a matter beyond all our abilities.

Lin. Not so, not so, my good freends: I, though a meane man, a broaker by profession, and namd Iohn Lincolne, haue long time winckt at these vilde³ ennornitees with mighty impaciencie, and, as these two bretheren heere (Betses by name) can witnesse, with losse of mine owne liffe would gladly remedie them.

Geo. And he is in a good forwardnesse, I tell ye, if all hit right.

Doll. As how, I prethce? tell it to Doll Williamson.

Lin. You knowe the Spittle sermons begin the next weeke: I haue drawne a [bill] of our wrongs and the straungers insolencies.

Geo. Which he meanes the preachers shall there openly publishe in the pulpit.

Wil. Oh, but that they would! yfaith, it would tickle our straungers thorowly.

Doll. I, and if you men durst not vndertake it, before God, we women [would. Take] an honest woman from her husband! why, it is intollerable.

Sher. But how finde ye the preachers affected to [our proceeding]? ♣

¹ I] i. e. Ay.

² too] i. e. to.

³ vilde] i. e. vile.

Lin. Master Doctor Standish * * * *
 * * * * [re]forme it, and doubts not but happie suc-
 * * * * cesse will ensue * * * * our wrongs. You shall perceiue
 ther's no hurt in the bill: heer's a copie of it; I pray ye,
 heare it.

All. With all our harts; for Gods sake, read it.

Lin. [*reads.*] *To you all, the worshipfull lords and maisters of this cittie, that will take compassion ouer the poore people your neighbours, and also of the greate importable¹ hurts, losses, and hinderaunces, wherof proceedeth extream pouertie to all the kings subiects that inhabite within this cittie and subburbs of the same: ffor so it is that aliens and straungers eate the bread from the futherlesse children, and take the liuing from all the artificers and the entercourse from all merchants, wherby pouertie is so much encreased, that euery man bewayleth the miserie of other; for craftsmen be brought to beggerie, and merchants to needines: wherfore, the premisses considered, the redresse must be of the commons knit and vnited to one parte: and as the hurt and damage greueth all men, so must all men see to their willing power for remedie, and not suffer the sayde aliens in their wealth, and the naturall borne men of this region to come to confusion.*

Doll. Before God, tis excellent; and Ile maintaine the suite to be honest.

Sher. Well, say tis read, what is your further meaning in the matter?

Geo. What! marie, list to me. No doubt but this will store vs with freends enow, whose names we will closely keepe in writing; and on May day next in the morning wee le goe foorth a Maying, but make it the wurst May day for the straungers that euer they sawe. How say ye? doo ye subscribe, or are ye fainthearted reuolters?

Doll. Holde thee, George Bettes, ther's my hand and my

¹ *importable*] i. e. unbearable, intolerable.

hart: by the Lord, Ile make a captaine among ye, and doo somewhat to be talke of for euer after.

Wil. My maisters, cre we parte, lets freendly goe and drinke together, and sweare true secrecie vppon our liues.

Geo. There spake an angell.¹ Come, let vs along, then.

[*Exeunt.*]

An arras is drawne, and behinde it (as in sessions) sit the L. Maior, Iustice SURESBIE, and other Justices; Sheriffe MOORE and the other Sherife sitting by. SMART is the plaintife, LIFTER the prisoner at the barre. [Recorder, Officers.]

L. Mai. Hauing dispachte our weightier businesses,
We may gine care to pettie felonies.

Master Sheriffe Moore, what is this fellowe?

Moore. My lord, he stands indited for a pursse;
He hath bin tryed, the jurie is together.

Mai. Who sent him in?

Sure. That did I, my lord:
Had he had right, he had bin hangd ere this;
The only captayne of the cutpursse crewe.

L. Mai. What is his name?

Sure. As his profession is, Lifter, my lord,
One that can lift a purse right cunningly.

L. Mai. And is that he accuses him?

Sure. The same, my lord, whom, by your honors leaue,
I must say somewhat too,² because I finde
In some respectes he is well woorthie blame.

L. Mai. Good Master Justice Suresbie, speake your minde;
We are well pleasde to giue you audience.

Sure. Heare me, Smart; thou art a foolish fellowe:
If Lifter be conuicted by the lawe,

¹ *There spake an angell*] A sort of proverbial expression, which occurs in various old plays.

² *too*] i. e. to.

As I see not how the jurie can acquit him,
He stand too't thou art guiltie of his death.

Moore. My lord, thats woorth the hearing.

L. Mai. Listen, then, good Maister Moore.

Sure. I tell thee plaine, it is a shame for thee,
With such a sum to tempte necessitie ;
No lesse then ten poundes, sir, will serue your turne,
To carie in your pursse about with ye,
To crake¹ and brag in tauernes of your monie :
I promise ye, a man that goes abroade
With an intent of trueth, meeting such a bootie,
May be prouokte to that he neuer meante.
What makes so many pilferers and fellows,
But such fond² baites that foolish people lay
To tempt the needie miserable wretche ?
Ten poundes, odd monie ; this is a prettie sum
To beare about, which were more safe at home.
Fore God, twere well to fine ye as much more

[*Lord Maior and MOORE whisper.*

To the releefe of the po[ore pri]soners,
To teache ye be * * your owne,
~ * * * rightlie seru'de.
* : * ~ * * *

Moore. Good my lord, soothe a * * for once,
Only to trye conclusions³ in this case.

L. Maior. Content, good Master Moore : weele rise awhile,
And, till the jurie can returne their verdict,
Walke in the garden.—How saye ye, Justices ?

¹ *crake*] i. e. vaunt.

² *fond*] i. e. foolish.

³ *conclusions*] i. e. experiments. The word continued to be used in this sense long after the date of the present play. "But some part of most dayes was usually spent in philosophical *conclusions*." Walton's *Life of Sir H. Wotton*.

All. We like it well, my lord ; wee le follow ye.

[*Ex. L. Maior and Iustices.*

Moore. Nay, plaintife, goe you too ;—and, officers,

[*Ex. SMART.*

Stand you aside, and leaue the prisoner
To me awhile.—Lifter, come hether.

Lift. What is your woorships pleasure ?

Moore. Sirra, you knowe that you are knowne to me,
And I haue often sau'de ye from this place,
Since first I came in office : thou seest beside,
That Justice Suresbie is thy heauie freend,
By all the blame that he pretends to Smarte,
For tempting thee with such a summe of monie.
I tell thee what ; deuise me but a meanes
To pick or cutt his pursse, and, on my credit,
And as I am a Christian and a man,
I will procure thy pardon for that jeast.

Lift. Good Master Shreene, seeke not my ouerthrowe :
You knowe, sir, I haue manie heauie freends,
And more endictments like to come vppon me.
You are too deepe for me to deale withall ;
You are knowne to be one of the wisest men
That is in England : I pray ye, Master Sheriffe,
Goe not aboute to vndermine my life.

Moore. Lifter, I am true subiect to my king ;
Thou much mistakste me : and, for thou shalt not thinke
I meane by this to hurt thy life at all,
I will maintaine the act when thou hast doone it.
Thou knowest there are such matters in my hands,
As if I please to giue them to the iurie,
I should not need this way to circumuent thee.
All that I aime at is a merrie iest :
Performe it, Lifter. and expect my best.

Lift. I thanke your woorship : God preserue your life !

But Master Justice Suresbie is gon in ;
I knowe not how to come neere where he is.

Moore. Let me alone for that ; Ile be thy setter ;
Ile send him hother to thec presently,
Vnder the couller of thine owne request,
Of priuate matters to acquainte him with.

Lift. If ye doo so, sir, then let me alone ;
Fortie to one but then his pursse is gon.

Moore. Well said : but see that thou diminish not
One penic of the monie, but giue it me ;
It is the cunning act that credits thee.

Lift. I will, good Master Sheriffe, I assure ye. [*Ex. MOORE.*
I see the purpose of this gentleman
Is but to check the follie of the Justice,
For blaming others in a desperate case,
Wherin himselfe may fall as soone as any.
To saue my life, it is a good aduenter :
Silence there, hoe ! now dooth the Justice enter.

Ent. Iust. Suresbie.

Sure. Now, sirra, now, what is your will with me ?
Wilt thou discharge thy conscience like an honest man ?
What sayst to me, sirra ? be breefe, be breef.

Lift. As breefe, sir, as I can.—
If ye stand fayre, I will be breefe anon. [*Aside.*

Sure. Speake out, and mumble not ; what saist thou, sirra ?

Lift. Sir, I am chargde, as God shall be my comforte,
With more then's true.

Sure. Sir, sir, ye are indeed, with more then's true,¹
For you are flatly chargde with fellonie ;
You'r chargde with more then trueth, and that is theft ;
More then a true man should be chargde withall ;
Thou art a varlet, that's no more then true.

¹ *true*] i. e. honest.

Trifle not with me ; doo not, doo not, sirra ;
 Confesse but what thou knowest, I aske no more.

Lift. There be, sir, there be, ift shall please your woor-
 ship——

Sure. There be, varlet ! what be there ? tell me what there
 be ?

Come off or on : there be ! what be there, knaue ?

Lift. There be, sir, diuers very cunning fellowes,
 That, while you stand and looke them in the face,
 Will haue your pursse.

Sure. Th'art an honest knaue :
 Tell me what are they ? where they may be caught ?
 I,¹ those are they I looke for.

Lift. You talke of me, sir ;
 Alas, I am a punie ! ther's one indeed
 Goes by my name, he puts downe all for pursse ;

* * * * * *

[*Sure.*] * * * * *

* as familiare as thou wilt, my knaue ;
 Tis this I long to knowe.

Lift. And you shall haue your longing ere ye goe.—

[*Aside.*

This fellowe, sir, perhaps will meete ye thus,
 Or thus, or thus, and in kinde complement
 Pretend acquaintaunce, somewhat doubtfully ;
 And these embraces serue ——

[*Action.*

Sure. I, marie, Lifter, wherfore serue they ?

[*Shrugging gladly.*

Lift. Only to feele
 Whether you goe full vnder saile or no,
 Or that your lading be aboard your barke.

Sure. In playner English, Lifter, if my pursse
 Be storde or no ?

Lift. Ye haue it, sir.

Sure. Excellent, excellent.

Lift. Then, sir, you cannot but for manners sake
Walke on with him ; for he will walke your way,
Alleadging either you haue much forgot him,
Or he mistakes you.

Sure. But in this time has he my pursse or no ?

Lift. Not yet, sir, fye '—no, nor I haue not yours.—

[*Aside.*

But now we must forbear ; my lords returne.

Ent. Lord Maior, &c.

Sure. A murren on't !—Lifter, weele more anon :
I, thou sayst true, there are shrewde knaues indeed ;

[*He sits downe.*

But let them gull me, widgen me, rooke me, foppe me,
Yfaith, yfaith, they are too short for me.
Knaues and fooles meete when purses goe ;
Wise men looke to their purses well enough.

Moore. Lifter, is it doone ?

Lift. Doone, Master Shreeue ; and there it is.

Moore. Then builde vppon my woord, Ile saue
thy life.

} *Aside.*

Recor. Lifter, stand to the barre :

The iurie haue returnd thee guiltie ; thou must dye,
According to the custome.—Looke to it, Master Shreeue.

L. Maior. Then, gentlemen, as you are wunt to doo,
Because as yet we haue no buriall place,
What charitie your meaning's to bestowe
Toward buriall of the prisoners now condemn'de,
Let it be giuen. There is first for me.

Recor. And thers for me.

Another. And me.

Sure. Bodie of me, my pursse is gon !

Moore. Gon, sir ! what, heere ! how can that be ?

L. Maior. Against all reason, sitting on the benche.

Sure. Lifter, I talkte with you ; you haue not lifted me ?
ha !

Lift. Suspect ye me, sir ? Oh, what a world is this !

Moore. But heare ye, Master Suresbie ; are ye sure
Ye had a pursse about ye ?

Sure. Sure, Master Shreene ! as sure as you are there,
And in it seauen poundes, odd monie, on my faith.

Moore. Seauen poundes, odd monie ! what, were you so
madd,

Beeing a wise man and a magistrate,
To trust your pursse with such a liberall sum ?
Seauen poundes, odd monie ! fore God, it is a shame,
With such a summe to tempt necessitie :
I promise ye, a man that goes abroad
With an intent of trueth, meeting such a bootie,
May be wrought to that he neuer thought.
What makes so many pilferers and fellows,
But these fond baites that foolish people lay
To tempte the needie miserable wretche ?
Should he be taken now that has your pursse,
Ide stand too't, you are guiltie of his death ;
For, questionlesse, he would be cast by lawe.
Twere a good deed to fine ye as much more,
To the releefe of the poore prisoners,
To teache ye lock your monie vp at home.

Sure. Well, Master Moore, you are a merie man ;
I finde ye, sir, I finde ye well enough.

Moore. Nay, ye shall see, sir, trusting thus your
monie,
And Lifter here in triall for like case,
But that the poore man is a prisoner,
It would be now suspected that he had it.
Thus may ye see what mischief often comes
By the fond cariage of such needlesse summes.

L. Maior. Beleeue me, Master Surcsbie, this is straunge,
You, beeing a man so setled in assuraunce,
Will fall in that which you condemnd in other.

Moore. Well, Master Suresbie, theres your pursse agayne,
And all your unonie : feare nothing of Moore ;
Wisedome still * * * the doore.¹

* * * * *

¹ *the doore*] “He [More] used, when he was in the city of London as justice of peace, to go to the sessions at Newgate, as other justices did; amongst whom it happened that one of the ancient justices of peace was wont to chide the poor men that had their purses cut, for not keeping them more warily, saying that their negligence was cause that there were so many cutpurses brought thither; which when Sir Thomas had heard him often speak, at one time especially, the night after he sent for one of the chief cutpurses that was in prison, and promised him that he would stand his good friend, if he would cut that justice’s purse, whilst he sat the next day on the bench, and presently make a sign thereof unto him; the fellow gladly promiseth him to do it. The next day, therefore, when they sat again, that thief was called amongst the first, who, being accused of his fact, said that he would excuse himself sufficiently, if he were but permitted, in private, to speak to some one of the bench; he was bid therefore to chuse one whom he would; and he presently chose that grave old man, who then had his pouch at his girdle; and whilst he roundeth him in the ear, he cunningly cuts his purse, and, taking his leave solemnly, goeth down to his place. Sir Thomas, knowing by a sign that it was dispatched, taketh presently an occasion to move all the bench to distribute some alms upon a poor needy fellow that was there, beginning himself to do it. When the old man came to open his purse, he sees it cut away, and, wondering, said, that he had it when he came to sit there that morning. Sir Thomas replied in a pleasant manner, ‘What! will you charge any of us with felony?’ He beginning to be angry and ashamed of the matter, Sir Thomas calls the cutpurse, and wills him to give him his purse again, counselling the good man hereafter not to be so bitter a censurer of innocent men’s negligence, when as himself could not keep his purse safe in that open assembly.” *C. More’s Life of Sir T. More*, p. 97, ed. 1828.

Enter the Earles of SHREWESBURIE and SURRIE, Sir THOMAS PALMER, and Sir ROGER CHOLMELEY.

Shrew. My lord of Surrey,¹ and Sir Thomas Palmer,
Might I with pacience tempte your graue aduise,
I tell ye true, that in these daungerous times
I doo not like this frowning vulgare brow :
My searching eye did neuer entertaine
A more distracted countenance of greefe
Then I haue late obseru'de
In the displeased commons of the cittie.

Sur. Tis straunge that from his princely clemencie,
So well a tempred mercie and a grace,
To all the aliens in this fruitefull land,
That this highe-creasted insolence should spring
From them that breathe from his maiestick bountie,
That, fatned with the trafficque of our countrey,
Alreadie leape into his subiects face.

Pal. Yet Sherwin hindred to commence his suite
Against De Bard by the ambassadour,
By supplication made vnto the king,
Who hauing first entic'de away his wife,
And gott his plate, neere woorth foure hundred pound,
To greene some wronged cittizens that found
This vile disgrace oft cast into their teeth,
Of late sues Sherwin, and arrested him
For monie for the boarding of his wife.

Sur. The more knaue Bard, that, vsing Sherwins goods,
Dooth aske him interest for the occupation.
I like not that, my lord of Shrewesburie :
Hees ill bested that lends a well pac'de horse
Vnto a man that will not finde him meate.

¹ *My lord of Surrey, &c.*] Opposite this speech Tylney has written
"Mend y^t."

Cholme. My lord of Surrey will be pleasant still.

Pal. I, beeing then imployed by your honors
To stay the broyle that fell about the same,
Wher by perswasion I enfore'de the wrongs,
And vrgde the greefe of the displeased cittie,
He answerd me, and with a sollemne oathe,
That, if he had the Maior of Londons wife,
He would keepe her in despight of any Englishe.¹

Sur. Tis good, Sir Thomas, then, for you and me ;
Your wife is dead, and I a batcheler :²
If no man can possesse his wife alone,
I am glad, Sir Thomas Palmer, I haue none.

Cholme. If a³ take my wife, a shall finde her meate.

Sur. And reason good, Sir Roger Cholmeley, too.
If these hott Frenchemen needsly⁴ will haue sporte,
They should in kindnesse yet deffraye the charge :

¹ *Englishe*] This word is crossed through by Tylney, who has substituted "man."

² *I a batcheler*] The person now speaking (and of course the author did not intend that there should be *two* earls of Surrey in the play) is afterwards distinctly mentioned as being the celebrated poet,—who, at the time when the present scene is supposed to take place, was,—if indeed he yet had seen the light,—a mere infant. Nott fixes the poet's birth in January 1518 (*Mem. of Surrey*, p. ix.). Sir H. Nicolas assigns it to some period between 1516 and 1518. (*Mem. of Surrey, Aldine Poets*, p. xvi.). In Howard's *Memorials, &c. of the Howard Family*, p. 19, he is stated to have been born in 1517.

³ *a*] i. c. he.

⁴ *needsly*] i. c. necessarily. The word, though not acknowledged by dictionaries, is frequently found in our early writers :

"Thy absence makes me angrie for a while,
But at thy presence I must *needsly* smile."

Q. Mary to Brandon D. of Suffolk,—Drayton's *England's Her. Epist.* ed. 8vo. n. d.

Tis hard when men possesse our wiues in quiet,
And yet leaue vs in, to discharge their diett.

Shrew. My lord, our catours¹ shall not vse the markt
For our prouision, but some straunger² now
Will take the vittails from him he hath bought :
A carpenter, as I was late enforme,
Who hauing bought a paire of dooues in Cheape,
Immediatly a Frencheman³ tooke them from him,
And beat the poore man for resisting him ;
And when the fellowe did complaine his wrongs,
He was seuerely punish'de for his labour.

Sur. But if the Englishe blood be once but vp,
As I perceiue theire harts alreadie full,
I feare me much, before their spleenes be coolde,
Some of these saucie aliens for their pride
Will pay for't soundly, whersoere it lights :
This tyde of rage that with the eddie striues,
I feare me much, will drowne too manie liues.

Cholme. Now, afore God, your honors, pardon me :
Men of your place and greatnesse are to blame.
I tell ye true, my lords, in that his maiestie
Is not informed of this base abuse
And dayly wrongs are offered to his subiects ;
For, if he were, I knowe his gracious wisdom
Would soone redresse it.

Enter a Messenger.

Shrew. Sirra, what newes ?

Cholme. None good, I feare.

Mess. My lord, ill newes ; and wurse, I feare, will followe.
If speedily it be not lookte vnto :
The cittie is in an vproare, and the Maior

¹ *catours*] i. e. caterers.

² *straunger*] Crossed out by Tylney, who has substituted "Lombard."

³ *Frencheman*] Altered by the same to "Lombard"

Is threatned, if he come out of his house.

A number poore artifi[cers] * * *
 * * * * * *

* fearde what this would come vnto :

This followes on the doctors publishing

The bill of wrongs in publike at the Spittle.

Shrew. That Doctor Beale may chaunce beshrewe¹ him-
 selfe

For reading of the bill.

Pal. Let vs goe gather forces to the Maior,
 For quick suppressing this rebellious route.²

Sur. Now I bethinke myselfe of Maister Moore,
 One of the sheriffes, a wise and learned gentleman,
 And in especiall fauour with the people :
 He, backt with other graue and sober men,
 May by his gentle and perswasieue speeche
 Perhaps preuaile more then we can with power.

Shrew. Belecue me, but your honor well aduises :
 Let vs make haste ; for I doo greatly feare,
 Some to their graues this mornings woorke will beare.

[*Exeunt.*³

*Enter three or foure Prentises of trades, with a paire of
 cudgelles.*

Harry. Come, lay downe the cudgelles. Hoh, Robin, you
 met vs well at Bunhill, to haue you with vs a Mayng this
 morning !

Robin. Faith, Harrie, the head drawer at the Miter by the
 great Conduite calld me vp, and we went to breakefast into

¹ *beshrewe*] i. e. curse.

² *route*] i. e. rabble.

³ *Exeunt*] After this, the MS. has the first sketch of a scene, which
 subsequently occurs with considerable additions : see pp. 19-22.

St. Annes lane. But come, who beginnes? in good faith, I am cleane out of practise. When wast at Garrets schoole,¹ Harrie?

Har. Not this great while, neuer since I brake his vshers head, when he plaid his schollers prize at the Starre in Bread-streete. I vse all to George Philpots at Dowgate; hees the best backswordeman in England.

Kit. Bate me an ace of that, quoth Bolton.²

Har. Ile not bate ye a pinne on't, sir; for, by this cudgell, tis true.

Kit. I will cudgell that oppinion out of ye: did you breake an vshers head, sir?

Har. I, marie, did I, sir.

Kit. I am very glad on't: you shall breake mine too, and ye can.

Har. Sirra, I prethee, what art thou?

Kit. Why, I am a prentise as thou art; seest thou now? Ile play with thee at blunt heere in Cheapeside, and when thou hast doone, if thou beest angrie, Ile fight with thee at [sharpe] in Moore feildes. I haue a swoord to serue my turne in a fauor

* * * *

* * * *

come Iulie, to serue³

¹ *Garrets schoole*] Some fencing-school; notorious, I presume, during this author's time (not during that of Sir T. More).

² *Bate me an ace of that, quoth Bolton*] See Ray's *Proverbs*, p. 176, ed 1768, and Nares's *Gloss*.

³ *to serue*] This (imperfect) scene is followed in the MS. by part of a scene (contained in a single leaf) between More, his wife, steward, and attendants, beginning—

“Now will I speake, like man in melancholy,” &c.

which belongs to a much later part of the play, and will be given afterwards.

Enter LINCOLNE,¹ [two] BETSES, WILLIAMSON, SHERWIN, and other, armed; DOLL in a shirt of maile, a headpiece, sword, and buckler; a crewe attending.

*Clo.*² Come, come; wele tickle ther turnips, wele butter ther boxes. Shall strangers rule the roste? yes; but wele baste the roste. Come, come; a flawnt, a flaunte!

George. Brother, giue place, and heare Iohn Lincolne speake.

Clo. I,³ Lincolne my leder,
And Doll my true breder,
With the rest of our crue,
Shall ran tan tarra ran;
Doo all they what they can.
Shall we be bobd,⁴ braude? no:
Shall we be helld vnder? no;
We ar freborne,
And doo take skorne
To be vsde soe.

Doll. Pease theare, I saye! heare Captaine Lincolne speake;
Kepo silens, till we know his minde at large.

Clo. Then largely⁵ dilliuer; speake, bullie: and he that presumes to interrupte the in thie orratione, this for him.

Lincol. Then,⁶ gallant bloods, you whoes fre sowles doo skorne
To beare the inforsed wrongs of aliens,
Ad rage to rossolutione, fier the howses
Of theis audatious strangers. This is St. Martins,

¹ *Enter Lincolne, &c.*] This stage-direction is taken from the first draught of the scene (see note 3, p 17), which in its present enlarged state has no heading.

² *Clo.*] i. e. Clown,—brother to George Betts.

³ *I]* i. e. Ay.

⁴ *bobd]* i. e. cheated.

⁵ *Clo. Then largely, &c.*] Instead of this speech, the first sketch has—

“*All.* Agreed, agreed: speake, then, braue Captaine Lincolne.”

“*Then]* First sketch, “Come.”

And yonder dwells Mutas,¹ a welthy Piccardye,²
 At the Greene Gate,³
 De Bard, Peter Van Hollocke, Adrian Martine,
 With many more outlandishe fugetiues.
 Shall theis enioy more priueledge then wee,
 In our owne cuntry ? lets, then,⁴ become ther slaues.
 Since justis kepes not them in greater awe,
 Wele be ourselues roughe ministers at lawe.

Clo. Vse no more⁵ swords, nor no more words, but fier the houses ; braue captaine, curragious, fier me ther houses.

Doll. I, for we maye as well make bonefiers on Maye daye as at midsommer : wele alter the daye in the callinder, and sett itt downe in flaming letters.

Sher. Staye ; that⁶ wold much indanger the hole cittie, Whertoo I wold not the least preiudice.

Doll. No, nor I nether ; so maie mine owne howse be burnd for companye. Ile tell ye what ; wele drag the strangers into⁷ More felde, and theare bumbaste them till they stinke againe.

Clo. And thats soone doone ; for they smell for feare all-redye.

Geor. Let some of vs enter the strangers houses, And, if we finde them theare, then bringe them forth.

Doll. But⁸ if ye bringe them forth the eare⁹ ye finde them, Ile neare alowe of thatt.

¹ *Mutas*] Rather indistinctly written here: but in the first sketch, "Mewtas."

² *Piccardye*] First sketch, "Piccarde."

³ *the Greene Gate*] See extract from Hall, prefixed to this play.

⁴ *then*] So in first sketch. Omitted here in MS.

⁵ *Clo. Vse no more, &c.*] Instead of this speech, the first sketch has,
 "All. Fire the houses, fire the houses!"

⁶ *that*] So in first sketch. Here MS has "no, *that*:" but this speech is evidently blank verse.

⁷ *into*] First sketch, "out *into*."

⁸ *But*] Omitted in first sketch.

⁹ *ear*] First sketch, "before "

Clo. Now, Marsse, for thie honner,
 Dutch or Frenshe,
 So yt be a wenshe,
 Ile vppon hir. [*Exeunt*¹ SHERWIN, *Clounne*, and others.]

Willia. Now, lads, sure² shall we labor in our saftie.
 I heare the Maire hath gatherd men in armes,
 And that Shreue³ More an hower agoe risseude
 Some of the Privye Cownsell in at Ludgate :
 Forse now must make our pease, or eles we fall ;
 Twill soone be knowne we ar the principall.

Doll. And what of that ? if thou beest afraide, husband, go
 home againe, and hide thy hed ; for, by the Lord, Ile haue a
 lyttill sporte, now we ar⁴ att ytt.

Geor. Lets stand vppon our swards,⁵ and, if they come,
 Ressecaue them as they weare our ennemyes.

*Re-enter*⁶ SHERWIN, *Clounne*, and others.

Clo. A purchase,⁷ a purchase ! we haue fownd, we ha
 fownde ——

Doll. What ?

Clo. Nothings ; nott a Frenshe Fleming nor a Fleming
 Frenshe to be fownde ; but all fled, in plaine Inglishe.

Linco. How now ! haue you fownd any ?

Sher. No, not oue ; theyre all fled.⁸

¹ *Exeunt*, &c.] Here MS. has no stage-direction. First sketch, "Ex. some and Sherwin."

² *sure*] First sketch, "how" (making the line a question).

³ *Shreue*] First sketch, "Sheriffe."

⁴ *we ar*] First sketch, "I am."

⁵ *swards*] i.e. swords.—First sketch, "garde."

⁶ *Re-enter*, &c.] Here MS. has no stage-direction. First sketch, "En. Sher. and the rest."

⁷ *purchase*] i.e. prize, booty.

⁸ *No, not oue ; theyre all fled*] First sketch, "Not oue ; th'are fled."

Lincol. Then fier the houses, that, the Maier beinge busye
Aboute the quenshinge of them, we maye skape ;
Burne downe ther kennells : let vs strait awaye,
Leaste this daye¹ proue to vs an ill Maye daye.²

Clo. Fier, fier ! ile be the firste :

If hanging come, tis welcome ; thats the worste. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter at on dore Sir THOMAS MOORE and Lord Maire ; att
an other doore Sir JOHN MUNDAY hurt.*

L. Maior. What, Sir Iohn Munday, are you hurt ?

Sir Iohn. A little knock, my lord. Ther was even now
A sort⁴ of prentises playing at cudgells ;
I did comaund them to ther masters howses ;
But one of them, backt by the other crew,
Wounded me in the forehead with his cudgill ;
And now, I feare me, they are gon to joine
With Lincolne, Sherwine, and ther dangerous traine.

Moore. The captaines of this insurrection
Have tane themselves to armes, and cam but now
To both the Counters,⁵ wher they have releast
Sundrie indetted prisoners, and from thence
I heere that they are gonn into St. Martins,
Wher they intend to offer violence
To the amazed Lombards : therfore, my lord,
If we expect the saftie of the cittie,
Tis time that force or parley doe encownter
With thes displeased men.

¹ *Leaste this daye*] First sketch, "*Least that this.*"

² *an ill Maye daye*] i. e. an evil May-day : see ballad prefixed to the play.

³ [*Exeunt*] MS. has (in a different handwriting from the rest of the scene) "*Manett Clowne*;" which cannot be right.

⁴ *sort*] i. e. set, company

⁵ *both the Counters*] i. e. the Counter prison in the Poultry and Wood-street.

Enter a Messenger.

L. Maior. How now ! what newes ?

Mess. My lord, the rebells have broake open Newegate,
From whence they have deliverd manie prisoners,
Both fellons and notorious murderers,
That desperatlie cleave to ther lawles traine.

L. Maior. Vpp with the drawbridge, gather som forces
To Cornhill and Chcapside :—and, gentlemen,
If dilligence be vsde one¹ every side,
A quiet ebb will follow this rough tide.

Enter SHROWSBERIE, SURRIE, PALMER, CHOLMLEY.

Shro. Lord Maior, his maiestie, receaving notice
Of this most dangerous insurrection,
Hath sent my lord of Surry and myself,
Sir Thomas Palmer and our followers,
To add vnto your² forces our best meanes
For pacifying of this mutinie.

In Gods name, then, sett one with happie speed !
The king laments, if one true subiect bleede.

Surr. I heere they meane to fier the Lumbards howses :
Oh power, what art thou³ in a madmans eies !
Thou makst the plodding iddiott bloody-wise.

Moore. My lords, I dowl not but we shall appease
With a calm breath this flux of discontent :
To call them to a parley, questionles——

Palme. May fall out good : tis well said, Master Moore.

Moor. Letts to the simple men ; for many sweat
Vnder this act, that knowes not the lawes debtt
Which hangs vppon ther lives ; for sillie men
Plodd on they know not how, like a fooles penn,
That, ending, shoves not any sentence writt,

¹ one] i. c. on.

² your] MS. "our."

³ thou] MS. "then."

Linckt but to common reason or sleightest witt :
 Thes follow for no harme ; but yett incurr
 Self penaltie with those that raisd this stirr.
 A Gods name, one,¹ to calme our privat foes
 With breath of gravitie, not dangerous blowes ! [Exeunt.

Enter LINCOLN, DOLL, *Clown*, GEORG BETTS, WILLIAMSON,
others ; and a Sergaunt at armes.

Lincolne. Peace, heare me : he that will not see a red hearing at a Herry grote,² butter at alevenpence a pounce, meale at nyne shillings a bushell, and beeff at fower nobles³ a stone, lyst to me.

Geo. Bett. Yt will come to that passe, yf straingers be sufferd. Mark him.

Linco. Our countrie is a great eating country ; argo⁴ they eate more in our country then they do in their owne.

*Betts. Clow.*⁵ By a halfpenny loff, a day, troy waight.

Linc. They bring in straining rootes, which is meerly⁶ to the

¹ one] i. e. on.

² a *Herry grote*] i. e. a Harry groat,—one of the groats coined in the reign of Henry VIII. (of which there were several kinds). The latest notice of a Harry groat which I recollect to have met with, is in a rhymed letter from Shadwell in the country to Wycherley in London : while you, says Shadwell, drink bad wine,

“ we can carouse

For *Harry groat* in low thatcht house,
 With country justice or with squire,
 With sleek black pot, o're good cole fire,
 Like your true Englishmen, in ale
 Thats wholesome, nappy, cleer and stale.”

MS. in my possession.

³ nobles] Gold coins, worth 6s. 8d. each.

⁴ argo] A corruption of *ergo*.

⁵ *Betts. Clow.*] See note 2, p. 19.

⁶ *meerly*] i. e. wholly

vndoing of poor prentizes ; for whats a sorry parsnyp to a good hart ?

William. Trash, trash ; they breed sore eyes, and tis enough to infect the cytty with the palsey.

Lin. Nay, yt has infected yt with the palsey ; for theise basterds of dung, as you knowe they growe in dvng, haue infected vs, and yt is our infeccion will make the cytty shake, which partly coms through the eating of parsnyps.

Cloun. Betts. Trewe ; and pumpions¹ togeather.

Seriant. What say ye to the mercy of the king ?
Do ye refuse yt ?

Lin. You would haue vs vppon thipp,² would you ? no, marry, do we not ; we accept of the kings mercy, but wee will showe no mercy vppon the straungers.

Seriaunt. You are the simplest things that euer stood
In such a question.

Lin. How say ye now, prentisses ? prentisses symple ! downe with him !

All. Prentisses symple ! prentisses symple !

Enter the L. Maier, SURREY, SHREWSBURY.

Maier. Hold ! in the kinges name, hold !

Surrey. Frenedes, masters, countrymen——

Mayer. Peace, how,³ peace ! I charg you, keep the peace !

Shro. My maisters, countrymen——

¹ *pumpions*] i. e. pumpkins.

² *haue vs vppon thipp*] i. c. have us upon the hip. The expression appears to have been derived from hunting. Though twice used by Shakespeare, it is not of frequent occurrence: see my *Remarks on Mr. Collier's and Mr. Knight's editions of Shakespeare*, under *Merchant of Venice*, act i. sc. 3.

³ *how*] i. e. ho.—One of a hundred passages in old plays, which shew how improperly the two latest editors of Shakcspeare have followed the folios in printing, “The guard!—*how*?” *Ant. and Cleop.* act iv. sc. 12.

Williamson. The noble earle of Shrewsbury, letts hear him.

Ge. Betts. Weele heare the earle of Surrey.

Linc. The earle of Shrewsbury.

Betts. Weele heare both.

All. Both, both, both, both !

Linc. Peace, I say, peace ! ar you men of wisdomc, or what ar you ?

Surr. What you will haue them ; but not men of wisdomc.

All. Weele not heare my lord of Surrey ; no, no, no, no, no ! Shrewsbury, Shrewsbury !

Moor. Whiles they ar ore the banck of their obedyence, Thus will they bere downe all things.

Linc. Shreiff Moor speakes : shall we heare Shreef Moor speake ?

Doll. Letts heare him : a¹ keeps a plentyfull shrevaltry, and a made my brother Arther Watchins Seriant Safes yco-man : lets heare Shreeve Moore.

All. Shreine Moor, Moor, More, Shrene Moore !

Moor. Even by the rule you haue among yoursealues, Comand still audience.

All. Surrey, Sury !

*All.*² Moor, Moor !

Lincolne. }
Betts. } Peacc, peace, scilens, peace.

Moor. You that haue voyce and credyt with the nvmber, Comaund them to a stilnes.

Lincolne. A plaiguc on them, they will not hold their peace ; the deule³ cannot rule them.

Moore. Then what a rough and ryotous charge haue you, To leade those that the deule cannot rule ?——
Good masters, heare me speake.

¹ a] i. e. he.

² All] So MS.
All]

³ deule] i. e. devil.

Doll. I, byth mas, will we, Moor : thart a good howskeeper, and I thanck thy good worship for my brother Arthur Watchins.

All. Peace, peace.

Moor. Look, what you do offend you cry vppon,
That is, the peace, not *^h* of you heare present :
Had there such fellows lyvd when you wer babes,
That could haue topt the peace, as nowe you woold,
The peace wherein you haue till nowe growne vp
Had bin tane from you, and the bloody tymes
Could not haue brought you to the state of men.
Alas, poor things, what is yt you haue gott,
Although we graunt you geat the thing you seeke?

Bett. Marry, the removing of the straingers, which cannot choose but much advauntage the poor handycrafts of the cytty.

Moor. Graunt them remoued, and graunt that this your
noyce

Hath chidd downe all the maiestie of England ;
Ymagin that you see the wretched straingers,
Their babyes at their backes and their poor lugage,
Plodding tooth ports and costes for transportacion,
And that you sytt as kinges in your desyres,
Aucthoryty quyte sylenct by your braule,
And you in ruff of your opynions clothd ;
What had you gott ? I'le tell you : you had taught
How insolence and strong hand shoold prevayle,
How ordere shoold be quelld ; and by this patterne
Not on¹ of you shoold lyve an aged man,
For other ruffians, as their fancies wrought,
With sealf same hand, sealf reasons, and sealf right,
Woold shark on you, and men lyke ravenous fishes
Woold feed on on another.

Doll. Before God, thats as trewe as the Gospell.

Lincoln. Nay, this [is] a sound fellowe, I tell you : lets mark him.

¹ on] i. e. one.

Moor. Let me sett vp before your thoughts, good freindes.
 On¹ supposytion ; which if you will marke,
 You shall perceauē howe horrible a shape
 Your ynnovation beres : first, tis a sinn
 Which oft thapostle did forwarne vs of,
 Vrging obedience to authority ;
 And twere no error, yf I told you all,
 You wer in armes gainst your [sovereign].

All. Marry, God forbid that !

Moo. Nay, certainly you are ;
 For to the king God hath his offyce lent
 Of dread, of justyce, power and comaund,
 Hath bid him rule, and willd you to obay ;
 And, to add ampler maiestie to this,
 He hath not only lent the king his figure,
 His throne and sword, but gyven him his owne name.
 Calls him a god on earth. What do you, then,
 Rysing gainst him that God himsealf enstalls,
 But ryse gainst God ? what do you to your sowles
 In doing this ? O, desperat as you are,
 Wash your foule mynds with teares, and those same handes.
 That you lyke rebells lyft against the peace,
 Lift vp for peace, and your vnreuerent knees,
 Make them your feet to kneele to be forgyven !²
 Tell me but this ; what rebell captaine,
 As mutynies ar incident, by his name

¹ *On*] i. e. One.

² *to kneele to be forgyven, &c.*] Originally written :

“to kneele to be forgyven

Is safer warrs then euer you can make

Whose discipline is ryot, why euen your warrs

Cannot proceed but by obedience what rebell captaine,” &c.

and before the two lines and a half were deleted, “why euen your warrs” was altered first to “why euen your ‘hurly,’” and afterwards to “in in to your obedience.”

Can still the rout? who will obey a traytor?
 Or howe can well that proclamation sounde,
 When ther is no adicion but a rebell
 To quallyfy a rebell? Youle put downe straingers,
 Kill them, cutt their throts, possesse their howses,
 And leade the maiestie of lawe in liom,¹
 To slipp him lyke a hound. Say nowe the king
 (As he is clement, yf thoffendor moorne)
 Should so much com to² short of your great trespas
 As but to banysh you, whether would you go?
 What country, by the nature of your error,
 Should geve you harber? go you to Fraunce or Flanders,
 To any Jarman province, to Spaine or Portigall,
 Nay, any where that not adheres to England,—
 Why, you must needes be straingers: would you be pleasd
 To find a nation of such barbarous temper,
 That, breaking out in hiddious violence,
 Would not afoord you an abode on earth,
 Whett their detested knyves against your throtes,
 Spurne you lyke dogges, and lyke as yf that God
 Owed not nor made not you, nor that the elamentes
 Wer not all appropriat to your comfortes,
 But charterd vnto them, what would you thinck
 To be thus vsd? this is the straingers case;
 And this your mountanish³ inhumanytye.

All. Fayth, a saies trewe: letts do as we may be doon by.

Linco. Weele be ruld by you, Maister Moor, yf youle stand
 our freind to procure our pardon.

Moor. Submyt you to theise noble gentlemen,
 Entreate their mediation to the kinge,
 Geve vp yourscalfe to forme, obey the maiestrate,
 And thers no doubt but mercy maie be found,
 Yf you so seek.

¹ *liom*] i. e. leash.

² *to*] i. e. too.

³ *mountanish*] MS. "momtanish."

To persist in it is present death : but, if you yeeld your-
selues, no doubt what punishment you in simplicitie haue in-
curred, his highnesse in mercie will moste graciously pardon.

All. We yeeld, and desire his highnesse mercie.

[*They lay by their weapons.*]

Moore. No doubt his maiestie will graunt it you :

But you must yeeld to goe to seuerall prisons,
Till that his highnesse will be further knowne.

All. Moste willingly ; whether you will haue vs.

Shrew. Lord Maior, let them be sent to seuerall prisons,
And there, in any case, be well intreated.¹—
My lord of Surrie, please you to take horsse,
And ride to Chcapeside, where the aldermen
Are with their seuerall companies in arnes ;
Will² them to goe vnto their seuerall wardes,
Bothe for the stay of further mutinie,
And for the apprehending of such persons
As shall contend.

Sur. I goe, my noble lord.

[*Ex. SUR.*]

Shrew. Weele strait goe tell his highnesse these good newes ;
Withall, Shreewe Moore, Ile tell him how your breath
Hath ransomde many a subiect from sad death.

[*Ex. SHREW. and CHOLM.*]

L. Maior. Lincolne and Sherwine, you shall bothe to New-
gate ;

The rest vnto the Counters.

Pal. Goe garde them hence : a little breath well spent
Cheates expectation in his fairst euent.

Doll. Well, Sheriffe Moore, thou hast doone more with thy
good woordes then all they could with their weapons : giue me
thy hand ; keepe thy promise now for the kings pardon, or, by
the Lord, Ile call thee a plaine coniecatcher.³

¹ *intreated*] i. e. treated

² *Will*] i. e. Desire.

³ *coniecatcher*] i. e. cheat.

Lin. Farewell, Shreene Moore ; and as we yeeld by thee,
So make our peace ; then thou dealst honestly.

Clo. Ay, and saue vs from the gallowes, eles a deuiles debble¹
honnestlye ! *[They are led away.]*

L. Maior. Maister Shreene Moore, you haue preseru'de the
cittie

From a moste daungerous fierce commotion ;
For, if this linbe of riot heere in St. Martins
Had ioind with other braunches of the cittie
That did begin to kindle, twould haue bred
Great rage ; that rage much murder would haue fed.
Not steele, but eloquence hath wrought this good :
You haue redeemde vs from much threatned blood.

Moore. My lord and bretheren, what I heere haue spoke,
My countries looue, and next the citties care,
Enioynde me to ; which since it thus preuailes,²
Thinke, God hath made weake Moore his instrument
To thwart seditions violent intent.
I thinke twere best, my lord, some two houres hence
We meete at the Guildehall, and there determine
That thorow euery warde the watche be clad
In armour, but especially provide
That at the cittie gates selected men,
Substantiall cittizens, doo warde to night,
For feare of further mischoife.

L. Maior. It shall be so :
But yond me thinks my lord of Shrewesburic.

Ent. SHREW.

Shrew. My lord, his maiestie sends loouing thanks
To you, your bretheren, and his faithfull subiects,
Your carefull cittizens.—But, Master Moore, to you
A rougher, yet as kinde, a salutation :

¹ *a deuiles debble*] i. c. a devil's dibble. ² *preuailes*] i. c. avails.

Your name is yet too short ; nay, you must kneele ;
A knights creation is thys knightly steele.

Rise vp, Sir Thomas Moore.

Moore. I thanke his highnesse for thus honoring me.

Shrew. This is but first taste of his princely fauour ;
For it hath pleased his high maiestie
(Noating your wisdom and deseruing meritt)
To put this staffe of honor in your hand,
For he hath chose you of his Priuie Councell.

Moore. My lord, for to denye¹ my soueraignes bountie,
Were to drop precious stones into the heapes
Whence first they came ;
To vrdge my imperfections in excuse,
Were all as stale as custome : no, my lord,
My seruice is my kings ; good reason why,—
Since life or death hangs on our soueraignes eye.

L. Maior. His maiestie hath honord much the cittie
In this his princely choise.

Moore. My lord and bretheren,
Though I departe for * * my looue shall rest

* * * * *

I now must sleepe in courte, sounde sleepes forbear ;
The chamberlain to state is publique care :
Yet, in this rising of my priuate blood,
My studious thoughts shall tend the citties good.

Ent. CROFTES.

Shrew. How now, Croftes ! what newes ?

Croftes. My lord, his highnesse sends expresse commaunde
That a record be entred of this riott,
And that the cheefe and capitall offendours
Be theron strait arraignde, for himselfe intends
To sit in person on the rest to morrowe
At Westminster.

¹ *denye*] i. e. refuse, reject.

Shrew. Lord Maior, you heare your charge.—
Come, good Sir Thomas Moore, to court let's hye ;
You are th' appeaser of this mutinie.

Moore. My lord, farewell : new dayes begets new tides ;
Life whirles bout fate, then to a graue it slydes.

[*Exeunt seuerally.*]

Enter Master Sheriffe [with Officers], and meete a Messenger.

Sheriff. Messenger, what newes ?

Mess. Is execution yet performde ?

Sheriff. Not yet ; the cartes stand readie at the stayres,
And they shall presently away to Tibourne.

Messe. Stay, Master Shreene ; it is the councelles pleasure,
For more example in so bad a case,
A jibbit be erected in Chcapside,
Hard by the Standerd¹ ; whether you must bring
Lincolne and those that were the cheefe with him,
To suffer death, and that immediatly.

Sheriff. It shalbe doone, sir [*Er. Mess.*].—Officers, be
speedie ;

Call for a jibbit, see it be erected ;
Others make haste to Newgate, bid them bring
The prisoners hether, for they here must dye :
Away, I say, and see no time be slackt.

Off. We goe, sir.

[*Er. some seuerally ; others set vp the jibbit.*]

Sheriff. Thats well said,² fellowes ; now you doo your
dutie.—

God for his pittie help these troublous times !
The streetes stopte vp with gazing multitudes :
Commaund our armed officers with halberds

¹ *the Standerd*] See Stow's *Survey of London*, B. iii. p. 34, ed. 1720.

² *well said*] Is addressed to those who are setting up the gibbet, and is

Mako way for entraunce of the prisoners ;
 Let proclamation once againe be made,
 That euery housholder, on paine of deathe,
 Keep in his prentises, and euery man
 Stand with a weapon readie at his doore,
 As he will answere to the contrary.

Off. Ile see it doone, sir.

[*Exit.*

*Enter another Officer.*¹

Sheriffe. Bring them away to execution :
 The writt is come abooue two houres since ;
 The cittie will be fynde for this neglect.

Off. Thers such a presse and multitude at Newgate,
 They cannot bring the cartes onto the stayres,
 To take the prisoners in.

Sheriff. Then let them come on foote ;
 We may not dally time with great commaund.

Off. Some of the benche, sir, thinke it very fit
 That stay be made, and giue it out abroad
 The execution is deferd till morning,
 And, when the streetes shall be a little cleerd,
 To chaine them vp, and suddenly dispatch it.

equivalent to—well done. So in *A Pleasant Commodie, called Looke about you*, 1600, while Richard and Gloster are fighting,—

“*Enter Robin Hood, they breath, offer againe.*

Rob. Clashing of weapons at my welcome hyther ?
 Bickring vpon Blacke-heath ? *Well said*, olde man ;
 Ile take thy side,” &c.

Sig. I 3.

This meaning of *well said* was, I believe, first pointed out in my note on Beaumont and Fletcher's *Works*, i. 328.

¹ *Enter another Officer*] So MS.

Sheriff. Stay ; in meane time me thinkes they come along :
See, they are comming. So, tis very well :

The prisoners are brought in, well guarded.

Bring Lincolne there the first vnto the tree.

Clo. I,¹ for I cry lug,² sir.

Lin. I knewe the first, sir, did belong to me :
This the olde prouerbe now compleate dooth make,
That Lincolne should be hangd for Londons sake.

[He goes vp.

A Gods name, let vs to woorke. Fellowe, dispatche :
I was the formoste man in this rebellion,
And I the formoste that must dye for it.

Doll. Brauely, Iohn Lincolne, let thy death expresse,
That, as thou liu'dst a man, thou dyedst no lesse.

Lin. Doll Williamson, thine eyes shall witnesse it.—
Then to all you that come to viewe mine end
I must confesse, I had no ill intent,
But against such as wrongd vs ouer much :
And now I can perceiue it was not fit
That priuate men should carue out their redresse,
Which way they list ; no, learne it now by me,—
Obedience is the best in eche degree :
And asking mercie meekely of my king,
I paciently submit me to the lawe ;
But God forgine them that were cause of it !
And, as a Christian, truely from my hart
I likewise craue they would forgine me too

* * * * *

That others by example of the same
Hencefoorth be warned to attempt the like
Gainst any alien that repaireth hether.

¹ I] i. e. Ay.

² I cry lug] i. e. I cry slug, sluggard,—I am in no hurry.

Fare ye well, all : the next time that we meete.

I trust in heauen we shall eche other greete. [*He leapes off.*]

Doll. Farewell, Iohn Lincolne : say all what they can,
Thou liu'dst a good fellowe, and dyedst an honest man.

Clo. Wold I weare so farre on my jurney ! the first stretch
is the werste¹, me thinks.

Sheriff. Bring Williamson there forward.

Doll. Good Master Shreeuc, I haue an earnest suite,
And, as you are a man, deny't me not.

Sheriff. Woman, what is it ? be it in my power,
Thou shalt obtayne it.

Doll. Let me dye next, sir ; that is all I craue :
You knowe not what a comforte you shall bring
To my poore hart, to dye before my husband.

Sheriff. Bring her to death ; she shall haue her desire.

Clo. Sir, and I haue a suite to you too.

Sher. What is ytt ?

Clo. That, as you haue hangd Lincolne first, and will hange
hir nexte, so you will nott hange me at all.

Sher. Naye, you set ope the Counter gates, and you must
hange [for] the foly.

Clo. Well, then, so much for it !

Doll. Sir, your free bountie much contents my minde.
Commend me to that good shreeuc Master Moore,
And tell him, had't not bin for his perswasion,
Iohn Lincolne had not hung heere as he does :
We would first haue [bin] lockt vp in Leadenhall,
And there bin burnt to ashes with the rooffe.

Sheriff. Woman, what Master Moore did was a subiects
dutie,
And hath so pleaste our gracious lord the king,
That he is hence remoou'de to higher place,
And made of counsell to his maiestie.

¹ *werste*] i. e. worst.

Doll. Well is he woorthie of it, by my troth,
 An honest, wise, well spoken gentleman ;
 Yet would I praise his honestie much more,
 If he had kept his woord, and sau'de our liues :
 But let that passe ; men are but men, and so
 Woords are but wordes, and paies not what men owe.—
 You, husband, since perhaps the world may say
 That through my meanes thou comste thus to thy end,
 Heere I beginne this cuppe of death to thee,
 Because thou shalt be sure to taste no wursse
 Then I haue taken that must goe before thee.
 What though I be a woman ? thats no matter ;
 I doo owe God a death, and I must pay him.
 Husband, giue me thy hand ; be not dismayed ;
 This charre beeing charde,¹ then all our debt is payd.
 Only two little babes we leaue behinde vs,
 And all I can bequeathe them at this time
 Is but the loue of some good honest frend,
 To bring them vp in charitable sorte :
 What, maisters ! he goes vpright that neuer haltes,
 And they may liue to mend their parents faultes.

Will. Why, well sayd, wife ; yfaith, thou cheerst my hart :
 Giue me thy hand ; lets kisse, and so lets part.

[*He kisses her on the ladder.*]

Doll. The next kisse, Williamson, shalbe in heauen.—
 Now cheerely, lads ! George Bets, a hand with thee ;
 And thine too, Rafe ; and thine, good honest Sherwin.
 Now let me tell the women of this towne,
 No straunger yet brought Doll to lying downe :
 So long as I an Englishman can see,
 Nor Frenche nor Dutche shall get a kisse of me ;

¹ *This charre beeing charde*] i. e. This work or business being despatched. The expression is not uncommon ; see, for instance, Warner's *Albions England*, p. 306, ed. 1612, and Ray's *Proverbs*, p. 182, ed. 1768

And when that I am dead, for me yet say,
I dyed in scorne to be a straungers preye.

[*A great shout and noise [within].*]

[*Within.*] Pardon, pardon, pardon, pardon !
Roome for the Erle of Surrey, roome there, roome !

Enter SURREY.

Sur. Saue the mans life, if it be possible.

Sheriff. It is too late, my lord ; hees dead alreadie.

Sur. I tell ye, Master Sheriffe, you are too forward.
To make such haste with men vnto their death ;
I thinke your paines will merit little thanks,
Since that his highnesse is so mercifull
As not to spill the blood of any subiect.

Sheriff. My noble lord, would we so much had knowen '
The Councelles warrant hastened our dispatche ;
It had not else bin doone so suddenly.

Sur. Sir Thomas Moore humbly vppon his knee
Did begge the liues of all, since on his woord
They did so gently yeeld : the king hath graunted it.
And made him Lord High Chauncellour of England.
According as he woorthily deserues.
Since Lincolnes life cannot be had againe,
Then for the rest, from my dread soueraignes lippes,
I heere pronounce free pardon for them all.

All. God saue the king, God saue the king !
My good Lord Chauncellour, and the Earle of Surrey !

[*Flinging vp cappes.*]

Doll. And Doll desires it from her very hart,
Moores name may liue for this right noble part ;
And whensoere we talke of ill May daie,¹

Praise Moore * * * * *

Sur. In hope his highnesse clemencie and mercie,

¹ *ill May daie*] i. e. evil May-day . see ballad prefixed to the play.

Which in the armes of milde and meeke compassion
 Would rather clip¹ you, as the loouing nurssse
 Oft dooth the waywarde infant, then to leaue you
 To the sharp rodd of justice, so to drawe you
 To shun such lewde² assemblies as beget
 Vnlawfull riots and such trayterous acts,
 That, striking with the hand of priuate hate,
 Maime your deare countrie with a publike wounde :—
 Oh God, that Mercie, whose maiestick browe
 Should be vnwrinkled, and that awefull Justice,
 Which looketh through a vaile of sufferaunce
 Vppon the frailtie of the multitude,
 Should with the clamours of outrageous wrongs
 Be stird and wakened thus to punishment !—
 But your deserued death he dooth forgiue :
 Who giues you life, pray all he long may liue.

All. God saue the king, God saue the king !
 My good Lord Chauncellour, and the Earle of Surrey !

[*Exeunt.*]

A table beeing couered with a greene carpet, a state cushion on it, and the Purse and Mace lying thereon, enter Sir THOMAS MOORE.

Moore. It is in Heauen³ that I am thus and thus ;
 And that which we prophanlie terme our fortunes
 Is the provision of the power aboue,
 Fitted and shapte just to that strength of nature
 Which we are borne [withal]. Good God, good God,
 That I from such an humble bench of birth
 Should stepp as twere vp to my countries head,
 And give the law out ther ! I, in my fathers life,

¹ *clip*] i. e. embrace.

² *lewde*] i. e. wicked, evil.

³ *It is in Heauen, &c*] This speech was evidently intended to come in

To take prerogative and tyth of knees
 From elder kinsmen, and him bynd by my place
 To give the smooth and dexter way to me

here. In the MS. it is pasted over the first draught of the present scene.
 which (as far as it can now be read) runs thus ·

“This must be
 newe written.” *“A table beeing covered with a greene carpet, a state cushion
 on it, and the Purse and Mace lying thereon, enter Sir
 Thomas Moore, and his man Randall with him, attyred
 like him.*

Moore. Come on, sir. are you readie ?

Ran. Yes, my lord, I stand but vpon a few pointes; I shall haue
 doone presently. Is it your honors pleasure that I should growe
 proude now ?

Moore. I, I must haue thee proude, or else thou'lt nere
 Be nere allyed to greatnesse. Obserue me, sir.
 The learned clarke Erasmus is arriu'de
 Within our Englishe courte : this day, I heare.
 He feasteth with an Englishe honoured poett,
 The Earle of Surrey; and I knowe this night
 The famous clarke of Roterdame will visite
 Sir Thomas Moore. Therfore, sir, acting parte,
 There take my place, furnisht with purse and mace
 He see if great Erasmus can distinguishe
 Merit and outward ceremonie. Obserue me, sirra :
 He be thy glasse, dresse thy behauiour
 According to my cariage; but beware
 Thou talke not ouermuch, for twill betray thee :
 Who prates not oft seemes wise; his witt fewe scan;
 Whilste the tounge blabs tales of th' imperfect man.

Ran. I conceiue your lordship, and haue learnde your shift
 So well that I must needes be apprehensiue.

[*The waites playes within*

Moore. This musique telles vs that the earle is come
 With learnde Erasmus. Now, my Lord ('hauncellour'

That owe it him by nature ! Sure, thes things,
 Not plisickt by respecte, might turne our bloud
 To much corruption : but, Moore, the more thou hast,
 Ether of honor, office, wealth, and calling,
 Which might accite thee to embrace and hugg them,
 The more doe thou in serpents natures thinke them ;
 Feare ther gay skinns with thought of ther sharpe state ;
 And lett this be thy maxime, to be greate
 Is when the thred of hayday is once spoun,¹
 A bottom² great woond vpp greatly vndonn.—
 Com on, sir : are you redy ?

[*Enter RANDALL, attyred like Sir THOMAS MOORE.*]

Randall. Yes, my lord, I stand but one³ a few points⁴ ; I shall have donn presentlie. Before God, I have practised your lordshupps shift so well, that I thinke I shall grow prowde, my lord.

Moore. Tis fitt thou shouldst wax prowde, or ells thoult nere Be nere allied to greatnes. Observe me, sirra. The learned clarke Erasmus is arived Within our English court : last night I heere He feasted with our honord English poet,⁵ The Earle of Surrey ; and I learnd to day The famous clarke of Rotherdam will visett Sir Thomas Moore. Therefore, sir, take my seate ; You are Lord Channeclor : dress your behaviour According to my carriage ; but beware You talke not over much, for twill betray thee :

¹ *spoun*] i. e. spun.

² *bottom*] i. e. ball of thread

³ *one*] i. e. on.

⁴ *points*] Mean the tagged laces which fastened the hose or breeches to the doublet. A quibble, of course, is intended here.

⁵ *our honord English poet*] See note, p. 15.

Who prates not much seemes wise ; his witt few scan ;
 While the tongue blabs tales of the imperfitt man.
 Ile see if greate Erasmus can distinguishe
 Meritt and outward cerimony.

Rand. If I doe not deserve a share¹ for playing of your lordship well, lett me be yeoman vsler to your sumpter,² and be banisht from wearing of a gold chaine³ for ever.

Moore. Well, sir, Ile hide our motion⁴ : act my part
 With a firme boldnes, and thou winst my hart.

Enter the Shreive, with FAWKNER a ruffin, and Officers.

How now ! whats the matter ?

Faulk. Tugg me not, Ine noe beare. Sbloud, if all the doggs in Paris Garden⁵ hung at my tale, Ide shake em of with this, that Ile appeere before noe king cirstned but my good Lord Chauncelor.

Shre. Weele cristen you, sirra.—Bring him forward.

Moore. How now ! what tumults make you ?

Falk. The azurde heavens protect my noble Lord Chauncelor !

Moore. What fellowes this ?

Shre. A ruffian, my lord, that hath sett half the cittie in an vpprore.

Falk. My lord ——

¹ *a share*] i. e. a share in a company of actors : see Collier's *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet.* iii. 428, sqq.

² *sumpter*] i. e. sumpter-horse.

³ *a gold chaine*] Worn formerly as a mark of distinction by the upper servant in a great family : "Call in my chief gentleman i' the chain of gold." Middleton's *Mad World, my Masters*, act ii. sc. 1.

⁴ *motion*] Does not, I apprehend, mean here—puppet-play, but purpose, design.

⁵ *Paris Garden*] The bear-garden on the Bank-side, Southwark.

Shre. Ther was a fray in Paternoster-row, and because they would not be parted, the street was choakt vpp with carts.

Fauk. My noble lord, Paniar Allies throat was open.

Moore. Sirra, hold your peace.

Fauk. Ile prove the street was not choakt, but is as well as ever it was since it was a streete.

Shreu. This fellow was a principall broacher of the broile.

Fauk. Sbloud, I brocht none ; it was broacht and half ron out, before I had a lick at it.

Shre. And would be brought before noc justice but your honor.

Fauk. I am haid, my noble lord.

Moore. No care to choose for every trivial noice
But mine, and in so full a time ? Away !

You wronge me, Master Shreve : dispose of him
At your owne plesure ; send the knave to Newgate.

Fauk. To Newgate ! sbloud, Sir Thomas Moore, I appeale,
I appeale from Newgate to any of the two worshippfull Counters.¹

Moore. Fellow, whose man are you, that are thus lustie ?

Fauk. My names Jack Fawkner ; I serve, next vnder God
and my prince, Master Morris, secretary to my Lord of Winchester.

Moore. A fellow of your haire² is very fitt
To be a secretaries follower !

Fauk. I hope so, my lord. The fray was betweene the
Bishoppes men of Eelic and Winchester ; and I could not in

¹ *Counters*] See note, p. 22.

² *A fellow of your haire*] i. e. a fellow of your grain, texture, complexion, character (Sir Thomas quibbling on the word "*haire*," see what follows). This passage shews how very unnecessarily Mr. Collier doubted Johnson's explanation of "*hair*", and how very rashly Mr. Knight altered

honor but parte them. I thought it stood not with my reputation and degree to com to my questions and aunswers before a citty justice: I knew I should to the pott.

it to "air," in the following line of Shakespeare's *First Part of K. Henry IV.* act iv. sc. 1.,

"The quality and *hair* of our attempt."——

Farther on in the MS. is a portion of the first draught of the scene with Faulkner, &c., which I now subjoin.

"Me thinkes this straunge and ruffinlike disguise
Fits not the follower of a secretarie.

Faulk. My lord, I weare my haire vppon a vow.

Shrew. But for no penauce of your sinnes, I feare.

Sur. No, hecs no haire-clothman, though he weate haire.

Moore. Faulkener, how long ist since you cutt your locks?

Faulk. Three yeares, my lord.

Moore. How long wilt be before your vow expire?

Faulk. As many yeares as since my haire was cut.

Moore. Sure, vowes are holy things, if they be made

To good intent; and, sir, you shall not say,

You were compelde by me to breake your vowe;

But till the expiration of the same,

Because I will not haue ye walke the streetes

For euey man to stand and wunder at,

I will committ ye prisoner vnto Newgate,

Except meane time your conscience giue you leaue

To dispense with the long vow that you haue made.—

Away with him!

Sur. A cell moste meete for such a votarie.

Faulk. Well, sir, and I may perhaps be baulde er't be long,
and yet weare my haire. [*They lead him out.*]

Moore. And, Master Sheriff of London,
Heere in his highnesse name we giue you charge
Continuall watche be kept throughout the cittie,

Moore. Thou hast byn ther, it secmes, to¹ late allredie.

Fauk. I know your honor is wise and so forth ; and I desire to be only cattachizd or examinid by you, my noble Lord Chancelor.

Moore. Sirra, sirra, you are a busie dangerous ruffian.

Fauk. Ruffian !

Moore. How long have you worne this haire ?

Fauk. I have worne this haire ever since I was borne.

For the suppressing of these mutinies ;
And, if hercafter any, that belong
Either to my Lord of Winchester or Elie,
Doo come into your cittie with a weapon,
Or aboue two of either faction
Shall be scene walking in the streetes together,
Or meete in tauerne or in ordinarie,
They be committed presently to prison.

Sur. And cause to be proclaind about the cittie,
That no man whatsoeuer, that belongs
Either to my Lord of Winchester or Elie,
Doo walke without the luerie of his lord,
Either in cloke or any other garment,
That notice may be taken of the offenders.

Enter Master Morris, and ex. Sherif and the rest.

Moris. God saue your honor, my Lord Chauncellour !

Moor. Welcome, Master Morris : what newes, sir ?

Moris. I come moste humbly to entreate your honor
In the behalfe of a poore man of mine.

Moore. What ! the votarie that will not cut his haire,
Vntill the expiration of his vow ?

Moris. My lord, beeing sorie for his rude behauiour,
He hath cut his haire, and dooth conforme himselfe
* * * * * * * * *
in his attire."

The remainder is pasted over.

¹ to] i. e. too.

Moore. You know thats not my question, but how long
Hath this shagg fleece hung dangling on thy head?

Fauke. How long, my lord! why, somtimes thus long, som-
times lowere, as the Fates and humors please.

Moore. So quick, sir, with me, ha? I see, good fellow,
Thou lovest plaine dealing. Sirra, tell me now,
When were you last at barbars? how longe time
Have you vppon your head woorne this shagg haire?

Fauke. My lord, Jack Faulkner tells noe Esops fables: troth,
I was not at barbars this three yeires; I have not byn cutt nor
will not be cutt, vppon a foolish vow, which, as the Destanies
shall drect, I am sworne to keepe.

Moore. When comes that vow out?

Fauk. Why, when the humors are purgd, not theis three years.

Moore. Vowes are recorded in the court of Heaven,
For they are holly acts. Yong man, I charge thee
And doe advize thec, start not from that vow:
And, for I will be sure thou shalt not shreve,¹
Besides, because it is an odious sight
To see a man thus hairie, thou shalt lie
In Newgate till thy vow and thy three years
Be full expired.—Away with him!

Fauke. My lord——

Moor. Cut of this fleece, and lie ther but a moneth.

Fauk. Ile not loose a haire to be Lord Chauncelor of Europe.

Moore. To Newgate, then! Sirra, great sinns are brede
In all that body wher thers a foule head.—
Away with him! [Exeunt [all except RANDALL.]

Enter SURRY, ERASMUS, and Attendants.

Surry. Now, great Erasmus, you approach the presence
Of a most worthy learned gentleman:
This little ile holds not a trewer frend
Vnto the arts; nor doth his greatnes add

¹ *shreve*] Is it for *swerve*?

A fained florish to his worthie parts ;
 Hees groat in studie ; thats the statists¹ grace,
 That gaines more reverence then the outward place.

Erasmus. Report, my lord, hath crost the narrow seas,
 And to the severall parts of Christendom
 Hath borne the fame of your Lord Chauncelor :
 I long to see him, whom with loving thoughts
 I in my studie oft have visited.
 Is that Sir Thomas Moore ?

Surry. It is, Erasmus :
 Now shall you view the honorablest scholler,
 The most religious pollititian,
 The worthiest counsailor that tends our state.
 That study is the generall watch of England ;
 In it the princes saftie, and the peace
 That shines vppon our comonwealth, are forged
 By loiall industrie.

Erasmus. I dowt him not
 To be as neere the life of excellence
 As you proclaime him, when his meanest servaunts
 Are of some waight : you saw, my lord, his porter
 Give cutertainment to vs at the gate
 In Latten good phrase ; whats the master, then,
 When such good parts shine in his meanest men ?

Surry. His lordship hath som waightie busines ;
 For, sec, as yett he takes noe notice of vs.

Erasmus. I thinke twere best I did my dutie to him
 In a short Latin speech.—
*Qui in celiberima patria natus est et² gloriosa, plus habet negotii
 ut in lucem veniat³ quam qui ——*

¹ *statists*] i. e. statesman's.

² *et*] MS. "ett."

³ *plus habet negotii ut in lucem veniat*] This (though vile Latinity)
 is, I believe, what the author wrote. The MS. has "*plus habet negotii
 et in lucem veniat.*"

Rand. I prythee, good Erasmus, be covered.¹ I have forsworne speaking of Lattin, [else], as I am true counsailor, I do tickle you with a speech. Nay, sitt, Erasmus;—sitt, good my Lord of Surry. He make my lady com to you anon, if she will, and give you entertainment.

Erasmus. Is this Sir Thomas Moore?

Surry. Oh good Erasmus, you must conceave his vaine : Hoes ever furnisht² with thes conceits.

Rand. Yes, faith, my learned poet doth not lie for that matter : I am nether more nor less then mery Sir Thomas allwaies. Wilt supp with me? by God, I love a parlous³ wise fellow that smells of a pollititian better then a long progress.

Enter Sir THOMAS MOORE.

Surry. We are deluded ; this is not his lordship.

Rand. I pray you, Erasmus, how longe will the Holland cheese in your countrie keepe without maggetts?

Moore. Foole, painted barbarisme, retire thyself Into thy first creation ! [*Exit RANDAL*].—Thus you see, My loving learned frends, how far respecte Waites often on the cerimonious traine Of base illitterat welth, whilst men of schooles, Shrowded in povertie, are counted fooles. Pardon, thou reverent Germaine, I have nixt So slight a jest to the faire entertainment Of thy most worthy self ; for know, Erasmus, Mirth wrinckls vpp my face, and I still crave, When that forsakes me I may hugg my grave.

Erasmus. Your honers mery humor is best phisick⁴

¹ *be covered*] i. e. put on your hat.

² *furnisht*] Read, for the metre, “furnishèd.”

³ *parlous*] i. e. perilous,—excessive.

⁴ *phisick*] On the margin of MS., opposite this line, is written “*et [aut] tu Erasmus an [aut] Diabolus.*”—“But of all strangers Erasmus challenged unto himself his [More’s] love most especially, which had long

Vnto your able boddy ; for we learne
 Wher mellancholly choaks the passages
 Of bloud and breth, the errected spirit still
 Lengthens our dayes with sportfull exercise :
 Studie should be the saddest time of life,
 The rest a sport exempt from thought of strife.

Moore. Erasmus preacheth gospell against phisicke,
 My noble poet.

Surry. Oh, my lord, you tax me
 In that word poet of much idlences :
 It is a studie that makes poore our fate ;
 Poets were ever thought vnfitt for state.

Moore. O, give not vp faire poisie, sweet lord,
 To such contempt ! That I may speake my hart,
 It is the sweetest heraldrie of art,
 That settis a difference tweene the tough sharpe holly
 And tender bay tree.

Surry. Yett, my lord,
 It is become the very logic¹ number
 To all mechanick sciences.

continued by mutual letters expressing great affection; and increased so much that he took a journey of purpose into England to see and enjoy his personal acquaintance and more entire familiarity; at which time it is reported how that he who conducted him in his passage procured that Sir Thomas More and he should first meet together in London at the Lord Mayor's table, neither of them knowing each other. And in the dinner time they chanced to fall into argument, Erasmus still endeavouring to defend the worsser part; but he was so sharply set upon and opposed by Sir Thomas More, that perceiving that he was now to argue with a readier wit than ever he had before met withal, he broke forth into these words, not without some choler, 'Aut tu es Morus aut nullus.' Whereto Sir Thomas readily replied, 'Aut tu es Erasmus aut diabolus,' because at that time he was strangely disguised, and had sought to defend impious positions." C. More's *Life of Sir T. More*, p 92, ed. 1828.

¹ *logic*] Seems to be the reading of the MS.: but qy?

Moore. Why, Ile show the reason :
 This is noe age for poets ; they should sing
 To the lowd canon *heroica facta* ;
*Qui faciunt reges heroica carmina laudant*¹ :
 And, as great subiects of ther pen decay,
 Even so vnphisickt they doe melt away.

Enter Master MORRIS.

Com, will your lordshipp in ?—My deere Erasmus—
 Ile heere you, Master Moris, presentlie.—
 My lord, I make you master of my howse :
 Weele banquett heere with fresh and staid delights,
 The Muses musick heer shall cheere our sprites ;
 The cates must be but meane wher scollers sitt,
 For thar made all with courses of neate witt.

[*Ereunt SURREY, ERASMUS, and Attendants.*]

How now, Master Morris ?

Moriss. I am a suter to your lordshipp in behalf of a ser-
 vaunt of mine.

Moore. The fellow with long haire ? good Master Moris,
 Com to me three years hence, and then Ile heere you.

Moris. I vnderstand your honor : but the foolish knave has
 submitted himself to the mercy of a barber, and is without,
 redy to make a new vow before your lordshipp, heerafter to
 leue cavell.

Moore. Nay, then, letts talke with him : pray, call him in.

Enter FAUKNER and Officers.

Fauk. Bless your honor ! a new man, my lord.

Moore. Why, sure, this [is] not he.

Fauk. And your lordshipp will, the barber shall give you
 a sample of my head : I am he in faith, my lord ; I am
ipse.

¹ *laudant*] MS. "lawdant."—In the *Gradus ad Par.* (in v. *Heroicus*),
 this line is attributed (by mistake, I believe) to "Ovid."

Moore. Why, now thy face is like an honest mans :
Thou hast plaid well at this new cutt, and wonn.

Fauk. No, my lord ; lost all that ever God sent me.

Moore. God sent thee into the world as thou art now,
With a short haire. How quickly are three years
Ronn out in Newgate !

Fauk. I think so, my lord ; for ther was but a haire's length
betweene my going thether and so long time.

Moor. Because I see som grace in thee, goe free.—
Discharge him, fellowes.—Farewell, Master Moris.—
Thy head is for thy shoulders now more fitt ;
Thou hast less haire vppon it, but more witt. [Exit.

Moris. Did not I tell thee allwaies of thes locks ?

Fauk. And the locks were on againe, all the goldsmiths in
Cheapside should not pick them open. Shart,¹ if my haire
stand not an end when I looke for my face in a glass, I am a
polecatt. Heers a lowsie jest ! but, if I notch not that rogue
Tom barbar, that makes me looke thus like a Brownist,² hange
me ! He be worss to the nitticall³ knave then ten tooth drawe-
ings. Heers a head, with a pox !

Morr. What ails thou ? art thou mad now ?

Fauk. Mad now ! nayles, yf losse of hayre cannot mad a
man, what can ? I am deposde, my crowne is taken from me.
Moore had bin better a⁴ scowred Moreditch than a notcht mee
thus : does hee begin sheepesharing with Jack Faulkner ?

Morr. Nay, and you feede this veyne, sir, fare you well.

¹ *Shart*] i. e. 'S heart !

² *a Brownist*] An anachronism. Robert Brown, from whom the sect
of the Brownists derived its name, was not born till about 1547 : he is
said to have been more than eighty years of age at his death, which took
place in 1630.

³ *nitticall*] i. c. lousy.

⁴ *a*] i. c. ha'—have.

Falk. Why, farewell, frost.¹ Ile goe hang myselfe out of the Poll Head.² Make a Sarcen of Jack?

Morr. Thou desperate knave! for that I see the divell Wholy getts hold of thee——

Falk. The divells a dambd rascall.

Morr. I charge thee, wayte on mee no more; no more Call mee thy master.

Falk. Why, then, a word, Master Morris.

Morr. Ile heare no wordes, sir; fare you well.

Falk. Sbloud, farewell.

Morr. Why doest thou follow mee?

Falk. Because Ime an asse. Doe you sett your shavers vpon me, and then cast mee off? must I condole? haue the Fates playd the fooles? am I theire cutt?³ now the poore sconce⁴ is taken, must Jack march with bag and baggage?

[*Weapes.*

Morr. You coxcomb!

Falk. Nay, you ha poacht mee; you ha given mee a hayre; its here, heare.

Morr. Away, you kynd asse! come, sir, dry your eyes: Keepe your old place, and mend theis fooleryes.

Falk. I care not to bee tournd off, and twere a ladder, so it bee in my humor, or the Fates becon to mee. Nay, pray, sir, yf the Destinyes spin mee a fy ne thured, Falkner flyes another

¹ *Why, farewell, frost*] A proverbial expression. Compare Lyly's *Mother Bombie*, "And so *furwell frost*, my fortune naught me cost" Sig. A a 12, ed. 1632. See also Porter's *Two Angrie Women of Abington*, p. 43, Percy reprint; and Ray's *Proverbs*, p. 189, ed. 1768.

² *the Poll Head*] i. e. the Polled Head,—some tavern so called.

³ *cutt*] i. e. common labouring horse (properly, a docked one).—used here, of course, with a quibble.

⁴ *sconce*] Another quibble,—*sconce* meaning both a head and a fortification.

pitch ; and to avoyd the headach hereafter, before He bee a hayremonger, He bee a whoremonger. [*Exeunt*.¹

Enter Sir THOMAS MOORE, Master ROPER, and Serving-men setting stooles.

Moore. Come, my good fellowes, stirre, be dilligent ;
Sloth is an ydle fellowe, leaue him now ;
The time requires your expeditious scruiice :

¹ [*Exeunt*] After this, the MS. has the original draught of the scene with Faulkner, &c. (which has been already given in note, p. 44) ; and next, the subjoined speeches, the first of which is written on the margin, and the second on a scrap of paper pasted over the latter part of the original draught just mentioned.

“ Enter a Messenger to MOORE.

Mess. My honorable lord, the Maior of London,
(*T. Goedal**) Accompanied with his lady and her traine,
Are coming hether, and are hard at hand,
To feast with you : a seriaunts come before,
To tell your lordshipp of ther neer aproche.

Moore. Why, this is cheerfull newes : frends goe and come .
Reverend Erasmus, whose delitious words
Express the very soule and life of witt,
Newlic toke sad leave of me, [and] with teares
Trubled the sillver channell of the Themes,
Which, glad of such a burden, prowldie sweld
And one her bosom bore him toward the sea :
Hees gon to Rotterdam ; peace goe with him !
He left me heavy when he went from hence ;
But this recomforts me ; the kind Lord Maior,
His bretheren aldermen, with ther faire wives,

* *T. Goedal*] The actor who played the Messenger. Mr. Collier (*Life of Shakespeare*, p. cix.) says that this person was the “Goodale” who had a share in the Blackfriars theatre in 1589 ; but the Christian name of the sharer was “Baptiste ;” and here the MS. has distinctly “*T. Goedal*.” Perhaps, they were brothers.

Place me heere stooles, to set the ladyes on.—
 Sonne Roper, you haue giuen order for the banquet :

Ro. I haue, my lord, and euery thing is readie.

Enter his Lady.

Moore. Oh, welcome, wife ! giue you direction
 How women should be plac'de ; you knowe it best.
 For my Lord Maior, his bretheren, and the rest,
 Let me alone ; men best can order men.

La. I warrant ye, my lord, all shalbe well.
 Ther's one without that stayes to speake with ye.
 And bad me tell ye that he is a player.

Moore. A player, wife !—One of ye bid him come in.

[*Ex. one.*

Nay, stirre there, fellowes ; fye, ye are to¹ slowe !
 See that your lights be in a readines :
 The banquet shalbe heere.²—Gods me, madame,
 Leaue my Lady Maioresse ! bothe of vs from the boord !
 And my sonne Roper too ! what may our guests thinke !

Will feast this night with vs : why, soet shuld be ;
 Moores mery hart liues by good companie.—
 Good gentlemen, be carefull ; give great charge
 Our diet be made daynty for the tast ;
 For, of all people that the earth affords,
 The Londoners fare richest at ther bours.
 Come, my good fellowes, &c.”

Though the concluding words of the above fragment are the same as those at the commencement of the next scene, yet the fragment cannot be inserted in the text as a portion of that scene, because the fragment speaks of the Lord Mayor as about to arrive at More's house, while the scene speaks of him as having not only arrived there, but also “risen from the board.”

¹ *to*] i. e. too.

² *The banquet shalbe heere*] A *banquet* meant what we now call a

La. My lord, they are risen, and sitting by the fire.

Moore. Why, yet goe you and keepe them companie ;
It is not meete we should be absent bothe. [*Ex. La.*]

Enter Player.

Welcome, good freend ; what is your will with me ?

Player. My lord, my fellowes and myselfe
Are come to tender ye our willing seruice,
So please you to commaund vs.

Moore. What, for a play, you meane ?
Whom doo ye serue ?

Player. My Lord Cardinalles grace.

Moore. My Lord Cardinalls players ! now, trust me, wel-
come :

You happen hether in a luckie time,
To pleasure me, and benefit yourselues.
The Maior of London and some aldermen,
His lady and their wiues, are my kinde guests
This night at supper : now, to haue a play
Before the banquet, will be excellent.—
How thinke you, sonne Roper ?

Ro. Twill doo well, my lord,
And be right plesing pastime to your guests.

Moore. I prethee, tell me, what playes haue ye ?

Player. Diuers, my lord ; *The Cradle of Securitie*,¹
Hit nayle o'th head,² *Impacient Pouertie*,³

dessert ; and it was generally eaten in a separate room, to which the guests removed after they had dined or supped.—This speech is inconsistent with what More afterwards says (p. 66),

“ But by this time, I am sure, our banquet’s readie,” &c.

¹ *The Cradle of Securitie*] Not extant. See an account of it in Collier’s *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet.* ii. 272, sqq.

² *Hit nayle o'th head*] Not extant.

³ *Impacient Pouertie*] Not extant.

The play of Foure Pees,¹ *Diues and Lazarus*,²
Lustie Iuuentus,³ and *The Mariage of Witt and Wisedome*.⁴

Moore. *The Mariage of Witt and Wisedome* ! that, my lads,
 Ile none but that ; the theame is very good,
 And may maintaine a liberall argument :
 To marie wit to wisedome, asks some cunning ;
 Many haue witt, that may come short of wisedome.
 Weele see how Master poot playes his part,
 And whether witt or wisedome grace his arte.—
 Goe, make him drinke, and all his fellowes too.—
 How manie are ye ?

Player. Foure men and a boy, sir.

Moore. But one boy ? then I see,
 Ther's but fewe women in the play.

Player. Threo, my lord ; Dame Science, Lady Vautie,
 And Wisdome she herselfe.

Moore. And one boy play them all ? bir lady, hees loden.
 Well, my good fellowe, get ye straitte together,
 And make ye readie with what haste ye may.—
 Prouide their supper gainste the play be doone,
 Else shall we stay our guests heere ouer long.—
 Make haste, I pray ye.

Player. We will, my lord.

[*Ex. Ser. and Player.*]

¹ *The play of Foure Pees*] By John Heywood. Reprinted in Dodsley's *Old Plays*, vol. i.

² *Diues and Lazarus*] Not extant. It was written by a player, if we may trust to a passage in Greenc's *Groatsworth of Wit*: see Collier's *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet.* ii. 272.

³ *Lustie Iuuentus*] By R. Wever (for I cannot think with Mr. Collier, —*Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet.* ii. 317, — that there is any reason for doubting that Wever was its author.) Reprinted in Hawkins's *Or. of the English Drama*, vol. i.

⁴ *The Mariage of Witt and Wisedome*] No such drama ever existed : see a later note.

Moore. Where are the waytes? goe, bid them play,
To spend the time a while.

En. Lady.

How now, madame?

La. My lord, th'are coming hether.

Moore. Th'are welcome. Wife, Ile tell ye one thing;
Our sporte is somewhat mended; we shall haue
A play to night, *The Mariage of Witt and Wisedome*,
And acted by my good Lord Cardinales players:
How like ye that, wife?

La. My lord, I like it well.
See, they are comming.

*The waytes playes; enters Lord Maior, so many Aldermen as
may, the Lady Maiorese in scarlet, with other Ladies and
Sir THOMAS MOORES Daughters; Seruuntes carying lighted
torches by them.*

Moore. Once againe welcome, welcome, my good Lord
Maior,
And bretheren all, for once I was your brother,
And so am still in hart: it is not state
That can our looue from London seperate.

* * * * *
* * * naught but pride.

But they that cast an eye still whence they came,
Knowe how they rose, and how to vse the same.

L. Maior. My lord, you set a glosse on Londons fame,
And make it happie cuer by your name.
Needs must we say, when we remember Moore,
Twas he that droue rebellion from our doore
With graue discretions milde and gentle breath,
Sheelding a many subiects liues from death.
Oh, how our cittie is by you renownde,
And with your vertues our endeaours crownde!

Moore. No more, my good Lord Maior : but thanks
to all,

That on so short a summons you would come
To visite him that holdes your kindnesse deere.—
Madame, you are not merie with my Lady Maioreesse
And these fayre ladyes ; pray ye, seate them all :—
And heere, my lord, let me appoint your place ;—
The rest to seate themselues :—nay, Ile wearie ye ;
You will not long in haste to visite me.

La. Good madame, sit ; in sooth, you shall sit heere.

La. Mai. Good madame, pardon me ; it may not be.

La. In troth, Ile haue it so : Ile sit heere by yce.—
Good ladyes, sit.—More stooles heere, hoe !

La. Mai. It is your fauour, madame, makes me thus
Presume abooue my merit.

La. When we come to you,
Then shall you rule vs as we rule you heere.
Now must I tell ye, madame, we haue a play,
To welcome ye withall ; how good so ere,
That knowe not I ; my lord will haue it so.

Moore. Wife, hope the best ; I am sure theyle doo their
best :

They that would better, comes not at their feaste.
My good Lord Cardinales players, I thanke them for it,
Play vs a play, to lengthen out your welcome¹ :
They say it is *The Mariage of Wit and Wiselome*,
A theame of some importe, how ere it prooue ;
But, if arte faile, weele inche it out with loouc.—
What, are they readie ?

Ser. My lord, one of the players craues to speake with
you.

Moore. With me ! where is he ?

¹ *welcome*] Followed in the MS. by a deleted line,—

“ My good Lord Maior, and all my other frends.”

Enter INCLINATION the Vice,¹ readie.²

Incli. Heere, my lord.

Moore. How now ! what's the matter ?

Incli. We would desire your honor but to stay a little ; one of my fellowes is but run to Oagles for a long beard³ for young Witt, and heele be heere presently.

Moore. A long beard for young Witt ! why, man, he may be without a beard till he come to mariage, for witt goes not all by the hayre. When comes Witt in ?

Incli. In the second scene, next to the Prologue, my lord.

Moore. Why, play on till that sceane come, and by that time Witts beard will be growne, or else the fellowe returned with it. And what part plaist thou ?

¹ *the Vice*] Concerning the Vice, an important personage of the early stage, it will be sufficient to refer the reader to Mr Collier's *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet.* ii. 264, sqq.

² *readie*] i. e. dressed for the part.

³ *to Oagles for a long beard, &c.*] Here the author was thinking of his own time, not of Sir Thomas More's. In Mr. P. Cunningham's *Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court, &c.*, we find, under "Book ii. An. 1573,"—

"John Ogle for Curling of Heare made of Black silk for Discordes heade," &c.	Property-maker
---	----------------

"John Owgle senior for viij long white Berdes at xx ^d the pcece," &c.	Habberdashers for Beardes and heare, &c.
---	--

Again, under "Book x. An. 1584,"—

"John Ogle for thinges by him provided and brought into the office ; viz.,	Necessaries.
---	--------------

For foure yeallowe heares for head attires
for woemen," &c.

Incli. Inclination the Vice, my lord.

Moore. Gramercies, now I may take the vice if I list : and wherfore hast thou that bridle in thy hand ?

Incli. I must be bridled anon, my lord.

Moore. And thou beest not saddled too, it makes no matter, for then Witts inclination may gallop so fast, that he will outstrip Wisedome, and fall to follie.

Incli. Indeed, so he does to Lady Vanitie ; but we haue no follie in our play.

Moore. Then ther's no witt in 't, Ile be sworne : follie waites on witt, as the shaddowe on the bodie, and where witt is ripest there follie still is readiest. But beginne, I prethce : weele rather allowe a beardlesse Witt then Witt all bearde to haue no braine.

Incli. Nay, he has his apparell on too, my lord, and therefore he is the readier to enter.

Moore. Then, good Inclination, beginne at a venter.—

[*Exit* [INCLIN.]]

My Lord Maior,

Witt lacks a beard, or else they would beginne :

Ide leud him mine, but that it is too thinne.

Silence, they come.

*The trumpet soundes*¹ ; *enter the PROLOGUE.*

Pro. Now, for as much as in these latter dayes,
Throughout the whole world in euery land,
Vice doth encrease, and vertue decays,
Iniquitie hauing the upper hand ;
We therfore intend, good gentle audience,
A prettie short enterlude to play at this present,
Desiring your leaue and quiet silence,

¹ *The trumpet soundes*] The trumpet used to be sounded thrice before the commencement of a play.

*To shewe the same, as is meete and expedient.
 It is called The Mariage of Witt and Wisedome,¹
 A matter right pithie and pleasing to heare,
 Wherof in breefe we will shewe the whole summe ;
 But I must be gon, for Witt dooth appeare.* [Exit.

Enter Witt ruffling, and Inclination the Vice.

Witt. *In an arbour greene,² asleepe whereas I lay,
 The birdes sang sweetely in the midst of the day,
 I dreamed fast of mirth and play,—
 In youth is pleasure, in youthe is pleasure.*

¹ *The Mariage of Witt and Wisedome*] *A new and Pleasaunt enterlude intituled the mariage of Witte and Science* was printed at London by Thomas Marshc, 4to, n. d. ; but it bears no resemblance to the piece now introduced, which is indeed nothing more than a portion of *Lusty Iuventus* (see note, p. 56) with alterations, and a few additions,—the additions perhaps being borrowed from some other ancient drama.

² *In an arbour greene, &c.*] Is the song with which *Lusty Iuventus* opens: and what follows in our text, till Sir Thomas More takes the part of Good Councill, is an adaptation of what I now subjoin from the same enterlude:—

“ Hipocrycye. The ground is the better on the whych she doth go ;
 For she wyll make better chere with a litle whych she can get,
 Then many one cane with a great banket of meate.

Iuventus. To be in her company my hart is set ;
 Therfore I praie you let vs be gone.

Felowskyp. She wyl com her selfe anone ;
 For I tolde her before where we woulde stande,
 And then she sayde she woulde becke vs with her hande.

Iuventus. Now, by the masse, I perceyue that she is a gallaunde :
 What, wyl she take paynes to come for vs hether ?

Hipocrycye. Yea, I warraunt you ; therefore you must be familier
 with her :
 When she commeth in place,
 You must her embrace

*Methought I walked still to and fro,
And from her companie I could not goe ;
But when I waked, it was not so,—
In youth is pleasure, in youth is pleasure.*

Somewhat hansomlic,
Leste she thynketh danger,
Because you are a stranger,
To come in your companie.

[*Iuuentus*] Yea, by Gods foot, that I wyll be busye; [sic]
And I may saye to you, I can play the knaue secretly.

[*Enter ABHOMINABLE LIUYNG.*]

Abominable Liuyng. Hcm, com away quickly ;
The back dore is opned ; I dare not tarry ;
Come, Fellowship, come on, awaye.

Hipocrycye. What, vnknowne honestye ? a worde :
You shall not go yet, by God I sweare ;
Here is none but your frendes ; you nede not to fraye,
Although thys strange yong gentelman be here.

Iuuentus. I trust in me she wyll thynke no daunger ;
For I loue well the company of fayre women.

Abominable Liuyng. Who, you ? nay, ye are suche a holy man,
That to tuche one ye dare not be bolde ;
I thyng [thynk] you woulde not kysse a yong woman,
Yf ownc [one] would geue you xx. pound in goulde.

Iuuentus. Yes, by the masse, that I woulde :
I could fynde in my hart to kysse you in your smocke.

Abominable Liuyng. My backe is brode enough to bare awaye that
mocke ;
For one hath tolde me many a tyme,

That you haue said iou would vse no such wantons compani as myne.

Iuuentus. By dogs [Gogs] precyous woundes, that was som horson
vyllan :

I will neuer eate meate that shall do me good,
Tell [Till] I haue cut hys fleshe, by Gods precious blude.

*Therefore my hart is surely plight,¹
Of her alone to haue a sight,
Which is my ioy and harts delight,—
In youth is pleasure, in youth is pleasure.*

Moore. Marke ye, my lord, this is Witt without a bearde :
what will he be by that time he comes to the comoditie of a
bearde ?

Incli. *Oh, sir, the ground is the better on which she dooth goe ;
For she will make better cheere with a little she can get,
Then many a one can with a great banquet of meat.*

Witt. *And is her name Wisedome ?*

Incli. *I,² sir, a wife moste fitt
For you, my good maister, my daintie sweet Witt.*

Witt. *To be in her companie my hart it is set :
Therefore I prethee to let vs begon ;
For vnto Wisedome Witt hath inclination.*

Incli. *Oh, sir, she will come her selfe euen anon ;
For I tolde her before where we would stand,*

Tell me, I pray you, who it was,
And I wyl tryme the knaue, by the blessed masse.

Abhominable Lying. Tush, as for that, do not you passe :
That which I tolde you was but for loue.

Hipocrycye. She dyd nothyng els but proue
Whether a litle thyng woulde you moue
To be angry and frette :
What, and if one had sayde so ?
Let such tryflyng matters go,
And be good to mens flesh for all that."

Sig. D i. ed. Copland, n. d. (where the
prefixes to the last two speeches are transposed by mistake).

¹ *plight*] In *Lusty Iuuentus* "pyght" [i. e. fixed] ; a better reading
for the sense, though a worse for the rhyme.

² *I*] i. e. Ay.

*And then she sayd she would beck vs with her hand.—
Back with these boyes and saucie great knaues!*

[Flourishing his dagger.

*What, stand ye heere so bigge in your braues?
My dagger¹ about your corecombes shall walke,
If I may but so much as heare ye chat or talke.*

Witt. But will she take paines to come for vs hether?

*Incli. I warrant ye; therfore you must be familiare with
her:*

*When she commeth in place,
You must her embrace
Somerhat hansomely,
Least she thinke it daunger,
Because you are a straunger,
To come in your companie.*

*Witt. I warrant thee, Inclination, I will be busie:
Oh, how Witt longs to be in Wisdomes companie!*

Enter Lady Vanitie singing, and beckning with her hand.

*Van. Come hether, come hether, come hether, come:
Such chere as I haue, thou shalt haue some.*

*Moore. This is Lady Vanitie, Ile holde my life:—
Beware, good Witt, you take not her to wife.*

Incli. What, unknowne honestie? a woord in your care.

[She offers to depart.

*You shall not be gon as yet, I sweare:
Heer's none but your freenils, you need not to fray;
This young gentleman looues ye, therfore you must stay.*

*Witt. I trust in me she will thinke no daunger,
For I looue well the companie of fayre women;
And though to you I am a straunger,
Yet Witt may pleasure you now and then.*

¹ dagger] i. e. dagger of lath, with which the Vice was sometimes furnished

Van. *Who, you? nay, you are such a holy man.
That to touche one you dare not be bolde;
I thinke you would not kisse a young woman,
If one would giue ye twentie pound in golde.*

Witt. *Yes, in good sadnesse,¹ lady, that I would;
I could finde in my hart to kisse you in your smock.*

Van. *My back is broad enough to beare that mock;
For it hath bin tolde me many a time
That you would be seene in no such companie as mine.*

Witt. *Not Witt in the companie of Lady Wisedome!
Oh Joue, for what doo I hether come?*

Incli. *Sir, she did this nothing else but to prooue
Whether a little thing would you mooue
To be angrie and frett:
What, and if one sayd so?
Let such trifling matters goe,
And with a kinde kisse come out of her debt.—
Is Luggins come yet with the beard?*

Enter an other Player.

Player. No, faith, he is not come: alas, what shall we doo?

Incli. Forsooth, we can goe no further till our fellowe Luggins come; for he plays Good Councill, and now he should enter, to admonishe Witt that this is Lady Vanitie, and not Lady Wisedome.

Moore. Nay, and it be no more but so, ye shall not tarie at a stand for that; wee le not haue our play marde for lacke of a little good councill: till your fellowe come, Ile giue him the best councill that I can.—Pardon me, my Lord Maior; I loue to be merie².——

¹ *sadnesse*] i. e. seriousness.

² *I loue to be merie*] Immediately followed in the MS. by a leaf containing the concluding portion of the present scene, which I have placed where the author intended it to stand: see p. 68.

*Oh * * Witt, thou art nowe on the bowe hand,
And blindely in thine owne oppinion doost stand.
I tell thee, this naughtie lewde Inclination
Does lead thee amisse in a very straunge fashion :
This is not Wisedome, but Lady Vanitie ;
Therefore list to Good Councell, and be ruled by me.*

Incli. In troth, my lord, it is as right to Lugginses part as can be.—Speake, Witt.

Moore. Nay, we will not haue our audience disappointed, if I can help it.

Witt. *Art thou Good Councell, and wilt tell me so ?
Wouldst thou haue Witt from Lady Wisedome to goe ?
Thou art some deceiuer, I tell thee verily,
In saying that this is Lady Vanitie.*

Moore. *Witt, iudge not things by the outwarde shewe ;
The eye oft mistakes, right well you doo knowe :
Good Councell assures thee vppon his honestie,
That this is not Wisedome, but Lady Vanitie.*

Enter LUGGINS with the bearde.

Incli. Oh, my lord, he is come ; now we shall goe forwarde.

Moore. Art thou come ? well, fellowe, I haue holpe to saue thine honestie a little. Now, if thou canst giue Witt any better counsell then I haue doone, spare not : there I leaue him to thy mercie.

But by this time, I am sure, our banquet's readie :
My lord and ladyes, we will taste that first,
And then they shall begin the play againe,
Which through the fellowes absence, and by me,
Insted of helping, hath bin hindered.—
Prepare against we come.—Lights there, I say !—
Thus fooles oft times doo help to marre the play.

[Exeunt.—Ma. Players [and enter one of them who plays the Clown].

Witt. Fye, fellowe Luggins, you serue vs hansomely ; doo ye not, thinke ye ?

Lug. Why, Oagle was not within, and his wife would not let me haue the beard ; and, by my troth, I ran so fast that I sweat againe.

Incli. Doo ye heare, fellowes ? would not my lord make a rare player ? oh, he would vpholde a companie beyond all hoe,¹ better then Mason among the kings players !² Did ye marke how extemptrically³ he fell to the matter, and spake Lugginsses parte almoste as it is in the very booke set downe ?

Witt. Peace ; doo ye knowe what ye say ? my lord a player ! let vs not meddle with any such matters : yet I may be a little proude that my lord hath answerd me in my parte. But come, let vs goe, and be readie to begin the play againe.

¹ *beyond all hoe*] i. e. beyond all bounds, beyond all measure (equivalent to the expressions *out of all cry* and *out of all whooping*).

² *Mason among the kings players*] Here is a difficulty which perhaps can be cleared up by those who are better skilled in stage-history than myself. If the writer really alludes to the period when the present scene is supposed to take place, the "kings players" must mean the players of Henry the Eighth. If he alludes to his own time, this portion at least of the scene must have been composed in the reign of James the First : but, as far as I can learn, no actor named Mason is known to have figured among those who were called the players of that monarch.

³ *Did ye marke how extemptrically, &c.*] "This Sir Thomas More, after he had been brought up in the Latin tongue at St. Anthony's in London, was by his father's procurement received into the house of the right reverend, wise and learned prelate Cardinal Morton, where, though he was young of years, yet would he at Christmas-tide suddenly sometimes step in among the players, and, never studying for the matter, make a part of his own there presently among them, which made the lookers on more sport than all the players beside." Roper's *Life of More*, p. 3, ed. 1822.

Lug. I,¹ thats the best, for now we lack nothing.²

Enter a Servingman.

Man. Where be theis players?

All. Heere, sir.

Man. My lord is sent for to the courte,
And all the guests doo after supper parte;
And, for he will not troble you againe,
By me for your reward a³ sends 8 angills,⁴
With many thanks. But suppe before you goe:
Yt is his will you should be farely entreatid⁵:
Follow, I praye ye.

Witt. This, Luggins, is your neclegens;
Wanting Witts beard brought things into dislike;
For otherwies the playe had bin all seene,
Wher⁶ now some curius cittisin disgraiste itt,
And discommendinge ytt, all is dismist.

Vice. Fore God, a sayes true. But heare ye, sirs: 8 angells, ha! my lord wold neuer giues⁷ 8 angells more or les for 12^d; other yt shold be 3^l, 5^l, or tenn li.; ther[s] 20^s wantinge, sure.

Witt. Twenty to one, tis soe. I hane a tricke: my lord comes; stand aside.⁸

¹ *I*] i. e. Ay.

² *lack nothing*] Here the MS. has a marginal direction, "*Enter to the players with a reward*": see note 2, p. 65.

³ *a*] i. e. he.

⁴ *angills*] Gold coins worth about 10s. each.

⁵ *entreatid*] i. e. treated.

⁶ *Wher*] i. e. Whereas.

⁷ *giues*] i. e. give's—give us.

⁸ *stand aside*] After these words, the MS. has what I now subjoin, the whole being crossed out.

"[*More*] Lord Maier and ladies, and the rest, be patiente:

Enter MOORE, with Attendants with Purss and Mace.

*Lord.*¹ In haist to counsell ! whats the busines now,
That all so late his highnes sends for me ?—
What sekst thou, fellow ?

Witt. Nay, nothings : your lordship sent 8 angills by your man, and I haue lost too of them in the rishes.²

Lord. Wytt, looke to thatt : — 8 angells ! I did send them tenn.—Who gaue³ yt them ?

Man. I, my lord ; I had no more aboute me ;
But buy and buy they shall risseae the rest.

Lord. Well, Witt, twas wieslye donne ; thou plaist Witt well endede,⁴

The state hathe sent, and I must nedes be gone :

But frolicque on.—Lead on theare.—What seekst thou, fellow ?

[*Wit.*] Your lordship sent vs 8 angills by your man, and I haue loste one heare amongst the rishes.

[*More.*] 8 angills ! whoo dillinerd yt ? I sent them ten.

[*S. Man.*] I, my lord, dillinerd yt : anon they shall haue too more.

[*Wit.*] Thats more then we hard before, my lord.

[*More.*] Am I a man of righte and equetie,

Equallic to deuide true righte his owne,

And shall I haue diseauers in my house ?—

Goe pull the cote ouer the varlets cares :

Ther ar too many suche ; ile make them fuer by one.

Giue them ther dewe. Lead one [i. e. *on*], awaye.—

Come, fellowes, goe with me.”

In the last of these speeches, the words “righte and,” “ile make them fuer by one,” and “Come, fellowes, goe with me,” were deleted previous to the crossing out of the whole.

¹ *Lord*] i. e. Lord Chancellor,—*More*.

² *rishes*] i. e. rushes, with which, before the introduction of carpets, the floors used to be strewed.

³ *gaue*] MS. “gaue.”

⁴ *endede*] i. e. indeed.

Not to be thus disseaued of thy righte.—
 Am I a man, by offis truely ordaind
 Equally to deuide true righte his owne,
 And shall I haue disseauers in my house?
 Then what auailes my bowntie, when such seruants
 Dissecaue the pore of what the master giues?
 Goe one, and pull his cote ouer his eares:
 Ther ar too manye such.—Giue them ther righte.—
 Witt, let thie fellowes thanke the: twas well dunn;
 Thou now disserueste to match with Ladye Wisdome.

[*Exit MOORE with Attend.*]

Vice. God a mersye, Wytt! — Sir, you had¹ a maister Sir Thomas More more; but now we shall haue more.

Lugg. God blesse him! I wold ther weare more of his minde! a loues our qualletie²; and yit hees a larnid man, and knows what the world is.

*Clo.*³ Well, a kinde man, and more loving then many other: but I thinke we ha mett with the first * * .

Luggins. First serud his man that had our angills; and he maye chaunce dine with Duke Homphrye⁴ to morrow, beinge turnde awaye to daye. Come, lets goe.

Clo. And many such rewards wold make vs all ride, and horsse vs with the best nags in Smithfelde.⁵ [*Exeunt.*]

¹ *Sir, you had, &c.*] This facetiousness is, of course, addressed to the servingman, whom Sir Thomas has just discharged.

² *qualletie*] i. c. profession.

³ *Clo.*] The abbreviation of "*Clown*."

⁴ *dine with Duke Homphrye*] If this expression (which occurs in so many old writers, and has been so frequently explained by annotators) should not be understood by the reader, I beg leave to refer him to Nares's *Gloss*.

⁵ *Smithfelde*] After this, and on the same page, the MS. has five lines, which have already occurred in a fragment (note, p. 53), as the speecch of a Messenger,—

"My honnorable lord, the Maier of London," &c.

Enter the Earles of SHREWESBURIE, SURREY, Bishop of ROCHESTER, and other Lordes, seuerally, dooing curtesie to eche other ; Clark of the Councell waiting bareheaded.

Sur. Good morrowe to my Lord of Shrewesburie.

Shrew. The like vnto the honourd Earle of Surrey.

Yond comes my Lord of Rochester.

Rochest. Good morrowe, my good lordes.

Sur. Clarke of the Councell, what time ist of day ?

Clarke. Past eight of clock, my lord.

Shrew. I wunder that my good Lord Chauncellour
Dooth stay so long, considering ther's matters
Of high importaunce to be scand vppon.

Sur. Clarke of the Councell, certefie his lordship
The lordes expect him heere.

Rochest. It shall not need ;

Yond comes his lordship.

*Enter Sir THOMAS MOORE, with Pursse and Mace borne
before him.*

Moore. Good morrowe to this faire assemblye.

Come, my good lords, let's sit. Oh serious square !

[*They sit.*]

Vppon this little borde is dayly scande
The health and preservation of the land ;
We the phisitians that effect this good,
Now by choise diett, annon by letting blood ;
Our toyle and carefull watching brings the king
In league with slumbers, to which peace dooth sing.—
Auoyde the roome there !—
What busines, lords, to day ?

Shrew. This, my good lord ;
About the entertainment of the emperour
Gainst the perfidious Frenche into our pay.

Sur. My lords, as tis the custome in this place

The youngest¹ should speake first, so, if I chaunce
 In this case to speake youngly, pardon me.
 I will agree, Fraunce now hath her full strength,
 As hauing newe recouered the pale blood
 Which warre sluic'de foorth ; and I consent to this.
 That the coniunction of our Englishe forces
 With armes of Germanie may sooner bring
 This prize of conquest in. But, then, my lordes.
 Its in the morrall hunting twixt the lyon
 And other beastes, force ioynd * * * *
 Frighted the weaker sharers from their partes ;
 So, if the empires soueraigne chaunce to put
 His plea of partnership into warres courte,
 Swoordes should discide the difference, and our blood
 In priuate teares lament his entertainment.

Shrew. To doubt the wurst is still the wise mans sheeld.
 That armes him safely : but the worlde knowes this,
 The emperour is a man of royall faith ;
 His looue vnto our soueraigne brings him downe
 From his emperiall scate, to marche in pay
 Vnder our English flagge,² and weare the crosse.
 Like some high order, on his manly breast ;
 Thus seruing, hees not maister of himselfe,
 But, like a collouell commaunding other,
 Is by the generall ouer-awed himselfe.

Rochest. Yet, my good lord——

¹ *The youngest, &c*] See note, p. 15.

² *to marche in pay*

Vnder our English flagge, &c.] In 1513, Henry VIII. and the Emperor Maximilian invaded France in person ; and the Emperor, to flatter Henry's vanity, wore his badge of the red rose, assumed the cross of St. George, and accepted a hundred crowns daily as the soldier of the English king. Qy. was the author aware that the incidents of the earlier part of the play belong to 1517?

Shrew. Let me conclude my speeche.

As subiects share no portion in the conquest
Of their true soueraigne, other then the meritt
That from the soueraigne guerdons the true subiect ;
So the good emperour, in a freendly league
Of amitie with England, will not soyle
His honor with the theft of Englishe spoyle.

Moore. There is no question but this entertainment
Will be moste honorable, moste commodious.
I haue oft heard good captaines wish to haue
Riche soldiours to attend them, such as would fight
Bothe for their liues and liuings ; such a one
Is the good emperour : I would to God,
We had ten thousand of such able men !
Hah, then there would appeare no courte, no cittie,
Bui, where the warres were, they would pay themselves.
Then, to preuent in Frenche warres Englands losse,
Let Germaine flagges waue with our Englishe crosse.

Enter Sir THOMAS PALMER.

Pal. My lordes, his maiestie hath sent by me
These articles enclos'de, first to be viewde,
And then to be subscribed to : I tender them
In that due reuerence which befitts this place.

[*With great reuerence.*]

Moore. Subscribe these articles ' stay, let vs pause ;
Our conscience first shall parley with our lawes.—
My Lord of Rochester, viewe you the paper.

Rochest. Subscribe to these ! now, good Sir Thomas
Palmer,

Beseoche the king that he will pardon me :
My hart will check my hand whilst I doo write ;
Subscribing so, I were an hipocrite.

Pal. Doo you refuse it, then, my lord ?

Rochest. I doo, Sir Thomas.

Pal. Then heere I summon¹ you foorthwith t'appeare
Before his maiestie, to answere there
This capitall contempt.

Rochest. I rise and parte,
In liew of this to tender him my hart. *[He riseth.]*

Pal. Wilt please your honor to subscribe, my lord?

Moore. Sir, tell his highnesse, I entreate
Some time for to bethinke me of this taske :
In the meane while I doo resigne mine office
Into my soueraignes hands.

Pal. Then, my lord,
Heare the prepared order from the king :
On your refusall, you shall strait departe
Vnto your house at Chelsey, till you knowe
Our soueraignes further pleasure.

Moore. Moste willingly I goe.—
My lordes, if you will visite me at Chelsey,
Wee goe a fishing, and with a cunning nett,
Not like weake filme, wee catche none but the great :
Farewell, my noble lordes. Why, this is right ;
Good morrowe to the sunne, to state good night !

[Ex. MOORE.]

Pal. Will you subscribe, my lordes ?

Sur. Instantly, good Sir Thomas,
Wee bring the writing vnto our soueraigne. *[They write.]*

Pal. My Lord of Rochester,
You must with me, to answere this contempt.

Roches. This is the wurst,
Who's freed from life is from all care exempt.

[Ex. RO. and PAL.]

¹ *Then heere I summon*] Tylncey has drawn his pen through this concluding portion of the scene, and has written on the margin "all altered."

Sur. Now let vs * * to our soueraigne.
Tis straunge that my Lord Chauncellour should refuse
The dutie that the lawe of God bequeathes
Vnto the king.

Shrew. Come, let vs in. No doubt
His minde will alter, and the bishops too :
Errour in learned heads hath much to doo. [Exeunt.]

*Enter the Lady MOORE, her two Daughters, and Master
ROPER, as walking.*

Ro. Madame, what ayles yee for to looke so sad ?

Lady. Troth, sonne, I knowe not what ; I am not sick,
And yet I am not well. I would be merie ;
But somewhat lyes so heauie on my hart,
I cannot chuse but sigh. You are a scholler ;
I pray ye, tell me, may one credit dreames ?

Ro. Why ask you that, deare madame ?

Lady. Because to night I had the straungest dreame
That ere my sleep was troubled with. Me thought twas night,
And that the king and queene went on the Themes
In bardges to heare musique : my lord and I
Were in a little boate me thought,—Lord, Lord,
What straunge things liue in slumbers !—and, beeing neere,
We grapled to the barge that bare the king.
But after many pleasing voyces spent
In that still moouing musique house, me thought
The violence of the streame did sener vs
Quite from the golden fleet, and hurried vs
Vnto the bridge, which with vnused horror
We entred at full tide : thence some slight shoote
Beeing caried by the waues, our boate stood still
Iust opposite the Tower, and there it turnde
And turnde about, as when a whirle-poolc sucks
The circkled waters : me thought that we bothe cryed,
Till that we sunck ; where arme in arme we dyed.

Ro. Giue no respect, deare madame, to fond¹ dreames ;
They are but slight illusions of the blood.

Lady. Tell me not all are so ; for often dreames
Are true diuiners, either of good or ill :
I cannot be in quiet till I heare
How my lord fares.

Ro. [*aside.*] Nor I.—Come hether, wife :
I will not fright thy mother, to interprete
The nature of a dreame ; but trust me, sweete,
This night I haue bin troubled with thy father
Beyond all thought.

Ro. Wife. Truely, and so haue I :
Methought I sawe him heere in Chelsey Church.
Standing vppon the roodloft,² now defac'de ;
And whilst he kneeld and prayd before the ymage,
It fell with him into the vpper-quier,
Where my poore father lay all staine in blood.

Ro. Our dreames all meet in one conclusion,
Fatall, I feare.

Lady. What's that you talke ? I pray ye, let me knowe it.

Ro. Wife. Nothing, good mother.

Lady. This is your fashion still ; I must knowe nothing.
Call Maister Catesbie ; he shall strait to courte,
And see how my lord does : I shall not rest,
Vntill my hart leaue panting on his breast.

Enter Sir THOMAS MOORE merily, Seruaunts attending.

Daugh. See where my father comes, ioyfull and meric.

Moore. As seamen, hauing past a troubled storme,
Daunce on the pleasant shoare ; so I—Oh, I could speake

¹ *fond*] i. e. foolish, vain.

² *the roodloft*] i. e. a loft (generally placed just over the passage out of the church into the chancel) where stood the *rood*,—an image of Christ upon the cross, with figures of the Virgin Mary and Saint John on each side of it

Now like a poett ! now, afore God, I am passing light !—
 Wife, giue me kinde welcome : thou wast wunt to blame
 My kissing when my beard was in the stubble ;
 But I haue bin trimde of late ; I haue had
 A smoothe courte shauing, in good faith, I haue.—

[*Daughters kneele.*]

God blesse ye !—Sonne Roper, giue me your hand.

Ro. Your honor's welcome home.

Moore. Honor ! ha ha !—And how doost, wife ?

Ro. He beares himselfe moste straungely.

Lady. Will your lordship in ?

Moore. Lordship ! no, wife, that's gon ;

The ground was slight that we did leane vppon.

Lady. Lord, that your honor nere will leane these jests !
 In faith, it ill becomes yee.

Moore. Oh, good wife,

Honor and jests are bothe together fled ;

The meriest counsellour of England's dead.

Lady. Whose that, my lord ?

Moore. Still lord ! the Lord Chauncellour, wife.

Lady. Thats you.

Moore. Certaine ; but I haue chaungde my life.

Am I not leaner then I was before ?

The fatt is gon ; my title's only Moore.

Contented with one stile, Ile liue at rest :

They that haue many names are not still best.

I haue resignde mine office : count'st me not wise ?

Lady. Oh God !

Moore. Come, breed not female children in your eyes :

The king will haue it so.

Lady. What's the offence ?

Moore. Tush, let that passe ; weelee talke of that anon.

The king seemes a phisitian to my fate ;

His princely minde would traine me back to state.

Ro. Then be his patient, my moste honord father.

Moore. Oh, sonne Roper,
Vbi turpis¹ est medicina, sanari piget!—
 No, wife, be merie ;—and be merie, all :
 You smilde at rising, weepe not at my fall.
 Let's in, and heere ioy like to priuate freends,
 Since dayes of pleasure haue repentant ends :
 The light of greatnesse is with triumph borne ;
 It sets at midday oft with publique scorne. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Bishop of ROCHESTER, SURREY, SHREWSBURY, Lieutenant of the Tower, and Warders with weapons.

Rochest. Your kinde perswasions, honorable lords,
 I can but thanke ye for ; but in this brest
 There liues a soule that aimes at higher things
 Then temporarie pleasing earthly kings.
 God blesse his highnesse euen with all my hart !—
 We shall meete one day, though that now we part.

Sur. We not misdoubt, your wisdom can discern
 What best befits it ; yet in looue and zeale
 We could entreate, it might be otherwise.

Shrew. No doubt, your fatherhood will by yourselfe
 Consider better of the present case,
 And growe as great in fauour as before.

Rochest. For that, as pleaseth God. In my restrainte
 From worldly causes, I shall better see
 Into myselfe then at proude libertie :
 The Tower and I will priuately conferre
 Of things, wherin at freedome I may erre.
 But I am troublesome vnto your honors,
 And holde ye longer then becomes my dutie.—
 Master Lieutenant, I am now your charge ;
 And though you keep my bodie, yet my looue
 Waites on my king and you, while Fisher liues.

¹ *Vbi turpis. &c.*] Seneca, *Oedipus*, 517.

Sur. Farewell, my Lord of Rochester ; wee le pray
For your release, and labour't as we may.

Shrew. Therof assure yourselfe ; so doo we leaue yee,
And to your happie priuate thoughts bequeath yee.

[*Ex. Lords.*

Rochest. Now, Master Lieutenant, on ; a Gods name, goe !
And with as glad a minde goe I with you
As euer trewant bad the schoole adiewe. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Sir THOMAS MOORE, his Lady, Daughters, Master
ROPER, Gentlemen, and Seruaunts, as in his house at
Chelsey.*

Moore. God¹ morrowe, good sonne Roper. — Sitt, good
madame, [*Low stooles.*

Vppon an humble seate ; the time so craues ;
Rest your good hart on earth, the rooffe of graues :
You see the floore of greatnesse is uneuen ;
The cricket² and high throane alike neere heauen.—
Now, daughters, you that like to braunches spred,
And giue best shaddowe to a priuate house,
Be comforted, my girles ; your hopes stand faire :
Vertue breedes gentrie, she makes the best heire.

Both Daugh. God morrow to your honor.

Moore. Nay, good night rather ;
Your honor's creast-falne with your happie father.

Ro. Oh, what formalitie, what square obseruaunce,
Liues in a little roome ! heere publike care
Gaggas not the eyes of slumber ; heere fierce riott
Ruffles not proudely in a coate of trust,
Whilste, like a pawne at chesse, he keepes in ranck
With kings and mightie fellowes ; yet indeed
Those men that stand on tiptoe smile to see
Him pawne his fortunes.

¹ *God*] i. e. Good.

² *cricket*] i. e. low stool.

Moore. True, sonne, * * *
 Nor does the wanton tongue heere skrewe itselſe
 Into the eare, that like a viſe drinkes vp
 The yron instrument.

Lady. We are heere at peace.

Moore. Then peace, good wife.

Lady. For, keeping ſtill in compaſſe, (a ſtraunge poynte
 In times newe navigation,) we haue ſailde
 Beyond our courſe.

Moore. Haue doone.

Lady. We are exilde the courte.

Moore. Still thou harpſte on that :
 Tis ſinne for to deſerue that baniſhment ;
 But he that nere knewe courte, courtes ſweete content.

Lady. Oh, but, deare husband ——

Moore. I will not heare thee, wife ;
 The winding laborinth of thy ſtraunge diſcourſe
 Will nere haue end. Sit ſtill ; and, my good wife,
 Entreate thy tongue be ſtill ; or, credit me,
 Thou ſhalt not vnderſtand a woord we ſpeake ;
 Weele talke in Latine.

*Humida vallis*¹ *raros patitur fulminis ictus* ;
 More reſt enioyes the ſubiect meanely bred
 Then he that beares the kingdome in his head.
 Great men are ſtill muſitians, elſe the world lyes ;
 They learne lowe ſtraines after the noates that riſe.

Ro. Good ſir, be ſtill yourſelfe, and but remember
 How in this generall courte of ſhort-liu'd pleaſure,
 The worlde, creation is the ample foode
 That is digeſted in the mawe of tyme :

¹ *Humida vallis*, &c.] Seneca, *Hippolytus*, 1132. Theſe words form
 part of a choral ode, and ought to be arranged thus ;

*Humida vallis raros patitur
 Fulminis ictus.*

If man himselfe be subiect to such ruine,
 How shall his garment, then, or the loose pointes¹
 That tye respect vnto his awefull place,
 Auoyde distruction? Moste honord father in lawe,
 The blood you haue bequeath'de these seuerall hartes
 To nourishe your posteritie, stands firme;
 And, as² with ioy you led vs first to rise,
 So with like hartes wee le lock preferments eyes.

Moore. Close them not, then, with teares; for that ostent
 Giues a wett signall of your discontent.

If you will share my fortunes, comfort then;
 An hundred smiles for one sighe: what! we are men:
 Resigne wett passion to these weaker eyes,
 Which prooues their sexe, but grauntes [it] nere more wise.
 Lets now suruaye our state. Heere sits my wife,
 And deare esteemed issue; yonder stand
 My loouing seruauants: now the difference
 Twixt those and these. Now you shall heare me speake
 Like Moore in melanchollie.³ I conceiue that nature

¹ *pointes*] See note, p. 41.

² *And, as*] MS. "As, as."

³ *Now you shall heare me speake*

Like Moore in melanchollie] In the MS. the whole of the present speech is drawn through with a pen, as also the whole of More's next speech except the three first lines: and I apprehend that the following long fragment, which occurs early in the MS. (see note, p. 18), was intended to be wrought in here, when the play underwent a final revision.

"*Moore.* Now will I speake like man in melancholy;
 For, if greefes power could with her sharpest darts
 Pierce my firme bosome, heres sufficient cause
 To take my farewell of mirths hurtles lawes.
 Poore humbled lady, thou that wert of late
 Placde with the noblest women of the land,

Hath sundrie mettalles, out of which she frames
 Vs mortalles, eche in valuation
 Outprizing other : of the finest stuffe

Invited to their angell companies,
 Seeming a bright starre in the courtly sphere,
 Why shouldst thou, like a widow, sit thus low,
 And all thy faire consorts moove from the clowds
 That ouerdreep thy beautie and thy worth ?
 Ile tell thee the true cause : the court, like Heauen,
 Examines not the anger of the prince,
 And being more fraile, composde of guilded earth,
 Shines vpon them on whom the king doth shine,
 Smiles if he smile, declines if he decline ;
 Yet, seeing both are mortall, court and king,
 Shed not one teare for any earthly thing ;
 For, so God pardon me, in my saddest hower
 Thou hast no more occasion to lament,
 Nor these, nor those, my exile from the court,
 No, nor this bodyes tortur, wert imposde,
 (As commonly disgraces of great men
 Are the forewarnings of a hastie death,)
 Than to behold me after many a toyle
 Honord with endlesse rest. Perchance the king,
 Seeing the court is full of vanitie,
 Has pittic least our soules shuld be misled,
 And sends vs to a life contemplatiue.
 O happy banishment from worldly pride,
 When soules by priuate life are sanctifide !

Wife. O, but I feare some plot against your life !

Moore. Why, then, tis thus ; the king, of his high grace,
 Seeing my faithfull seruice to his state,
 Intends to send me to the King of Heauen
 For a rich present ; where my soule shall proue
 A true remembrer of his majestic.
 Come, prethee, mourne not : the worst chance is death,
 And that brings endlesse joy for fickle breath.

The finest features come : the rest of earth,
 Receiue base fortune euen before their birth ;
 Hence slaues haue their creation ; and I thinke

Wife. Ah, but your children !

Moore. Tush, let them alone .

Say they be stript from this poore painted cloth,
 This outside of the earth, left houselesse, bare,
 They haue mindes instructed how to gather more ;
 Theres no man thats ingenuous can be poore :
 And therefore doo not weep, my little ones,
 Though you loose all the earth ; keep your soules
 euen,

And you shall finde inheritance in heauen.
 But for my seruants, theres my cheefest care.
 Come hether, faithfull steward : be not greende
 That in thy person I discharge both thee
 And all thy other fellow officers,
 For my great master hath discharged mee.
 If thou by seruing me hast sufferd losse,
 Then benefit thyselfe by leauing mee.
 I hope thou hast not ; for such times as these
 Bring gaine to officers, whoeuer leese .
 Great lords haue onely name ; but, in the fall,
 Lord Spend-alls stuart's master, gathers all.
 But I suspect not thee : admit thou hast,
 Its good the seruants saue when masters wast.
 But you, poore gentlemen, that had no place
 T'inrich yourselues but by loathd briberie,
 Which I abhord, and neuer found you loude,
 Thinke, when an oake fals, vnderwood shrinkes downe,
 And yet may hue, though brused : I pray ye, strue
 To shun my ruin ; for the ax is set
 Euen at my root, to fell me to the ground :
 The best I can doo to prefer you all
 With my meane store, expect ; for Heauen can tell
 That Moore loues all his followers more than well."

Nature provides content for the base minde ;
 Vnder the whip, the burden, and the toyle,
 Their lowe-wrought bodies drudge in pacience ;
 As for the prince¹ in all his sweet-gorgde mawe,
 And his ranck fleshe, that sinfully renewes
 The noones excesse in the nights daungerous surfeits.
 What meanes or miserie from our birth dooth flowe
 Nature entitles to vs ; that we owe :
 But we, beeing subiect to the rack of hate,
 Falling from happie life to bondage state,
 Having seene better dayes, now know the lack
 Of glorie that once rearde eche high-fed back.
 But [you], that in your age did nere viewe better,
 Challenge not fortune for your thriftlesse debter.

Catesbie. Sir, we haue seene farre better dayes then these.

Moore. I was the patrone of those dayes, and knowe
 Those were but painted dayes, only for showe.
 Then greene not you to fall with him that gaue
 them :

Generosis scrvis gloriosum mori.

Deare Gough, thou art my learned secretarie ;
 You, Master Catesbie, steward of my house ;
 The rest (like you) haue had fayre time to growe
 In sun-shine of my fortunes. But I must tell ye.
 Corruption is fled hence with eche mans office ;
 Bribes, that make open traffick twixt the soule
 And netherland of hell, deliuer vp
 Their guiltie homage to their second lordes.
 Then, liuing thus vntainted, you are well :
 Trueth is no pilot for the land of hell.

¹ *As for the prince, &c.*] If the text be right, the meaning must be—
 Nature provides content for the base mind as much *as for the prince, &c.*,
 the two preceeding lines being parenthetical

Enter a Seruant.

[*Ser.*] My lord, there are new lighted at the gate
The Earles of Surrie [and] of Shrewesburie,
And they expect you in the inner courte.

Moore. Entreate their lordships come into the hall.

[*Exit Ser.*]

Lady. Oh, God, what newes with them ?

Moore. Why, how now, wife !

They are but come to visite their olde freend.

Lady. Oh, God, I feare, I feare !

Moore. What shouldst thou feare, fond¹ woman ?

*Justum,*² *si fractus illabatur orbis, impavidum ferient ruinæ.*

Heere let me liue estraungde from great mens lookes ;
They are like golden flyes on leaden hookes.

Enter the Earles, DOWNES with his mace, and Attendants.

Shrew. Good morrowe, good Sir Thomas.

[*Kinde salutations.*]

Sur. Good day, good madame.

Moore. Welcome, my good lordes.

What ayles your lordships looke so melanchollie ?

Oh, I knowe ; you liue in courte, and the courte diett
Is only freend to phisick.

Sur. Oh, Sir Thomas,

Our woordes are now the kings, and our sad lookes
The interest of your looue ! We are sent to you
From our milde soueraigne, once more to demaund
If youle subscribe vnto those articles
He sent ye th' other day : be well aduisde ;
For, on mine honor, lord, graue Doctor Fisher
Bishop of Rochester, at the selfe same instant

¹ *fond*] i. e. foolish.

² *Justum, &c.*] A mutilated quotation from Horace, *Carm.* iii. 3.

Attachte with you, is sent vnto the Tower
 For the like obstinacie : his maiestie
 Hath only sent you prisoner to your house ;
 But, if you now refuse for to subscribe,
 A stricter course will followe.

Lady. Oh, deare husband ! [*Kneeling and weeping.*

Both Daugh. Deare father !

Moore. See, my lordes,
 This partner and these subiects to my fleshe
 Prooue rebelles to my conscience ! But, my good lordes,
 If I refuse, must I vnto the Tower ?

Shrew. You must, my lord ; heere is an officer
 Readie for to arrest you of high treason.

Lady and Daugh. Oh, God, oh, God !

Ro. Be pacient, good madame.

Moore. I,¹ Downes, ist thou ? I once did saue thy life,
 When else by cruell riottous assaulte
 Thou hadst bin torne in pieces : thou art reseru'de
 To be my sunner to yond spirituall court.
 Giue me thy hand ; good fellowe, smooth thy face :
 The diet that thou drinkst is spic'de with mace,
 And I could nere abide it ; twill not digest,²
 Twill lye too heauie, man, on my weake brest.

Shrew. Be breefe, my lord, for we are limitted
 Vnto an houre.

Moore. Vnto an houre ! tis well :
 The bell³ (carths thunder) soone shall toale my knell.

Lady. Deare loouing husband, if you respect not me,
 Yet thinke vppon your daughters. [*Kneeling.*

Moore. Wife, stand vp ; I haue bethought me,
 And Ile now satisfye the kings good pleasure.

[*Pondering to himselfe.*

¹ *I*] i. e. Ay.

² *digest*] i. e. digest.

³ *The bell, &c.*] Drawn through with a pen in MS.

Both Daugh. Oh, happie alteration !

Shrew. Come, then, subscribe,¹ my lord.

Sur. I am right glad of this your fayre conuerssion.

Moore. Oh, pardon me !

I will subscribe to goe vnto the Tower
With all submissiue willingnes, and therto add
My bones to strengthen the foundation
Of Julius Cæsars pallace. Now, my lord,
Ile satisfye the king, euen with my blood ;
Nor will I wrong your pacience.—Freend, doo thine office.

Dow. Sir Thomas Moore, Lord Chauncellour of England, I
arrest you in the kings name of high treason.

Moore. Gramercies, freend.

To a great prison, to discharge the strife
Commenc'de twixte conscience and my frailer life,
Moore now must marche. Chelsey, adiewe, adiewe !
(Straunge farewell !) thou shalt nere more see Moore true,
For I shall nere see thee more.—Serauntes, farewell.—
Wife, marre not thyne indifferent face ; be wise :
Moores widd * * husband, he must make thee rise.—
Daughters, * * * :—what's heere, what's heere ?
Mine eye had almost parted with a teare.—
Deare sonne, possesse my vertue, that I nere gaue.—
Graue Moore thus lightly walkes to a quick graue.

Ro. *Curæ leues*² *loquuntur, ingentes stupent.*

Moore. You that way in ; minde you my course in prayer :
By water I to prison, to heauen through ayre. [Exeunt.

Enter the Warders of the Tower, with halberds.

1 *Ward.* Hoé, make a garde there !

2. Master Lieutenant giues a straitte commaund,
The people be auoyded³ from the bridge.

¹ *subscribe*] MS. "subscribe."

² *Curæ leues*, &c.] Seneca, *Hippolytus*, 607

³ *auoyded*] i. e. removed, cleared away

3. From whence is he committed, who can tell ?

1.¹ From Durham House, I heare.

2. The garde were waiting there an houre agoe.

3. If he stay long, heele not get neere the wharffe,
Ther's such a croude of boates vppon the Thames.

2. Well, be it spoken without offence to any,
A wiser or more vertuous gentleman
Was neuer bred in England.

3. I thinke, the poore will burie him in teares :
I neuer heard a man, since I was borne,
So generally bewailde of eucry one.

Enter a Poore Woman.

What meanes this woman ?—Whether doost thou presse ?

1.² This woman will be trod to death anon.

2. What makest thou heere ?

Wo. To speake with that good man, Sir Thomas
Moore.

2. To speake with him ! hees not Lord Chauncellour.

Wo. The more's the pittie, sir, if it please God.

2. Therefore, if thou hast a petition to deliuer,
Thou mayst keepe it now, for any thing I knowe.

Wo. I am a poore woman,³ and haue had (God knowes)
A suite this two yeare in the Chauncerie ;

¹ 1.] MS. "2."

² 1.] MS. "2."

³ *I am a poore woman, &c.*] "Lykewise, euen goyng to his death at the Tower Gate, a poore woman called vnto him and besought him to declare that he had certaine evidences of hers in the tyme that he was in office (whiche after he was apprehended she could not come by) and that he would intreate she might haue them agayn, or els she was vndone. He answered, good woman haue paciencce a little while, for the kyng is so good vnto me that euen within this halfe houre he will discharge me of all busynesses, and helpe thee himselfe." Hall's *Chron.* (Hen. VIII.) fol ccxxvi. ed. 1548.

And he hath all the euidence I haue,
Which should I loose, I am vtterly vndoone.

2. Faith, and I feare thoult hardly come by am¹ now :
I am soric for thee, euen with all my hart.

*Enter the Lords with Sir THOMAS MOORE, and Attendants, and
euler Lieutenant and Gentleman Porter.*

Woman, stand back, you must auoyde this place ;
The lords must passe this way into the Tower.

Moore. I thanke your lordships for your paines thus farre
To my strong house.

Wo. Now, good Sir Thomas Moore, for Christes deare sake,
Deliuier me my writings back againe
That doo concerne my title.

Moore. What, my olde client, are thou got hether too ?
Poore sillie wretche, I must confesse indeed,
I had such writings as concerne thee neere ;
But the king has tane the matter into his owne hand ;
He has all I had : then, woman, sue to him ;
I cannot help thee ; thou must beare with me.

Wo. Ah, gentle hart, my soule for thee is sad !
Farewell the best freend that the poore ere had.

[Exit Woman.]

Gent. Por. Before you enter² through the Townergate,
Your vpper garment, sir, belongs to me.

Moore. Sir, you shall haue it ; there it is.

[He giues him his cap.]

Gent. Por. The vpmoste on your back, sir ; you mistake me.

¹ *am*] i. c. 'em.

² *Before you enter, &c.*] "At whose [More's] landing Master Lieutenant was ready at the Tower gate to receive him, where the porter demanded of him his upper garment. Master porter, quoth he, here it is, and took off his cap and delivered to him, saying, I am very sorry it is no better for thee. No, sir, quoth the porter, I must have your gown," &c. Roper's *Life of More*, p. 72, ed. 1822.

Moore. Sir, now I understand ye very well :
But that you name my back,
Sure else my cap had bin the vppermoste.

Shrew. Farewell, kinde lord ; God send vs merie meeting !

Moore. Amen, my lord.

Sur. Farewell, deare freend ; I hope your safe returne.

Moore. My lord, and my deare fellowe in the Muses,
Farewell ; farewell, moste noble poett.

Lieu. Adewe, moste honor'd lords. [*Ex. Lords.*

Moore. Fayre prison, welcome ; yet, methinkes,
For thy fayre building tis too foule a name.
Many a guiltie soule, and many an innocent,
Haue breathde their farewell to thy hollowe roomes.
I oft haue entred into thee this way ;
Yet, I thanke God, nere with a clearer conscience
Then at this houre :

This is my comforte yet, how hard soere
My lodging prooue, the crye of the poore suter,
Fatherlesse orphan, or distressed widdowe,
Shall not disturbe me in my quiet sleepe.
On, then, a Gods name, to our cloase aboade !
God is as strong heere as he is abroad. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Butler, Brewer, Porter, and Horssekeeper, seuerall wayes.

But. Robin brewer, how now, man ! what cheere, what cheere ?

Brew. Faith, Ned butler, sick of thy disease ; and these our other fellowes heere, Rafe horssekeeper and Gyles porter, sad, sad ; they say my lord goes to his triall to day.

Hors. To it, man ! why, he is now at it, God send him well to speed !

Por. Ainen ; euen as I wishe to mine owne soule, so speed it with my honorable lord and maister, Sir Thomas Moore.

But. I cannot tell, I haue nothing to doo with matters aboue my capacitie ; but, as God iudge me, if I might speake

my minde, I thinke there liues not a more harmelesse gentleman in the vniuersall worlde.

Brew. Nor a wiser, nor a merier, nor an honester ; goe too,¹ Ile put that in vppon mine owne knowledge.

Por. Nay, and ye bate him his due of his housekeeping, hang ye all ! ye haue many Lord Chauncellours comes in debt at the yeares end, and for very housekeeping.

Horsse. Well, he was too good a lord for vs, and therfore, I feare, God himselfe will take him : but Ile be hangd, if euer I haue such an other seruice.

Brew. Soft, man, we are not dischargde yet ; my lord may come home againe, and all will be well.

But. I much mistrust it ; when they goe to rayning once, ther's euer foule weather for a great while after. But soft ; heere comes Maister Gough and Maister Catesbie : now we shall heare more.

Ent. GOUGH and CATESBIE with a paper.

Horsse. Before God, they are very sad ; I doubt my lord is condemnde.

Por. God blesse his soule ! and a figge then for all worldly condemnation.

Gough. Well said, Giles porter, I commend thee for it ; 'Twas spoken like a well affected seruaunte Of him that was a kinde lord to vs all.

Cute. Which now no more he shall be ; for, deare fellowes, Now we are maisterlesse, though he may liue So long as please the king : but lawe hath made him A dead man to the world, and giuen the axe his head, But his sweete soule to liue among the saintes.

Gough. Let vs entreate ye to goe call together The rest of your sad fellowes (by the roule² Y'are iust seauen score), and tell them what ye heare A vertuous honorable lord hath doone,

¹ *goe too*] i. e. go to.

² *roule*] i. e. roll.

Euen for the meaneſt follower that he had.
 This writing found my ladie in his studie,
 This inſtant morning, wherein is ſet downe
 Eche ſeruaunts name, according to his place
 And office in the houſe : on euery man
 He franckly hath beſtowne twentie nobles.¹
 The beſt and worſt together, all alike,
 Which Maſter Cateſbie heere forth will pay ye.

Cate. Take it as it is meante, a kinde remembraunce
 Of a farre kinder lord, with whoſe ſad fall
 He giues vp houſe and farewell to vs all :
 Thus the fayre ſpreading oake falles not alone,
 But all the neighbour plants and vnder-trees
 Are cruſht downe with his weight. No more of this :
 Come, and receiue your due, and after goe
 Fellow-like hence, copartners of one woe. [*Ereunt.*

*Enter Sir THOMAS MOORE, the Lieutenant, and a Seruaunt
 attending, as in his chamber in the Tower.*

Moore. Maſter Lieutenant, is the warrant come ?
 If it be ſo, a Gods name, let vs knowe it.

Lieu. My lord, it is.

Moore. Tis welcome, ſir, to me with all my hart ;
 His bleſſed will be doone !

Lieu. Your wiſedome, ſir, hath bin ſo well approou'de,
 And your fayre pacience in imprisonment
 Hath euer ſhewne ſuch conſtancie of minde
 And Chriſtian reſolution in all troubles,
 As warrant vs you are not vnpreparde.

Moore. No, Maſter Lieutenant ;
 I thanke my God, I haue peace of conſcience,
 Though the world and I are at a little oddes :
 But wee be euen now, I hope, ere long.
 When is the execution of your warrant ?

¹ nobles] See note, p. 24.

Lieu. To morrowe morning.

Moore. So, sir, I thanke ye ;

I have not liu'de so ill, I feare to dye.

Master Lieutenant, I haue had a sore fitt of the stone to night ;
but the king hath sent me such a rare receipte, I thank him,
as I shall not need to feare it much.

Lieu. In life and death still merie Sir Thomas Moore.

Moore. Sirra fellowe,¹ reache me the vrinall :

[*Hee giues it him.*]

Ha ! let me see * * grauell in the water ;

* * * * *

The man were likely to liue long enoughe,
So pleasde the king.—Heere, fellowe, take it.

Ser. Shall I goe with it to the doctor, sir ?

Moore. No, saue thy labour ; wee le cossen him of a fee :

Thou shalt see me take a dramme to morrowe morning,
Shall cure the stone, I warrant ; doubt it not.—

Master Lieutenant, what newes of my Lord of Rochester ?

Lieu. Yesterday morning was he put to death.

Moore. The peace of soule sleepe with him !

He was a learned and a reucrend prelate,
And a riche man, beleene me.

Lieu. If he were riche, what is Sir Thomas Moore,
That all this while hath bin Lord Chauncellour ?

Moore. Say ye so, Master Lieutenant ? what doo you thinke
A man, that with my time had held my place,
Might purchase² ?

Lieu. Perhaps, my lord, two thousand pound a yeare.

¹ *Sirra fellowe, &c.*] “And further, to put him [Sir Thomas Pope] out of his melancholy, Sir Thomas More took his urinal in his hand, and casting his water, said merrily, ‘I see no danger but this man may liue longer, if it please the king.’” C. More’s *Life of Sir T. More*, p. 283, ed. 1828.

² *purchase*] i. e. acquire.

Moore. Master Lieutenant, I protest to you,
 I neuer had the meanes in all my life
 To purchase one poore hundred pound a yeare :
 I thinke I am the poorest Chauncellour
 That euer was in England, though I could wishe,
 For credit of the place, that my estate were better.

Lieu. Its very straunge.

Moore. It will be found as true.
 I thinke, sir, that with moste parte of my coyne
 I haue purchased as straunge commodities
 As euer you heard tell of in your life.

Lieu. Commodities, my lord !
 Might I (without offence) enquire of them ?

Moore. Croutches,¹ Master Lieutenant, and bare cloakes ;
 For halting soldiours and poore needie schollers
 Haue had my gettings in the Chauncerie :
 To thinke but what a cheate the crowne shall haue
 By my attaindour ! I prethee, if thou beest a gentleman,
 Get but a copie of my inuentorie.
 That parte of poett that was giuen me,
 Made me a very vnthrift ;
 For this is the disease attends vs all,
 Poets were neuer thriftie, neuer shall.

Enter Lady MOORE mourning, Daughters, Master ROPER.

Lieu. Oh, noble Moore !——
 My lord, your wife, your sonne in lawe, and daughters.

Moore. Sonne Roper, welcome ;—welcome, wife, and girles.
 Why doo you weepe ? because I liue at ease ?
 Did you not see, when I was Chauncellour,
 I was so clogde with suters euery houre,
 I could not sleepe, nor dine, nor suppe in quiet ?
 Heer's none of this ; heere I can sit and talke

¹ *Croutches*] i. e. Crutches.

With my honest keeper halfe a day together,
Laugh and be merie : why, then, should you weepe ?

Ro. These teares, my lord, for this your long restraint
Hope had dried vp, with comfort that we yet,
Although imprisond, might haue had your life.

Moore. To liue in prison, what a life were that !
The king (I thanke him) looues me more then so.
To morrowe I shall be at libertie
To goe euen whether I can,
After I haue dispatche my busines.

Lady. Ah, husband, husband, yet submit yourselfe !
Haue care of your poore wife and children.

Moore. Wife, so I haue ; and I doo leaue you all
To his protection hath the power to keepe you
Safer then I can,—
The father of the widdowe and the orphan.

Ro. The world, my lord, hath euer held you wise ;
And't shall be no distaste vnto your wisdom, e,
To yeeld to the oppinion of the state.

Moore. I haue deceiu'de myselfe, I must acknowledge ;
And, as you say, sonne Roper, to confesse the same,
It will be no disparagement at all.

Lady. His highnesse shall be certefied therof

[Offering to departe.

Immediatly.

Moore. Nay, heare me, wife ; first let me tell ye how :
I thought to haue had a barber for my beard ;
Now, I remember, that were labour lost,
The headsman now shall cut off head and all.

Ro. Wife. Father, his maiestie, vppon your meeke sub-
mission,
Will yet (they say) receiue you to his grace
In as great credit as you were before.

Moore. * * * * *
Has appoynted me to doo a little busines.

If that were past, my girle, thou then shouldst see
 What I would say to him about that matter ;
 But I shall be so busie vntill then,
 I shall not tend it.

Daugh. Ah, my deare father !

Lady. Deare lord and husband !

Moore. Be comforted, good wife, to liue and looue my
 children ;

For with thee leaue I all my care of them.—

Sonne Roper, for my sake that haue loou'de thee well,

And for her vertues sake, cherishe my childe.—

Girle, be not proude, but of thy husbands looue ;

Euer retaine thy vertuous modestie ;

That modestie is such a comely garment

As it is neuer out of fashion,¹ fits as faire

Vppon the meaner woman as the emperesse ;

No stuffe that golde can buye is halfe so riche,

Nor ornament that so becomes a woman.

Liue all and looue together, and therby

You giue your father a riche obsequye.

Both Daugh. Your blessing, deare father.

Moore. I must be gon—God blesse you !—

To talke with God, who now dooth call.

Lady. A,² my deare husband !

Moore. Sweet wife, good night, good night :

God send vs all his ouerlasting light !

Ro. I thinke, before this houre,

More heauie harts nere parted in the Tower.

[*Ereunt.*

*Enter the Sheriffes of London and their Officers at one doore,
 the Warders with their halbards at another.*

2 *Sher.* Officers, what time of day ist ?

Offi. Almoste eight a clock.

¹ *fashion*] MS. seems to have "fashis."

² *A*] i. e. Ah.

2 *Sher.* We must make [haste] then, least we stay to long.

2 *Ward.* Good morrowe, Master Shreeues of London ;
Master Lieutenant

Willes ye repaire to the limits of the Tower,

There to receiue your prisoner.

1 *Sher.*¹ Goe back, and tell his woorslup we are readie.

2 *Sher.* Goe bid the officers make cleare the way,
There may be passage for the prisoner.

Enter Lieutenant and his Guardes, with MOORE.

Moore. Yet, God be thanked, heer's a faire day toward,
To take our iourney in. Master Lieutenant,
It were faire walking on the Tower leades.

Lieu. And so it might haue likte my soueraigne lord,
I would to God you might haue walkte there still !

[*He weepes.*

Moore. Sir, we are walking to a better place.
Oh, sir, your kinde and loouing teares
Are like sweete odours to embalne your freend !
Thanke your good lady ; since I was your guest,
She has made me a very wanton,² in good sooth.

Lieu. Oh, I had hopte we should not yet haue parted !

Moore. But I must leaue ye for a little while :
Within an houre or two you may looke for me ;
But there will be so many come to see me,
That I shall be so proude, I will not speake ;

¹ 1 *Sher.*] MS. "2 *Sher.*"

² *She has made me a very wanton*] Here "*wanton*" is equivalent to—fondling, pet.—"I find no cause, I thank God, Meg," said More to his daughter when she visited him in the Tower, "to reckon myself in worse case here than in mine own house, for me thinketh God *maketh me a wanton*, and setteth me on his lap and dandleth me." Roper's *Life of More*, p. 73, ed. 1822.

And, sure, my memorie is growne so ill,
I feare I shall forget my head behinde me.

Lieu. God and his blessed angelles be about ye !—
Heere, Master Shreeues, receiue your prisoner.

Moore. Good morrowe, Master Shreeues of London, to ye
bothe :

I thanke ye that ye will vouchsafe to meete me ;
I see by this you haue not quite forgot
That I was in times past, as you are now,
A sheriffe of London.

2 Sher. Sir, then you knowe our dutie dooth require it.

Moore. I knowe it well, sir, else I would haue bin glad
You might haue sau'de a labour at this time.
Ah, Master Sheriffe, you and I haue bin of olde acquaintaunce !
you were a patient auditor of mine, when I read the diuinitie
lecture at St. Lauraunces.¹

2 Sher. Sir Thomas Moore, I haue heard you oft,
As many other did, to our great comforte.

Moore. Pray God, you may so now, with all my hart !
And, as I call to minde,
When I studyed the lawe in Lincolnes Inne.
I was of counsell with ye in a cause.

2 Sher. I was about to say so, good Sir Thomas.

* * * * *

Moore. Oh, is this the place ?
I promise ye, it is a goodly scaffold :
In sooth, I am come about a headlesse arrand,
For I haue not much to say, now I am heere.

¹ *when I read the diuinitie lecture at St. Lauraunces*] "After this [i.e. after he had become an utter barrister of Lincoln's Inn], to his great commendations, he read for a good space a public lecture of St. Augustine *de Civitate Dei*, in the church of St Lawrence in the old Jury, whereunto there resorted Doctor Grocyn an excellent cunning man, and all the chief learned of the city of London." Roper's *Life of More*, p. 5, ed. 1822.

Well, let's ascend, a Gods name :

In troth, me thinkes, your stayre¹ is somewhat weake ;

I prethee, honest freend, lend me thy hand

To help me vp ; as for my comming downe,

Let me alone, Ile looke to that myselfe.

*As he is going vp the stayres, enters the Earles of SURRYE
and SHREWSBURIE.*

My Lords of Surrey and of Shrewesburie, giue me your hands. Yet before we * * ye see, though it pleaseth the king to raise me thus high, yet I am not p[roud], for the higher I mounte, the better I can see my freends about me. I am now [on a] farre voyage, and this straunge woodden horsse must beare me thether ; yet [I per]ceiue by your lookes you like my bargaine so ill, that ther's not one of ye all dare venter with me. Truly, heers a moste sweet gallerie ; I like the ayre *Walking* of it better then my garden at Chelsey. By your pacience, good people, that haue prest thus into my bedchamber, if youle not trouble me, Ile take a sound sleepe heere.

Shrew. My lord, twere good you'd publishe to the worlde Your great offence vnto his maiestie.

Moore. My lord, Ile bequeathe this legacie to the hangman, *Giues him* and doo it instantly. I confesse, his maiestie hath bin euer *his gowne.* good to me ; and my offence to his highnesse makes me of a state pleader a stage player (though I am olde, and haue a bad voyce), to act this last sceane of my tragedie. Ile send him (for my trespasse) a reuerend head, somewhat balde ; for it is not requisite any head should stand couerd to so high maiestie : if that content him not, because I thinke my bodie will then do me small pleasure, let him but burie it, and take it.

¹ *In troth, me thinkes, your stayre, &c.]* " And so was he by Master Lieutenant brought out of the Tower, and from thence led towards the place of execution. Where going up the scaffold, which was so weak that it was ready to fall, he said merrily to the Lieutenant, 'I pray you,

Sur. My lord, my lord, holde conference with your soule ;
You see, my lord, the time of life is short.

Moore. I see it, my good lord ; I dispatchte that busines the
last night. I come hether only to be let blood ; my doctor
heere telles me it is good for the headache.

Hang. I beseeche ye, my lord, forgiue me !¹

Moore. Forgiue thee, honest fellowe ! why ?

Hang. For your death, my lord.

Moore. O, my death ? I had rather it were in thy power
to forgiue me, for thou hast the sharpest action against me ;
the lawe, my honest freend, lyes in thy hands now : hers thy
His purse. fee ; and, my good fellowe, let my suite be dispatchte presently ;
for tis all one payne, to dye a lingering death, and to liue in
the continuall mill of a lawe suite. But I can tell thee, my
neck is so short, that, if thou shouldst behead an hundred
noblemen like myselfe, thou wouldst nere get credit by it ;
therefore (looke ye, sir), doo it hansomely, or, of my woord,
thou shalt neuer deale with me heerafter.

Hang. Ile take an order for that, my lord.

Moore. One thing more ; take heed thou cutst not off ^{thy} ~~my~~
beard : oh, I forgot ; execution past vppon that last night ;

Master Lientenant, see me safe up, and for my coming down let me shift
for myself." Roper's *Life of More*, p. 94, ed. 1822.

¹ *Hang. I beseeche ye, my lord, forgiue me, &c*] "*Hang.*" is, of
course, *Hangman* : his entrance is not marked in the MS. ; and we are
to suppose that he is standing on the scaffold when More ascends it.—
"Also the hangman kneled doune to him askyng him forgeuenes of
his death (as the maner is), to whom he sayd, I forgeue thee, but I
promise thee that thou shalt neuer haue honestie of the strykyng of my
head, my necke is so short. Also euen when he shuld lay doune his
head on the blocke, he hauyng a great gray beard, striked out his beard,
and sayd to the hangman, I pray you let me lay my beard ouer the blocke,
least ye should cut it." Hall's *Chron. (Hen. VIII.)* fol. cxxxvi. ed. 1548.

"Which done, he kneeled down, and, after his prayers said, turned to

and the bodie of it lies buried in the Tower.¹—Stay ; ist not possible to make a scape from all this strong garde ? it is.

There is a thing within me, that will raise
And eleuate my better parte boue sight
Of these same weaker eyes : and, Master Shreeues,
For all this troupe of steele that tends my death,
I shall breake from you, and flye vp to heauen.
Lets seeke the meanes for this.

Hang. My lord, I pray ye,² put off your doublet.

Moore. Speake not so coldely to me ; I am hoarse alreadie ;
I would be lothe, good fellowe, to take more.
Point me the block ; I nere was heere before.

Hang. To the easte side, my lord.

Moore. Then to the easte :

We goe to sigh ; that ore, to sleepe in rest.
Heere Moore forsakes all mirth ; good reason why ;
The foole of fleshe must with her fraile life dye.
No eye salute my trunck with a sad teare :
Our birthe to heauen should be thus, voide of feare.

[*Exit [with Hangman, &c].*]

Sur. A very learned woorthie gentleman

the executioner, with a cheerful countenance, and said unto him ; ‘Pluck up thy spirits, man, and be not afraid to do thine office : my neck is very short, take heed, therefore, thou strike not awry for saving of thine honesty.’” Roper’s *Life of More*, p. 94, ed. 1822.

¹ *buried in the Tower*] Followed in MS. by a deleted passage (“Come, let’s to the block, &c.,” see the next note), which, with some alterations, occurs afterwards.

² *Hang. My lord, I pray ye, &c.]* This and the three next speeches (see the preceding note) were originally written thus :

“Come, let’s to the block.

Hang. My lord, I pray ye, put off your doublet.

Moore. No, my good freend, I haue a great colde alreadie, and I would

Seales errour with his blood. Come, wee to courte.
Lets sadly hence to perfect vnknowne fates,
Whilste he tends prograce to the state of states. [*Exeunt.*]

be lothe to take more. Point me meeete the block, for I was nere heere before.

Hang. To the easte side, my lord.

Moore. Then to the easte:

We goc to sighe; that ore, to sleep in rest.

No eye salute my trunk with a sad teare.

Our birth to heauen should be thus, voyde of feare. [*Exit.*"]

THE OLD
TAMING OF A SHREW,

UPON WHICH SHAKESPEARE FOUNDED
HIS COMEDY,

REPRINTED FROM THE EDITION OF 1594,
AND COLLATED WITH THE SUBSEQUENT EDITIONS OF
1596 AND 1607.

EDITED BY
THOMAS AMYOT, ESQ.,
F.R.S., TREAS. S.A.



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INTRODUCTION.

Having undertaken, with the concurrence of the Council of the Shakespeare Society, to prepare for the press a reprint of the old Play of "The Taming of *a* Shrew," on which Shakespeare founded his lively and popular Comedy of "The Taming of *the* Shrew," my desire has been to give, with scrupulous accuracy, the texts of the three earliest editions, published in 1594, 1596, and 1607. As these are all of the greatest rarity, there being but one copy known to be preserved of the first and second, and only three copies of the last of these editions, it seems desirable that a concise notice of each should be given, adverting to the circumstances which placed them in my hands.

The unique copy of the first edition, with the date of 1594, is the property of the Duke of Devonshire, for whom it was purchased at the sale of Mr. Heber's library in 1834, at no less a price than £97. Great as was its pecuniary and intrinsic value, increased no doubt

by its extraordinarily fine condition, his Grace most obligingly permitted it to remain in my hands for an indefinite period, in order that it might be transcribed for the press, and collated with the proof-sheets. To this favour his Grace added a further obligation, in allowing a fac-simile of the original title-page to be made on stone, which has been performed with the greatest care and fidelity by Mr. Netherclift. The head and tail-pieces have also been faithfully copied from accurate tracings, and executed on wood.

For the use of the copy of the second edition, printed in 1596, also unique, a debt of obligation is justly due to Lord Francis Egerton, in whose rich dramatic library it had long been deposited. His lordship most liberally and kindly permitted it to be used for the purpose of collating its text with those of the editions of 1594 and 1607. For the loan of the edition of 1607, thanks must again be rendered to the Duke of Devonshire, who became possessed of it in one of the very numerous volumes of Old Plays collected by the late distinguished ornament of the stage, John Philip Kemble, the whole assemblage, with many subsequent and most important additions, being now in his Grace's library. It appears that Pope had seen the copy of the edition of 1594: before that of 1607 passed into the hands of Mr. Kemble, it was the property of George Steevens, who, in 1779, reprinted it in his collection of "Six Old Plays," on which Shakespeare had founded six. After Steevens's death the copy produced £220 at the sale of his library in 1800, it being then erroneously stated in the catalogue to be the *first* edition.

Of the use which Shakespeare, in his "Taming of *the Shrew*," made of this play, as well as of its "Induction," it is not necessary to advert at any length. The texts, both of the old plays and of the "Induction," are but faint outlines, which by his hands were embodied and enriched. To him, indeed, with reference to this and to many others of his plays, may be justly applied the praise which Johnson bestowed on Goldsmith, in his well-known epitaph, "*Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit.*" Conjectures would now be hopeless as to the name of the author of the old play: all that is at present known on this subject will be found in Mr. Collier's Introduction to Shakespeare's Comedy, in his recent and valuable edition of the Works of Shakespeare.¹ The silence of Meres in 1598 seems conclusively to prove that "The Taming of *the Shrew*" was not then in existence. On the other hand, as Mr. Collier mentions, "The Taming of *a Shrew*" was spoken of by Sir John Harington, in 1596, and had been several times entered on the Registers of the Stationers' Company, the first entry bearing date on the 2nd of May, 1594, just prior to the appearance of the edition from which the following reprint has been made. There can hardly be a reasonable doubt of the disappearance of the old play from the stage, after Shakespeare's had been acted and printed. That the latter became a popular performance seems equally certain; yet, so far as the records of the stage are to be relied on, it had not been acted from the restoration of the stage in 1660, till the present year, 1844. So far, in-

¹ Shakespeare's Works, published by Whittaker and Co., vol. iii., page 103.

deed, as the plot relates to Katherine and Petruchio, the afterpiece bearing that title, adapted to the stage by Garrick, and placed on it by him at Drury Lane in 1754, served as an amusing substitute for Shakespeare's Comedy during ninety years, the two principal characters, male and female, being always coveted by popular and distinguished performers. An attempt was however made, in 1828, at Drury Lane Theatre, to restore the double plots to the stage in the form of an Opera, written by Reynolds: it was played but four nights; and it remained for the present lessee of the Haymarket Theatre to bring before the public, in March last, Shakespeare's Comedy with its genuine text. A very valuable member of the Council of the Shakespeare Society, Mr. Planché, was principally instrumental in this revival, in the form in which it was conceived to have been exhibited at the Globe or Blackfriars' Theatre in the lifetime of its author. The scene was not changed during the whole performance, and the characters in the "Induction," the Lord, his Page, and Christopher Sly, remained on the stage as audience. The play proved successful, and, being frequently repeated, was understood to have remunerated the lessee for his novel undertaking.

At the suggestion of my friend Mr. Collier, our Director, to whom, indeed, my obligations are due for some of the information I have already given, I now thank him for suggesting, as an Appendix, the republication of an old humorous poem, long considered to be connected with the principal plot of Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew," to which, in general points, it certainly has a strong resemblance. The quaint title it

bears is, "A Merry Jest of a Shrewd and Curst Wife lapped in Morel's Skin." It is, indeed, already known to the readers of old English popular literature, from its having been reprinted in my friend Mr. Utterson's "Pieces of Early Poetry," its accomplished editor willingly assenting to this republication. As Mr. Collier has kindly prepared a separate Introduction to the Poem, and has also superintended the printing of the text, I am glad to leave it in his hands, hoping that its readers will make due allowances for the style and character of the period in which it was written.

T. A.

November, 1844.

Since the above Introduction was written, I have, through the kindness of Mr. Tomlins, the Secretary of the Shakespeare Society, received a communication addressed to him, which, with the writer's consent, will probably appear in the next volume of the Shakespeare Society's Papers, containing apparently the original story on which the Inductions of "The Taming of a Shrew" and of "The Taming of the Shrew" were founded. As the discovery has been made since the ensuing play was printed, and has not yet been reported to the Council of the Society, I do not feel myself warranted in anticipating the contents of the writer's communication.

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A
Pleasant Conceited

Historie, called The taming
of a Shrew.

As it was sundry times acted by the
Right honorable the Earle of
Pembroke his servants.



Printed at London by Peter Shorr and
are to be sold by Cuthbert Burbie, at his
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1594.



A PLEASANT CONCEITED HISTORIE,

CALLFD

THE TAMING OF A SHREW.

Enter a Tapster, beating out of his doores *Slie Droonken.*

Tapster.

You whorson droonken slaue, you had best be gone,
And empty your droonken panch some where else
For in this house thou shalt not rest to night.

Exit Tapster.

Slie. Tilly, vally, by crisee Tapster Ile fese you anon.
Fils the tother pot and alls paid for, looke you
I doo drinke it of mine owne Instegation, *Omne bene*
Heere Ile lie awhile, why Tapster I say,
Fils a fresh cushen heere.
Heigh ho, heers good warme lying.

He fals asleepe.

Enter a Noble man and his men from hunting.

Lord. Now that the gloomie shaddow of the night,
Longing to view Orions drisling lookes,
Leapes from th' antarticke world vnto the skie,
And dims the Welkin with her pit-hie breath,
And darkesome night oreshades the christall heauens,

Here breake we off our hunting for to night;
 Cupple vppe the hounds and let vs hie vs home,
 And bid the huntsman see them meated well,
 For they haue all deseru'd it well to daie,
 But soft, what sleepeie fellow is this lies heere?
 Or is he dead, see one what he dooth lacke?

Seruingman. My lord, tis nothing but a drunken
 sleepe,

His head is too heauie for his bodie,
 And he hath drunke so much that he can go no further.

Lord. Fie, how the slauish villaine stinkes of drinke.
 Ho, sirha arise. What so sound asleepe?
 Go take him vppe and beare him to my house,
 And beare him easilie for feare he wake,
 And in my fairest chamber make a fire,
 And set a sumptuous banquet on the boord,
 And put my richest garmentes on his backe,
 Then set him at the Table in a chaire:
 When that is doone against he shall awake,
 Let heauenlie musicke play about him still,
 Go two of you awaie and beare him hence,
 And then Ile tell you what I haue deuise,
 But see in any case you wake him not.

Exeunt two with Slye.

Now take my cloake and gyue me one of yours,
 Al fellowes now, and see you take me so,
 For we will waite vpon this droonken man,
 To see his countenance when he dooth awake
 And finde him selfe clothed in such attire,
 With heauenlie musicke sounding in his eares,
 And such a banquet set before his eies,
 The fellow sure will thinke he is in heauen,
 But we will be¹ about him when he wakes,

¹ "be" is omitted in editions 1596 and 1607

And see you call him Lord, at eucrie word,
 And offer thou him his horse to ride abroad,
 And thou his hawkes and houndes to hunt the deere,
 And I will aske what sutes he meanes to weare,
 And what so ere he saith, see you doo not laugh,
 But still perswade him that he is a Lord.

Enter one.

Mes. And it please your honour your plaiers be com
 And doo attend your honours pleasure here.

Lord. The fittest time they could haue chosen out,
 Bid one or two of them come hither straight,
 Now will I fit my selfe accordinglie,
 For they shall play to him when he awakes.

Enter two of the players with packs at their backs, and
 a boy.

Now sirs, what store of plaies haue you?

San. Marrie my lord you maie haue a Tragical
 Or a comoditie, or what you will.

The other. A Comedie thou shouldst say, souns thout shame
 vs all.

Lord. And whats the name of your Comedie?

San. Marrie my lord tis calde The taming of a shrew
 Tis a good lesson for vs my lord, for vs y^t are married men.

Lord. The taming of a shrew, thats excellent sure,
 Go see that you make you readie straight,
 For you must play before a lord to night,
 Say you are his men and I your fellow,
 Hees something foolish, but what so ere he saes,
 See that you be not dasht out of countenance.
 And sirha go you make you ready straight,
 And dresse your selfe like some louelie ladie,
 And when I call see that you come to me,
 For I will say to him thou art his wife.

Dallie with him and hug him in thine armes,
 And if he desire to goe to bed with thee,
 Then faine some scuse and say thou wilt anon.
 Be gone I say, and see thou doost it well.

Boy. Feare not my Lord, Ile dandell him well enough
 And make him thinke I loue him mightilie.

Ex. boy.

Lord. Now sirs go you and make you ready to,
 For you must play assoone as he dooth wake.

San. O braue, sirha Tom, we must play before
 A foolish Lord, come lets go make us ready,
 Go get a dishclout to make cleane your shooes,
 And Ile speake for the properties, My Lord, we must
 Haue a shoulder of mutton for a propertie,
 And a little vinegre to make our Diuell re.

Lord. Very well : sirha see that they want nothing.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter two with a table and a banquet on it, and two other
 with *Slie* asleepe in a chaire, richlie apparelled, and the
 musicke plaieng.

One. So : sirha now go call my Lord,
 And tel him that all things is¹ ready as he wild it.

Another. Set thou some wine vpon the boord
 And then Ile go fetch my Lord presentlie.

Exit.

Enter the Lord and his men.

Lord. How now, what is all thinges readie ?

One. I² my Lord.

Lord. Then sound the musick, and Ile wake him straight,
 And see you doo as earst I gaue in charge.

My lord, My lord, he sleepes soundlie : My Lord.

Slie. Tapster, gis a little small ale. Heigh ho.

¹ "are" in edition 1607.

² "Yea" in edition 1607.

Lord. Heers wine my lord, the purest of the grape.

Slie. For which Lord?

Lord. For your honour my Lord.

Slie. Who I, am I a Lord? Jesus what fine apparell haue I got.

Lord. More richer farre your honour hath to weare,
And if it please you I will fetch them straight.

Wil. And if your honour please to ride abroad,
He fetch you¹ lustie steedes more swift of pace
Then winged *Pegasus* in all his pride,
That ran so swiftlie ouer the² *Persian* plaines.

Tom. And if your honour please to hunt the deere,
Your hounds stands readie cuppeld at the doore.
Who in running will oretake the Row,
And make the long breathde Tygre broken winded.

Slie. By the masse I thinke I am a Lord indeed,
Whats thy name?

Lord. *Simon* and³ it please your honour.

Slie. *Simon*, thats as much to say *Simion* or *Simon*
Put foorth thy hand and fill the pot.
Give me thy hand, *Sim* am I a lord indeed?

Lord. I my gracious Lord, and your louelie ladie
Long time hath moorned for your absence heere,
And now with ioy behold where she dooth come
To gratulate your honours safe returne.

Enter the boy in Womans attire.

Slie. Sim. Is this she?

Lord. I my Lord.

Slie. Masse tis a prettie wench, whats her name?

Boy. Oh that my louelie Lord would once vouchsafe
To looke on me, and leaue these frantike fits,
Or were I now but halfe so eloquent,

¹ "your." Edition 1607.

² "the" is omitted in editions 1596 and 1607.

³ and "if" it please your honour. Editions 1596 and 1607.

To paint in words what ile performe in deedes,
I know your honour then would pittie me.

Slie. Harke you mistrese, will you eat a peece of bread,
Come sit downe on my knee, *Sim* drinke to hir *Sim*,
For she and I will go to bed anon.

Lord. May it please you, your honors plaiers be come ;
To offer your honour a plaie.

Slie. A plaie *Sim*, O braue, be they my plaiers ?

Lord. I my Lord.

Slie. Is there not a foole in the plaie ?

Lord. Yes my lord.

Slie. When wil they plaie *Sim* ?

Lord. Euen when it please your honor, they be readie.

Boy. My lord Ile go bid them begin their plaie.

Slie. Doo, but looke that you come againe.

Boy. I warrant you, my lord, I will not leaue you thus.

Exit boy.

Slie. Come *Sim*, where be the plaiers ? *Sim* stand by me and
weele flout the plaiers out of their cotes.

Lord. Ile cal them my lord. Hoe where are you there ?

Sound Trumpets.

Enter two yoong Gentlemen, and a man and a boie.

Pol. Welcome to *Athens* my beloued friend,
To *Platoes* schooles and *Aristoiles* walkes,
Welcome from *Cestus* famous for the loue
Of good *Leander* and his Tragedie,
For whom the Helespont weepes brinish teares,
The greatest griefe is I cannot as I would
Give entertainment to my deerest friend.

Aurel. Thankes noble *Polidor* my second selfe,
The faithfull loue which I haue found in thee
Hath made me leaue my fathers princelie court,
The Duke of *Cestus* thrise renowned seate,
To come to *Athens* thus to find thee out,
Which since I haue so happilie attained,

My fortune now I doo account as great
 As earst did *Cesar* when he conquered most,
 But tell me noble friend where shal we lodge,
 For I am vnacquainted in this place.

Pol. My Lord if you vouchsafe of schollers fare,
 My house, my selfe, and all is yours to vse,
 You and your men shall staie and lodge with me.

Aurel. With all my hart, I will requite thy loue.

Enter *Simon*, *Alphonsus*, and his three daughters.

But staie ; what dames are these so bright of hew
 Whose eies are brighter then the lampes of heauen,
 Fairer then rocks of pearle and pretious stone,
 More loulie farre then is the morning sunne,
 When first she opes hir orientall gates.

Alfon. Daughters be gone, and hie you to y^e church,
 And I will hie me downe vnto the key,
 To see what Marchandise is come ashore.

Ex. Omnes.

Pol. Why how now my Lord, what in a dumpe,
 To see these damsels passe away so soone ?

Aurel. Trust me my friend, I must confesse to thee,
 I tooke so much delight in these faire dames,
 As I doo wish they had not gone so soone,
 But if thou canst, resolue me what they be,
 And what old man it was that went with them,
 For I doo long to see them once againe.

Pol. I cannot blame your honor good my lord,
 For they are both louely, wise, faire and yong,
 And one of them the yoongest of the three
 I long haue lou'd (sweet friend) and she lou'd me,
 But neuer yet we could not find a meanes
 How we might compasse our desired ioyes.

Aurel. Why, is not her father willing to the match ?

Pol. Yes trust me, but he hath solemnlie sworne,

His eldest daughter first shall be espowse,
 Before he grauntes his yoongest leaue to loue,
 And therefore he that meanes to get their loues,
 Must first prouide for her if he will speed,
 And he that hath her shall be fettred¹ so
 As good be wedded to the dinell him selfe,
 For such a skould as she did neuer hue,
 And till that she be sped none else can speed,
 Which makes me thinke that all my labours lost,
 And whosoere can get hir firme good will,
 A large dowrie he shall be sure to haue,
 For her father is a man of mightie wealth,
 And an ancient Cittizen of the towne,
 And that was he that went along with them.

Aurel. But he shall keepe hir still by my aduise,
 And yet I needs must loue his second daughter
 The image of honor and Nobilitie,
 In whose sweet person is comprisde the somme
 Of natures skill and heauenlie maiestie.

Pol. I like your choise, and glad you chose not mine
 Then if you like to follow on your loue,
 We must devise a meanes and find² some one
 That wil attempt to wed this deuilish skould,
 And I doo know the man. Come hither boy,
 Go your waies sirha to *F'erandoes* house,
 Desire him³ take the paines to come to me,
 For I must speake with him immediatlie.

Boy. I will sir, and fetch him presentlie.

Pol. A man I thinke will fit hir humor right,
 As blunt in speech as she is sharpe of⁴ toong,

¹ "fretted." Editions 1596 and 1607.

² "means to find." Editions 1596 and 1607.

³ "to take." Editions 1596 and 1607.

⁴ "sharpe in tongue." Editions 1596 and 1607

And he I thinke will match hir euerie waie,
 And yet he is a man of wealth sufficient,
 And for his person, worth as good as she,
 And if he compasse hir to be his wife,
 Then may we freeleie visite both our loues.

Aurel. O might I see the center¹ of my soule
 Whose sacred beautie hath enchanted me,
 More faire then was the Grecian *Helena*
 For whose sweet sake so many princes dide,
 That came with thousand shippes to *Tenedos*,
 But when we come vnto hir fathers house,
 Tell him I am a Marchants sonne of *Cestus*,
 That comes for traffike vnto *Athens* heere,
 And heere sirha I will change with you for once.
 And now be thou the Duke of *Cestus* sonne,
 Reuell and spend as if thou wert myselve,
 For I will court my² loue in this disguise.

Val. My lord, how if the Duke your father should
 By some meanes come to *Athens* for to see
 How you doo profit in these publike schooles,
 And find me clothed thus in your attire,
 How would he take it then thinke you my lord?

Aurel. Tush feare not *Valeria* let me alone,
 But staie, heere comes some other companie.

Enter *Ferando* and his man *Suunders* with a blew coat.

Pol. Here comes the man that I did tel you of.

Feran. Good morrow gentlemen to all at once.
 How now *Polidor*, what man still in loue?
 Euer wooing and canst thou neuer speed,
 God send me better luck when I shall woo.

San. I warrant you maister & you take my counsell.

¹ "censer." Editions 1596 and 1607.

² "thy." Edition 1607.

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 Before he grauntes his yoongest leaue to loue,
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 For such a skould as she did neuer liue,
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Feran. Good morrow gentlemen to all at once.
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 Euer wooing and canst thou neuer speed,
 God send me better luck when I shall woo.

San. I warrant you maister & you take my counsell.

¹ "censer." Editions 1596 and 1607.

² "thy." Edition 1607.

Feran. Why sirha, are you so cunning?

San. Who I, twere better for you by fine marke
And you could tel how to doo it as well as I.

Pol. I would thy maister once were in the vaine,
To trie himselfe how he could woe a wench.

Feran. Faith I am euen now a going

San. Ifaith sir, my maisters going to this geere now

Pol. Whither in faith *Ferando*, tell me true.

Feran. To bonie Kate, the patientst wench alieue
The diuel himselfe dares scarce venter to woo her,
Signior *Alfonso's* eldest daughter,
And he hath promisinde me six thousand crownes
If I can win her once to be my wife,
And she and I must woo with skoulding sure,
And I will hold hir toot till she be wearie,
Or else Ile make her yeeld to graunt me lone.

Pol. How like you this *Aurelius*, I thinke he knew
Our mindes before we sent to him,
But tell me, when doo you meane to speake with her?

Feran. Faith presentlie, doo you but stand aside
And I will make her father bring hir hither,
And she, and I, and he, will talke alone.

Pol. With al our heartes,¹ Come *Aurelius*
Let vs be gone and leaue him heere alone.

Exit.

Feran. Ho Signiour *Alfonso*, whose within there?

Alfon. Signiour *Ferando* your welcome hartilie,
You are a stranger sir vnto my house
Harke you sir, looke what I did promise you
Ile performe, if you get my daughters loue.

Feran. Then when I haue talkt a word or two with hir,
Doo you step in and giue her hand to me
And tell her when the marriage daie shal be
For I doo know she would be married faine,

¹ "my heart." Edition 1607

And when our nuptiall rites be once performde
 Let me alone to tame hir well enough,
 Now call hir foorth that I may speake with hir.

Enter *Kate*.

Alfon. Ha *Kate*, Come hither wench & list to me,
 Vse this gentleman friendlie as thou canst.

Feran. Twentie good morrowes to my louely *Kate*

Kate. You iest I am sure, is she yours alreadye ?

Feran. I tell thee *Kate* I know thou lou'st me well

Kate. The deuill you doo, who told you so ?

Feran. My mind sweet *Kate* doth say I am the man,
 Must wed, and bed, and marrie bonnie *Kate*.

Kate. Was euer scene so grose an asse as this ?

Feran. I, to stand so long and neuer get a kisse.

Kate. Hands off I say, and get you from this place ;
 Or I wil set my ten commandments in your face.

Feran. I prethe doo *Kate* ; they say thou art a shrew,
 And I like thee the better for I would haue thee so.

Kate. Let go my hand for feare it reech your eare.

Feran. No *Kate*, this hand is mine and I thy loue.

Kate. In faith sir no, the woodcock wants his taile.

Feran. But yet his bil wil serue, if the other faile.

Alfon. How now, *Ferando*, what saies¹ my daughter ?

Feran. Shees willing sir and loues me as hir life.

Kate. Tis for your skin then, but not to be your wife.

Alfon. Come hither *Kate* and let me giue thy hand
 To him that I haue chosen for thy loue,
 And thou tomorrow shalt be wed to him.

Kate. Why father what do you meane to do with me,
 To giue me thus vnto this brainsick man,
 That in his mood cares not to murder me ?

She turnes aside and speakes.

¹ *saies* is omitted in edition 1607.

But yet I will consent and marrie him,
 For I methinkes haue liude too long a maid,
 And match him to, or else his manhoods good.

Alfon. Giue me thy hand *Ferando* loues thee wel
 And will with wealth and ease maintaine thy state,
 Here *Ferando* take her for thy wife,
 And Sunday next shall be your¹ wedding day.

Feran. Why so, did I not tell thee I should be the man
 Father, I leaue my louelie *Kate* with you,
 Provide your selues against our marriage daie ;
 For I must hie me to my countrie house
 In hast to see prouision may be made,
 To entertaine my *Kate* when she dooth come.

Alfon. Doo so, come *Kate* why doost thou looke
 So sad, be merrie wench thy wedding daies at hand.
 Sonne fare you well, and see you keepe your promise.

Exit Alfonso and Kate.

Feran. So, all thus farre goes well. Ho *Saunder*.

Enter Saunder laughing.

San. *Sander* I faith your a beast I crie God hartilie
 Mercie, my harts readie to run out of my bellie with
 Laughing. I stood behind the doore all this while,
 And heard what you said to hir.

Feran. Why didst² thou think that I did not speake wel
 to hir.

San. You spoko like an asse to her, Ile tel you what,
 And I had been there to haue woode hir, and had this
 Cloke on³ that you haue, chud haue had her before she
 Had gone a foot further, and you talke of Wood cocks with
 her, and I cannot tell you what.

¹ "our wedding day." Editions 1596 and 1607.

² "doost." Edition 1607

³ "on" omitted in edition 1607.

Feran. Wel sirha & yet thou seest I haue got her for all this.

San. I marry twas more by hap then any good cunning
I hope sheele make you one of the head men of the parish shortly.

Feran. Wel sirha leaue your iesting and go to *Polidors* house,

The yong gentleman that was here with me,
And tell him the circumstance of all thou knowst,
Tell him on Sunday next we must be married,
And if he aske thee whither I am gone,
Tell him into the countrie to my house,
And vpon sundaie Ile be heere againe.

Ex. Ferando.

San. I warrant you Maister feare not me
For dooing of my businesse.
Now hang him that has not a liuerie cote
To slash it out and swash it out amongst the proudest
On them. Why looke you now Ile scarce put vp
Plaine *Saunder* now at any of their handes, for and any
Bodie haue any thing to doo with my maister, straight
They come crouching vpon me, I beseech you good M.
Saunder speake a good word for me, and then am I¹ so
Stout and takes it vpon me, & stands vpon my panto filles
To them out of all crie, why I haue a life like a giant
Now, but that my maister hath such a pestilent mind
To a woman now a² late, and I haue a prettie wench
To my sister, and I had thought to have preferd my
Maister to her, and that would haue beene a good
Deale in my waie but that hees sped alreadie.

Enter *Polidors* boie.

Boy. Friend, well met.

¹ "*I am.*" Edition 1607.

² "*of late.*" Editions 1596 and 1607.

San. Souns, friend wel met, I hold my life he sees
Not my maisters liuerie coat,
Plaine friend hop of my thum kno you who we are.

Boy. Trust me sir, it is the vse where I was borne,
To salute men after this manner, yet notwithstanding
If you be angrie with me for calling of you friend,
I am the more sorie for it, hoping the stile
Of a foole will make you amends for all.

San. The slaue is sorie for his fault, now we cannot be
Angrie, wel whats the matter that you would do with vs.

Boy. Marry sir, I heare you pertain to signior *Ferando*.

San. I and thou beest not blind thou maiest see, *Ecce
signum*, heere.

Boy. Shall I intreat you to doo me a message to your
Maister?

San. I it may be & you tel vs from whence you com.

Boy. Marrie sir I serue young *Polidor* your maisters
friend.

San. Do you serue him and whats your name?

Boy. My name sirha, I tell thee sirha is cald *Catapie*.

San. Cake and pie, O my teeth waters to have a peece of
thee.

Boy. Why slave wouldst thou eate me?

San. Eate thee, who would not eate Cake and pie?

Boy. Why villaine my name is *Catapie*,
Bvt wilt thou tell me where thy maister is.

San. Nay thou must first tell me where thy maister is,
For I haue good newes for him, I can tell thee.

Boy. Why see where he comes.

Enter *Polidor*, *Aurelius*, and *Valeria*.

Pol. Come sweet *Aurelius* my faithfull friend
Now will we go to see those loulie dames
Richer in beawtie then the orient pearle
Whiter then is the Alpine Christall mould,

And farre more loulie then the terean plant,
That blushing in the aire turnes to a stone.
What *Sander*, what newes with you?

San. Marry sir, my maister sends you word
That you must come to his wedding to morrow.

Pol. What shall he be married then?

San. Faith I, you thinke he standes as long about it as
you doo.

Pol. Whither is thy maister gone now?

San. Marrie hees gone to our house in the Countrie,
To make all thinges in a readinesse against my new
Mistresse comes thither, but heele come againe to morrow.

Pol. This is suddainlie dispatcht belike,
Well sirha boy, take *Saunder* in with you
And haue him to the buttrie presentlie.

Boy. I will sir: come *Saunder*.

Exit Saunder and the Boy.

Aurel. *Valeria* as erste we did deuise,
Take thou thy lute and go to *Alfonso's* house,
And say that *Polidor* sent thee thither.

Pol. I *Valeria* for he spoke to me,
To helpe him to some cunning Musition,
To teach his eldest daughter on the lute,
And thou I know will fit his turne so well
As thou shalt get great fauour at his handes,
Begon *Valeria* and say I sent thee to him.

Vale. I will sir, and stay your comming at *Alfonso's* house.

Exit Valeria.

Pol. Now sweete *Aurelius* by this deuise
Shall we haue leisure for to courte our loues
For whilst that she is learning on the lute,
Hir sisters may take time to steele abroad,
For otherwise shele keep them both within,
And make them worke whilst she herselfe doth play,
But come lets go vnto *Alfonso's* house,

And see how *Valeria* and *Kate* agree,
 I doute his Musick skarse will please his skoller,
 But stay here comes *Alfonso*.

Enter *Alfonso*.

Alfonso. What M. *Polidor* you are well mett,
 I thanke you for the man you sent to me,
 A good Musition I thinke he is,
 I haue set my daughter and him together,
 But is this gentellman a frend of youres?

Pol. He is. I praie you sir bid him welcome,
 He's a wealtlie Marchants sonne of *Cestus*.

Alfon. Your welcom sir and if my house aforde
 You any thing that may content your mind,
 I pray you sir make bold with me.

Aurel. I thanke you sir, and if what I haue got,
 By marchandise or trauell on the seas,
 Sattens or lawnes or azure colloured silke,
 Or pretious frie pointed stoncs of Indie,
 You shall command both them myselfe and all.

Alfon. Thanks gentle sir, *Polidor* take him in,
 And bid him welcome to¹ vnto my house,
 For thou I thinke must be my second sonne.

Ferando. *Polidor* doost thou not know
 Must marry *Kate*, and to morrow is the day.

Pol. Such newes I heard, and I came now to know.

Alfon. *Polidor* tis true, goe let me alone,
 For I must see against the bridegroome come,
 That all thinges be according to his mind,
 And so Ile leane you for an houre or two.

Erit.

Pol. Come then *Aurilius* come in with me,

¹ "to" omitted in editions 1607; "too" was, probably, the word meant in the first and second editions, completing the measure, and improving the meaning of *Alfonso's* Instruction to *Polydor*

And weelee go sit a while and chat with them,
And after bring them forth to take the aire.

Exit.

Then *Slie* speakes.

Slie. Sim, when will the foole come againe?

Lord. Heele come againe my Lord anon.

Slie. Gis some more drinke here, souns wheres
The Tapster, here *Sim* eate some of these things.

Lord. So I doo my Lord.

Slie. Here *Sim*, I drinke to thee.

Lord. My Lord heere comes the plaiers againe,

Slie. O braue, heers two fine gentlewomen.

Enter *Valeria* with a lute, and *Kate* with him.

Vale. The sencelesse trees by musick haue been moou'd
And at the sound of pleasant tuned strings,
Haue sauage beastes hung downe theer listning heads,
As though they had beene cast into a trance,
Then it may be that she¹ whom nought can please,
With musickes sound in time may be surprisde,
Come louelye mistresse will you take your lute,
And play the lesson that I taught you last?

Kate. It is no matter whether I doo or no,
For trust me I take no great delight in it.

Vale. I would sweet mistresse that it laie in me,
To helpe you to that thing thats your delight.

Kate. In you with a pestlence, are you so kind?
Then make a night cap of your fiddles case,
To warme your head, and hide your filthie face.

Fal. If that sweet mistresse were your harts content,
You should command a greater thing then that,
Although it were ten times to my disgrace.

¹ "to whom." Edition 1607.

Kate. Your so kind twere pittie you should be hang'd,
And yet methinkes the foole dooth looke asquint.

Val. Why mistresse doo you mocke me?

Kate. No but I meane to moue thee.

Val. Well, will you plaie a little?

Kate. I¹ giue me the lute.

She plaies.

Val. That stop was false, play it againe.

Kate. Then mend it thou, thou filthy asse.

Val. What, doo you bid me kisse your arse?

Kate. How now iacksause, your a iollie mate,
Your best be still least I crosse your pate,
And make your musicke flie about your eares,
Ile make it and your foolish² coxcombe meet.

She offers to strike him with the lute.

Val. Hold mistresse, sounds will you breake my lute?

Kate. I³ on thy head, and if thou speake to me,
There take it vp and fiddle some where else.

She throwes it downe.

And see you come no more into this place,

Least that I clap your fiddle on your face.

Ex Kate.

Val. Sounds, teach hir to play vpon⁴ the lute?
The deuill shall teach her first, I am glad shees gone,
For I was neare so fraid in all my life,
But that my lute should flie about mine eares,
My maister shall teach her his selfe⁵ for me,
For Ile keepe me far enough without hir reach,
For he and *Polydor* sent me before.
To be with her and teach her on the lute,
Whilst they did court the other gentlewomen,
And heere methinkes they come together.

¹ "Yea." Edition 1607.

² "foolish," omitted in edition 1607.

³ "Yea." Edition 1607.

⁴ "on the lute." Edition 1607.

⁵ "himselfe." Edition 1607.

Enter *Aurelius*, *Polidor*, *Emelia*, and *Philena*.

Pol. How now *Valeria*, whears your mistresse ?

Val. At the vengeance I thinke and no where else.

Aurel. Why *Valeria*, will she not learne apace ?

Val. Yes ber lady she has learnt too much already,
And that I had felt had I not spoke hir faire
But she shall neare be learnt for me againe.

Aurel. Well *Valeria* go to my chamber,
And beare him companie that came to daie
From *Cestus*, where our aged father dwels. *Ex. Valeria.*

Pol. Come faire *Emelia* my louelie loue,
Brighter then the burnisht pallace of the sunne,
The eie sight of the glorious firmament,
In whose bright lookes sparkles the radiant fire.
Wilie *Prometheus* slilie stole from *Joue*,
Infusing breath, life, motion, soule,
To euerie obiect striken by thine eies.
Oh faire *Emelia* I pine for thee,
And either must enioy thy loue, or die.

Eme. Fie man, I know you will not die for loue.
Ah *Polidor* thou needst not to complaine,
Eternall heauen sooner be dissolude,
And all that pearseth *Phebus* siluer eie,
Before such hap befall to *Polidor*.

Pol. Thanks faire *Emelia* for these sweet words,
But what saith *Phylena* to hir friend ?

Phyle. Why I am buying marchandise of him.

Aurel. Mistresse you shall not need to buie of me,
For when I crost the bubling Canibey,
And sailde along the Cristall Helispont,
I filde my cofers of the wealthie mines,
Where I did cause Millions of labouring Moores
To vndermine the cauernes of the earth,
To seeke for strange and new found pretious stones,

And diue into the sea to gather pearle,
 As faire as *Iuno* offered *Priums* some,
 And you shall take your liberall choice of all.

Phyle. I thanke you sir and would *Phylena* might
 In any curtesie requite you so,
 As she with willing hart could well bestow.

Enter *Alfonso*.

Alfon. How now daughters, is *Ferando* come ?

Eme. Not yet father. I wonder he staies so long.

Alfon. And wheres your sister that she is not heere ?

Phyle. She is making of hir readie father
 To goe to church and if that he were come.

Pol. I warrant you heele not be long awaie.

Alfon. Go daughters get you in, and bid your
 Sister prouide her selfe agaiust that we doo come,
 And see you goe to church along with vs.

Exit Philena and Emelia

I maruell that *Ferando* comes not away.

Pol. His Tailor it may be hath bin too slacke,
 In his apparrell which he meanes to weare,
 For no question but some fantasticke sutes
 He is determined to weare to day,
 And richly powdered with pretious stones
 Spotted with liquid gold, thick set with pearle,
 And such he meanes shall be his wedding sutes.

Alfon. I carde not I what cost he did bestow,
 In gold or silke, so he himselfe were heere,
 For I had rather lose a thousand crownes,
 Then that he should deceiue vs heere to daie,
 But soft I thinke I see him come.

Enter *Ferando* baselic attired, and a red cap on his head.

Feran. Godmorow father, *Polidor* well met,
 You wonder I know that I haue staid so long.

Alfon. I¹ marrie son, we were almost perswaded,
That we should scarce haue had our bridegroome heere,
But say, why art thou thus basely attired?

Feran. Thus richlie father you should haue said,
For when my wife and I am² married once,
Shees such a shrew, if we should once fal out
Sheele pul my costlie sutes ouer mine eares,
And therefore am I thus attired awhile,
For manie thinges I tell you's in my head,
And none must know thereof but *Kate* and I,
For we shall liue like lammes and Lions sure,
Nor Lammes to Lions neuer was so tame,
If once they lic within the Lions pawes
As *Kate* to me if we were married once,
And therefore come let vs to church presently.

Pol. Fie *Ferando* not thus atired for shame
Come to my Chamber and there sute thy selfe,
Of twentie sutes that I did neuer were.

Feran. Tush *Polidor* I haue as many sutes
Fantasticke made to fit my humor so
As any in Athens and as richlie wrought
As was the Massie Robe that late adorn'd,
The stately legate of the Persian King,
And this from them haue I made choise to weare.

Alfon. I prethie *Ferando* let me intreat
Before thou goste vnto the church with vs
To put some other sute vpon thy backe.

Feran. Not for the world if I might gaine it so,
And therefore take me thus or not at all.

Enter *Kate*.

But soft se where my *Kate* doth come,
I must salute hir : how fares my louely *Kate*?
What art thou readie? shall we go to church?

¹ "yca." Edition 1607.

² "are." Edition 1607.

Kate. Not I with one so mad, so basely tirde.
 To marrie such a filthie slauish groome
 That as it seemes sometimes is from his wits,
 Or else he would not thus haue come to vs.

Feran. Tush *Kate* these words addes greater loue in me
 And makes me thinke thee fairrer then before,
 Sweete *Kate* the¹ louelier then Dianas purple robe,
 Whiter then are the snowie Apenis,
 Or icie haire that goes on Boreas chin.
 Father I sweare by Ibis golden beake,
 More faire and Radiante is my bonie *Kate*,
 Then siluer Zanthus when he doth imbrace,
 The ruddie Simies at Idas feete,
 And care not thou swete *Kate* how Ibe clad,
 Thou shalt haue garments wrought of Median silke,
 Enchast with pretious Iewells fecht from far,
 By Italian Marchants that with Russian stemes,
 Plous vp huge forrowes in the *Terren Maine*,
 And better farre my louely *Kate* shall weare,
 Then come sweet loue and let vs to the church,
 For this I sweare shall be my wedding sute *Exeunt Omnes.*

Alfon. Come gentlemen go along with vs,
 For thus doo what we can he will be wed. *Exit.*

Enter *Polidors* boy and *Sander*.

Boy. Come hither sirha boy.

San. Boy, oh disgrace to my person, souns boy
 Of your face, you haue many boies with such
 Pickadeuantes I an sure, souns would you
 Not haue a blendie nose for this?

Boy. Come, come, I did but iest, where is that
 Same peece of pie that I gaue thee to keepe.

San. The pie? I you haue more minde of your bellie
 Then to go see what your maister dooes.

¹ "thou." Editions 1596 and 1607.

Boy. Tush tis no matter man I prethe giue it me,
I am verie hungry I promise thee.

San. Why you may take it and the deuill burst
You with it, one cannot saue a bit after supper,
But you are alwaies readie to munch it vp.

Boy. Why come man, we shall haue good cheere
Anon at the bridehouse, for your maisters gone to
Church to be married already, and thears
Such cheere as passeth.

San. O braue, I would I had eate no meate this week
For I haue neuer a corner left in my bellie
To put a venson pastie in, I thinke I shall burst my selfe
With eating, for Ile so cramme me downe the tarts
And the marchpaines, out of all crie.

Boy. I, but how wilt thou doo now thy maisters
Married, thy mistresse is such a deuill as sheele make
Thee forget thy eating quickly, sheele beat thee so.

San. Let my maister alone with hir for that, for
Heele make hir tame wel enough ere long I warent thee
For he's such a churle waxen now of late that and he be
Neuer so little angry he thums me out of all crie,
But in my minde sirra the yongest is a verie
Prettie wench, and if I thought thy maister would
Not haue hir Ide haue a flinge at hir
My selfe Ile see soone whether twill be a match
Or no : and it will not Ile set the matter
Hard for myselfe I warrant thee.

Boy. Sounes you slaue will you be a Riual with
My maister in his loue, speake but such
Another worde and Ile cut off one of thy legges.

San. Oh, cruell iudgment, nay then sirra
My tongue shall talke no more to you, marry my
Timber shall tell the trustie message of his maister
Euen on the very forehead on thee, thou abusious
Villaine, therefore prepare thyselfe.

Boy. Come hither thou Imperfecksious slaue in
 Regard of thy beggery, holde thee theres
 Two shillings for thee? to pay for the
 Healing of thy left legge which I meane
 Furiously to inuade or to maim at the least.

San. O supernodicall foule? well Ile take your two shillings
 but Ile barre striking at leggos.

Boy. Not I, for Ile strike any where.

San. Here here¹ take your two shillings again
 Ile see thee hangd ere Ile fight with thee,
 I gat a broken shin the other day,
 Tis not, whole yet and therefore Ile not fight
 Come come why should we fall out?

Boy. Well sirray your faire words hath somethineg
 Alaied my Coller: I am content for this once
 To put it vp and be frends with thee,
 But soft see where they come all from church,
 Belike they be Married allredy.

*Enter Ferando and Kate and Alfonso and Polidor and Amelia
 and Aurelius and Philemia.*

Feran. Father farwell, my *Kate* and I must home,
 Sirra go make ready my horse presentlie.

Alfon. Your horse? What son I hope you doo but iest
 I am sure you will not go so suddainly.

Kate. Let him go or tarry I am resolu'de to stay,
 And not to trauell on my wedding day.

Feran. Tut *Kate* I tell thee we must needes go home,
 Villaine hast thou saddled my horse?

San. Which horse, your curtall?

Feran. Sounes you slaue stand you prating here?
 Saddell the bay gelding for your Mistris.

Kate. Not for me: for Ile² not go.

¹ "*Here*" is not repeated in editions 1596 and 1607

² "I will." Edition 1607.

San. The ostler will not let me haue him you owe tenpence
For his meate and 6 pence for stuffing my Mistris saddle.

Feran. Here villaine go pay him straight.

San. Shall I giue them another pecke of launder.

Feran. Out slaue and bring them presently to the dore.

Alfon. Why son I hope at least youle dine with vs.

San. I pray you maister lets stay till dinner be don.

Feran. Sounes villaine art thou here yet? *Ex Sander.*
Come *Kate* our dinner is prouided at home.

Kate. But not for me, for here I meane to dine
He haue my will in this as well as you,
Though you in madding mood would leaue your frends
Despite of you He tarry with them still.

Feran. I *Kate* so thou shalt but at some other time,
When as thy sisters here shall be espoused,
Then thou and I will keepe our wedding day.
In better sort then now we can prouide,
For here I promise thee before them all,
We will ere long returne to them againe,
Come *Kate* stand not on termes we will awaie,
This is my day, tomorrow thou shalt rule,
And I will doo what euer thou commandes.
Gentlemen farwell, wele take our leues,
It will be late before that we come home.

Exit Ferando and Kate.

Pol. Farwell *Ferando* since you will be gone.

Alfon. So mad a cupple did I neuer see.

Emel. They're euen as well macht as I would wish.

Phile. And yet I hardly thinke that he can tame her.
For when he has don she will do what she list.

Aurel. Her manhood then is good I do belceve.

Pol. *Aurelius* or else I misse my marke
Her tounge will walke if she doth hold her handes,
I am in dout ere halfe a month be past
Hele curse the priest that married him so soone.

And yet it may be she will be reclaimde,
For she is verie patient grone of late.

Alfon. God hold it that it may continue still
I would be loth that they should disagree
But he I hope will holde her in a while.

Pol. Within this¹ two daies I will ride to him.
And see how louingly they do agree.

Alfon. Now *Aurelius* what say you to this,
What haue you sent to *Cestus* as you said,
To certifie your father of your loue
For I would gladlie he would like of it,
And if he be the man you tell to me,
I gesse he is a Marchant of great wealth.
And I haue seene him oft at *Athens* here,
And for his sake assure thee thou art welcome.

Pol. And so to me whilest *Polidor* doth liue.

Aurel. I find it so right worthie gentlemen,
And of what² worth your frendship I esteeme,
I leue censure of your seuerall thoughts,
But for requitall of your fauours past,
Rests yet behind, which when occasion serues
I vow shalbe remembred to the full,
And for my fathers comming to this place,
I do expect within this weeke at most.

Alfon. Inough *Aurelius*² but we forget
Our Marriage dinner now the bride is gon,
Come let vs see what there they left behind. *Exit Omnes.*

Enter Sanders with two or three seruing men.

San. Come sirs provide all thinges as fast as you can,
For my Masters hard at hand and my new Mistris
And all, and he sent me before to see all thinges redy.

Tom. Welcome home Sander sirra how lookes our
New Mistris they say she's a plagie shrew.

¹ "these." Edition 1607

² "that." Edition 1607.

San. I¹ and that thou shalt find I can tell thee and² thou
Dost not please her well, why my Maister
Has such a doo with hir as it passeth and he's euen
Like a madman.

Will. Why Sander what dos³ he say.

San. Why Ile tell you what: when they should
Go to church to be married he puts on an olde
Jerkin and a paire of canuas breeches downe to the
Small of his legge and a red cap on his head and he
Lookes as thou wilt⁴ burst thy selfe with laffing
When thou seest him: he's ene as good as a
Foole for me: and then when they should go to dinner
He made me saddle the horse and away he came.
And nere tarried for dinner: and therefore you had best
Get supper reddy against they come, for
They be hard at hand I am sure by this time.

Tom. Sounes see where they be all redy.

Enter Ferando and Kate.

Feran. Now welcome *Kate*: where's these villains
Here, what? not supper yet vppon the borde:
Nor table spred nor nothing don at all.
Wheres that villaine that I sent before.

San. Now, *ad sum*, sir.

Feran. Come hether you villaine Ile cut your nose,
You Rogue: helpe me of with my bootes: wilt please
You to lay the cloth? sounes the villaine
Hurts my foote? pull easely I say; yet againe.

He beates them all.

They couer the bord and fetch in the meate.

Sounes? burnt and skorcht who drest this meate?

¹ "Yea." Edition 1607.

² "and if." Edition 1607.

³ "doth." Edition 1607

⁴ "wouldst." Edition 1607.

Will. Forsouth Iohn cooke.

He throwes downe the table and meate and all, and beates
them.¹

Feran. Go you villaines bringe you² me such meate,
Out of my sight I say and beare it hence,
Come *Kate* welo haue other meate provided,
Is there a fire in my chamber sir?

San. I forsooth.

Exit³ Ferando and Kate.

Manent seruing men and eate vp all the meate.

Tom. Sounes? I thinke of my conscience my Masters
Mad since he was maried.

Will. I laft what a boxe he gaue *Sander*
For pulling of his bootes.

Enter *Ferando* againe.

San. I hurt his foote for the nonce man.

Feran. Did you so you damned villaine.

He beates them all out againe.

This humor must I holde me to awhile,
To bridle and holde backe my headstrong wife,
With curbes of hunger: ease: and want of sleepe,
Nor sleepe nor meate shall she inioie to night,
He mew her vp as men do mew their hawkes,
And make her gentlie come vnto the lure,
Were she as stuborne or as full of strength
As were⁴ the *Thracian* horse *Alcides* tamde,
That King *Egeus* fed with flesh of men,
Yet would I pull her downe and make her come
As hungry hawkes do flie vnto there lure. *Exit.*

¹ "them *all*" in edition 1607.

² "you," omitted in edition 1607.

³ "Exeunt." Edition 1607.

⁴ "*was*." Edition 1607.

Enter *Aurelius* and *Valeria*.

Aurel. *Valeria* attend : I haue a louely loue.
 As bright as is the heauen cristalline,
 As faire as is the milkewhite way of Ioue,
 As chaste as *Phoebe* in her sonuner sportes,
 As softe and tender as the asure downe,
 That circles *Cithereas* siluer doues.
 Her do I meane to make my louely bride,
 And in her bed to breath the sweete content,
 That I thou knowst long time haue aimed at,
 Now *Valeria* it rests in thee to helpe
 To compasse this, that I might gaine my loue,
 Which easilie thou maist performe at will,
 If that the marchant which thou toldst me of,
 Will as he sayd go to *Alfonso's* house,
 And say he is my father, and there with all
 Pas ouer certain deedes of land to me,
 That I thereby may gaine my hearts desire,
 And he is promised reward of me.

Val. Feare not my Lord Ile fetch him straight to you,
 For hele do any thing that you command,
 But tell me my Lord, is *Ferando* married then ?

Aurel. He is : and *Polidor* shortly shall be wed,
 And he meanes to tame his wife erelong.

Val. He saies so.

Aurel. Faith he's gon vnto the taming schoole.

Val. The taming schoole ; why is there such a place ?

Aurel. I : and *Ferando* is the Maister of the schoole.

Val. Thats rare : but what *decorum* dos¹ he vse ?

Aurel. Faith I know not : but by som odde deuise
 Or other, but come *Valeria* I long to see the man,
 By whome we must comprise our plotted drift,
 That I may tell him what we haue to doo.

Val. Then come my Lord and I will bring you to him straight.

¹ "doth." Edition 1607.

Aurel. Agrced, then lets go.

Exeunt.

Enter Sander and his Mistres.

San. Come Mistris.

Kate. *Sander* I prethe helpe me to some meate,
I am so faint that I can scarcely stande.

San. I marry mistris but you know my maister
Has giuen me a charge that you must eate nothing,
But that which he himselfe giueth you.

Kate. Why man thy Maister needs never know it.

San. You say true indede: why looke you Mistris,
What say you to a peese of beeffe and mustard now?

Kate. Why I say tis excellent meate, canst thou helpe me
to some?

San. I, I could helpe you to some but that
I doubt the mustard is too colerick for you,
But what say you to a sheepes head and garlick?

Kate. Why any thing, I care not what it be.

San. I but the garlike I doubt will make your breath
stincke,

and then my maister will course me for letting
You eate it: But what say you to a fat Capon?

Kate. Thats nicate for a King sweet *Sander* helpe
Me to some of it.

San. Nay ber lady then tis too decre for vs, we must
Not meddle with the Kings meate.

Kate. Out villaine dost thou mocke me,
Take that for thy sawsinesse.

She beates him.

San. Sounes are you so light fingerd with a murrin,
He keepe you fasting for it this¹ two daies.

Kate. I tell thee villaine He tear the flesh of
Thy face and eate it and thou prates² to me thus.

San. Here comes my Maister now hele course you.

¹ "these." Edition 1607.

² "prate." Edition 1607.

Enter *Ferando* with a peece of meate vppon his daggers¹ point,
and *Polidor* with him.

Feran. Se here Kate I haue provided meate for thee
Here take it what ist not worthie thanks,
Goe sirra? take it awaie againe you shal be
Thankefull for the next you haue.

Kate. Why I thanke you for it.

Feran. Nay now tis not worth a pin go sirray and take it
hence I say.

San. Yes sir Ile Carrie it hence : Maister let her
Haue none for she can fight as hungrie as she is.

Pol. I pray you sir let it stand, for Ile eate
Some with her my selfe.

Feran. Well sirra set it downe againe.

Kate. Nay nay I pray you let him take it hence,
And keepe it for your owne diete for Ile none,
Ile nere be beholding to you for your Meate,
I tell thee flatlie here vnto the thy teethe
Thou shalt not keepe me nor feede me as thou list,
For I will home againe vnto my fathers house ;

Feran. I, when you'r meeke and gentell but not
Before, I know your stomack is not yet come downe,
Therefore no maruell thou canste not eate,
And I will goe vnto your fathers house ;
Come *Polidor* let vs goe in againe,
And *Kate* come in with vs I know ere longe
That thou and I shall louingly agree.

Ex Omnes.

Enter Aurelius Valeria and Phylotus the Marchant.

Aurel. Now Senior *Phylotus* we will go
Vnto *Alfonsos* house, and be sure you say
As I did tell you concerning the man

¹ "dagger." Edition 1607.

That dwells in¹ *Cestus*, whose son I said I was
 For you doo very much resemble him,
 And feare not: you may be bold to speake your mind,

Phyl. I warrant you sir take you no care,
 Ile vse my selfe so cunning in the cause,
 As you shall soon inioie your harts delight.

Aurel. Thankes sweet *Phylotus*, then stay you here,
 And I will go and fetch him hither straight.
 Ho, Senior *Alfonso* a word with you.

Enter *Alfonso*.

Alfon. Whose there? What *Aurelius* whats the
 matter

That you stand so like a stranger at the doore?

Aurel. My father sir is newly come to towne,
 And I haue brought him here to speake with you,
 Concerning those² matters that I tolde you of,
 And he can certifie you of the truth.

Alfon. Is this your father? You are welcome sir.

Phyl. Thankes *Alfonso*, for thats your name I gesse
 I understand my son hath set his mind
 And bent his liking to your daughters loue,
 And for because he is my only son,
 And I would gladly that he should doo well,
 I tell you sir I not mislike his choise,
 If you agree to giue him your consent,
 He shall haue liuing to maintaine his state,³
 Three hundred poundes a yeare I will assure
 To him and to his heyres, and if they do ioyne,
 And knit themselues in holy wedlock bande,
 A thousand massie ingots of pure gold,
 And twise as many bares of siluer plate,

¹ "at." Edition 1607.

² "these." Edition 1607.

³ "estate." Edition 1607.

I freely giue him and in writing straight,
I will confirme what I have said in wordes.

Alfon. Trust me I must commend your liberall mind,
And louing care you beare vnto your son,
And here I giue him freely my consent,
As for my daughter I thinke he knowes her mind,
And I will inlarge her dowrie for your sake.
And solemnise with ioie your nuptiall rites,
But is this gentleman of *Cestus* too ?

Aurel. He is the *Duke* of *Cestus* thrise renowned son,
Who for the loue his honour beares to me
Hath thus accompanied me to this place.

Alfon. You weare to blame you told me not before,
Pardon me my Lord, for if I had knowne
Your honour had bin here in place with me
I would haue donne my dutie to your honour.

Val. Thankes good *Alfonso*: but I did come to see
When as¹ these marriage rites should be performed,
And if in these nuptialls you vouchsafe
To honour thus the prince of *Cestus* frend,
In celebration of his spousall rites
He shall remaine a lasting friend to you,
What saies *Aurelius* father.

Philo. I humbly thanke your honour good my Lord,
And ere we parte before your honor here
Shall articles of such content be drawne,
As twixt our houses and posterities,
Eternallie this league of peace shall last,
Inuiolat and pure on either part :

Alfon. With all my heart, and if your honour please,
To walke along with vs vnto my house,
We will confirme these leagues of lasting loue.

Val. Come then *Aurelius* I will go with you. *Ex Omnes.*

¹ "as" is omitted in Edition 1607.

Enter *Ferando and Kate and Sander.*

San. Master the haberdasher has brought my Mistresse home hir cappe here.

Feran. Come hither sirra : what haue you there ?

Habar. A veluet cappe sir and it please you.

Feran. Who spoake for it ? didst thou *Kate* ?

Kate. What if I did, come hither sirra, giue me The cap, Ile see if it will fit me.

She sets it one hir head.

Feran. O monstrous, why it becomes thee not, Let me sec it *Kate* : here sirra take it hence This cappe is out of fashion quite.

Kate. The fashion is good inough : belike you Meane to make a foole of me.

Feran. Why true he meanes to make a foole of thee To haue thee put on such a curtald cappe, Sirra begon with it.

Enter the *Taylor* with a gowne.

San. Here is the *Taylor* too with my Mistris gowne.

Feran. Let me see it *Taylor* : what with cuts and iaggess. Sounes you¹ villaine, thou hast spoiled the gowne.

Taylor. Why sir I made it as your man gaue me direction. You may reade the note here.

Feran. Come hither sirra *Taylor* reade the note.

Taylor. Item. a faire round compast cape.

San. I thats true.

Taylor. And a large truncke sleeue.

San. Thats a lie maister. I sayd two truncke sleeues.

Feran. Well sir goe forward.

Taylor. Item a loose bodied gowne.

San. Maister if euer I sayd loose bodies gowne,

¹ *thou.* Edition 1607.

Sew me in a seame and beate me to death.

With¹ bottome of browne thred.

Taylor. I made it as the note bad me.

San. I say the note lies in his throute and thou too
And thou sayst it.

Taylor. Nay nay nere he so hot sirra, for I feare you not.

San. Doost thou heare *Taylor*, thou hast braued
Many men : braue not me.

Thou'st faste many men.

Taylor. Well sir.

San. Face not me Ile neither be faste nor braued.
At thy handes I can tell thee.

Kate. Come come I like the fashion of it well enough,
Heres more a do then needs Ile haue it, I
And if you do not like it hide your eies,
I thinke I shall haue nothing by your will.

Feran. Go I say and take it vp for your maisters vse.

San. Souns villaine not for thy life touch it not,
Souns take vp my mistris gowne to his
Maisters vse?

Feran. Well sir whats your conceit of it.

San. I haue a deeper conceite in it then you thinke for, take
vp my mistris gowne
To his maisters vse?

Feran. *Taylor* come hether ; for this time take it
Hence againe, and Ile content thee for thy paines.

Taylor. I thanke you sir.

Exit Taylor.

Feran. Come *Kate* we now will go see thy fathers house
Euen in these honest meane abilliments,
Our purses shall be rich our garments plaine,
To shrowd our bodies from the winter rage,
And thats inough, what should we care for more

¹ with a bottome. Editions 1596 and 1607.

Thy sisters *Kate* to morrow must be wed,
 And I haue promised them thou shouldst be there
 The morning is well vp lets hast away,
 It will be nine a clocke ere we come there.

Kate. Nine a clock, why tis allreadie past two
 In the after noone by all the clocks in the towne.

Feran. I say tis but nine a clock in the morning.

Kate. I say tis two a clock in the after noone.

Feran. It shall be nine then ere we¹ go to your fathers,
 Come backe againe we will not go to day.
 Nothing but crossing of² me still,
 Ile haue you say as I doo ere you³ go. *Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter *Polidor, Emelia, Aurelius and Philema.*

Pol. Faire *Emelia* sommers sun bright⁴ Queene,
 Brighter of hew then is the burning clime,
 Where *Phæbus* in his bright equator sits,
 Creating gold and pressious minneralls
 What would *Emelia* doo? if I were forst
 To leaue faire *Athens* and to range the world.

Eme. Should thou assay to scale the seate of Ioue,
 Mounting theuttle ayrie regions
 Or be snacht vp as erste was *Ganimed*
 Loue should giue winges vnto my swift desires
 And prune my thoughts that I would follow thee,
 Or fall and perish as did *Icarus*.

Aurel. Sweetly resolved faire *Emelia*,
 But would *Philema* say as much to me
 If I should aske a question now of thee
 What if the Duke of *Cestus* only son
 Which came with me vnto your fathers house,

¹ "you." Edition 1607.

² "of" omitted. Edition 1607.

³ "I." Edition 1607.

⁴ "bright sun" in editions 1596 and 1607.

Should seeke to get *Phylemas* loue from me,
And make thee Duches of that statly towne
Wouldst thou not then forsake me for his loue?

Phyle. Not for great *Neptune*, no nor *Ioue* himselfe,
Will *Phylema* leaue *Aurelius* loue,
Could he install me *Empres* of the world,
Or make me Queene and guidres of the heauens
Yet would I not exchange thy¹ loue for his,
Thy company is poore *Philemas* heauen,
And without thee heauen were hell to me.

Eme. And should my loue as erste did *Hercules*
Attempt to passe² the burning valtes of hell,
I would with piteous lookes and pleasing wordes
As once did *Orpheus* with his harmony,
And rauishing sound of his melodious harpe,
Intreate grin *Pluto* and of him obtaine,
That thou mightest go and safe retourne againe.

Phyle. And should my loue as earst *Leander* did,
Attempt to swimme the boyling helispont
For *Heros* loue: no towers of brasse should hold
But I would follow thee through those raging flouds
With lockes disheuered and my brest all bare
With bended knees vpon *Abidas* shoore,
I would with smokie sighes and brinish teares,
Importune *Neptune* and the watry Gods
To send a guard of silver scaled *Dolphyns*
With sounding *Tritons* to be our conuoy,
And to transport vs safe vnto the shore,
Whilst I would hang about thy louely necke,
Redoubling kisse on kisse vpon thy cheekes,
And with our pastime still the swelling waues.

Eme. Should *Polidor* as great³ *Achilles* did,

¹ "my." Editions 1596 and 1607.

² "to passe" omitted in edition 1607.

³ "great" omitted. Edition 1607.

Onely imploy himselfe to follow armes,
 Like to the warlike *Amazonian* Queene
Penthesilea Hectors paramore,
 Who foyld the bloudie *Pirrhus* murderous greeke,
 He thrust myselfe amongst the thickest throngs,
 And with my utmost force assist my loue.

Phyle. Let *Eole* storme: be mild and quiet thou,
 Let *Neptune* swell, be *Aurelius* calme and pleased,
 I care not I, betide what may betide,
 Let fates and fortune doo the worst they can
 I recke them not: they not discord with me,
 Whilst that my loue and I do well agree.

Aurel. Sweet *Phylema* bewties mynerall,
 From whence the sun exhales his glorious shine,
 And clad the heauen in thy reflected raies
 And now my liefest loue the time drawes nie,
 That *Himen* mounted in his saffron robe,
 Must with his torches waight vpon thy traine,
 As *Hellens* brothers on the horned Moone,
 Now *Iuno* to thy number shall I adde,
 The fairest bride that euer Marchant had.

Pol. Come faire *Emelia* the preeste is gon,
 And at the church your father and the reste
 Do stay to see our marriage rites performde,
 And knit in sight of heauen this *Gordian* knot,
 That teeth of fretting time may nere untwist,
 Then come faire loue and gratulate with me
 This daies content and sweet solemnity.

Ex. Omnes.

Slie. *Sim* must they be married now?

Lord. I my Lord.

Enter *Ferando* and *Kate* and *Sander*.

Slie. Looke *Sim* the foole is come again now.

Feran. Sirra go fetch our horsses forth and bring
 Them to the backe gate presentlie.

San. I will sir I warrant you.

Erit Sander.

Feran. Come *Kate* the Moone shines cleare to night
Methinkes.

Kate. The moone? why husband you are deceiued
It is the sun.

Feran. Yet againe come backe againe it shall be
The moone ere we come at your fathers.

Kate. Why Ile say as you say it is the moone.

Feran. Iesus saue the glorious moone.

Kate. Iesus saue the glorious moone.

Feran. I am glad *Kate* your stomack is come downe,
I know it well thou knowest it is the sun,
But I did trie to see if thou wouldst speake,
And crosse me now as thou hast donne before,
And trust me *Kate* hadst thou not named the moone,
We had gon back againe as sure as death,
But soft whose this thats comming here.

Enter the *Duke of Cestus* alone.

Duke. Thus all alone from *Cestus* am I come,
And left my princelie courte and noble traine,
To come to *Athens*, and in this disguise,
To see what course my son *Aurelius* takes
But stay, heres some it may be Trauells thether,
Good sir can you direct me the way to *Athens*?

Ferando speakes to the olde man.

Faire louely maide yong and affable,
More cleere of hew and far more beautifull,
Then pretious *Sardonix* or purple rockes,
Of *Amithests* or glistening *Hiasinthe*,
More amiable farre then is the plain
Where glistring *Cepherus* in siluer boures,
Gaseth vpon the Giant *Andromede*,
Sweete *Kate* entertaine this louely woman.

Duke. I thinke the man is mad he calls me a woman.

Kate. Faire louely lady brighte and Christalline,

Bewteous and stately as the eie traird bird,
 As glorious as the morning washt with dew,
 Within whose eies she takes her dawning beames,
 And golden sommer sleepes vpon thy cheekes,
 Wrap¹ vp thy radiations in some cloud,
 Least that thy bewty make this stately towne
 Inhabitable like the burning *Zone*
 With sweet reflections of thy louely face.

Duke. What is she mad to? or is my shape transformd,
 That both of them perswade me I am a woman,
 But they are mad sure, and therefore Ile begon,
 And leaue their companies for feare of harme,
 And vnto *Athens* hast to seeke my son. *Exit Duke.*

Feran. Why so *Kate* this was friendly done of thee,
 And kindly too, why thus must we two liue,
 One minde, one heart and one content for both,
 This good old man dos thinke that we are mad,
 And glad he is² I am sure, that he is gonne,
 But come sweet *Kate* for we will after him,
 And now perswade him to his shape againe. *Ex Omnes.*

*Enter Alfonso and Philotus and Valeria Polidor, Emelia,
 Aurelius and Phylema.*

Alfon. Come louely sonnes your marriage rites performed,
 Lets hie vs homo to see what cheere we haue,
 I wonder that *Ferando* and his wife
 Comes³ not to see this great solemnitie.

Pol. No maruell if *Ferando* be away,
 His wife I think hath troubled so his wits,
 That he remaines at home to keepe them warme,
 For forward wedlocke as the prouerbe sayes,
 Hath brought him to his night cappe long agoe.

¹ "wrapt." Editions 1596 and 1607. ² "is he." Edition 1607.

³ "come." Editions 1596 and 1607.

Philo. But *Polidor* let my son and you take heede,
That *Ferando* say not ere long as much to you,
And now *Alfonso* more to shew my loue,
If vnto *Cestus* you do send your ships,
Myselfe will fraught them with *Arabian* silkes,
Rich affrick spices *Arras* counter poines¹
Muske *Cassia* : sweet smelling *Ambergreece*,
Pearle, curroll,² christall, iett and inorie,
To gratulate the fauors of my son,
And friendly loue that you haue shone to him.

Vale. And for to honour him, and this³ faire bride.

Enter the *Duke of Cestus*.

Ile yerly send you from my⁴ fathers courte,
Chests of refind suger seuerally,
Ten tunne of tunis wine, sucket sweet druges,
To celebrate and solemnise this day
And custome free your marchants shall conuerse⁵
And interchange the profits of your land,
Sending you gold for brasse, siluer for leade,
Casses of silke for packes of woll and cloth,
To binde this friendship and confirme this league.

Duke. I am glad sir that you would be so franke,
Are you become the *Duke of Cestus* son,
And reuels with my treasure in the towne,
Base villaine that thus dishonorest me.

Val. Sounes it is the *Duke* what shall I doo
Dishonour thee why, knowst thou what thou saist ?

Duke. Her's no villaine : he will not know me now.
But what say you ? have you forgot me too ?

Phylo. Why sir are you acquainted with my son ?

¹ "*pointes*." Edition 1607.

² "*curtol*." Edition 1607.

³ "*his*." Edition 1607.

⁴ "*your*." Edition 1607.

⁵ "*commerce*." Edition 1607.

Duke. With thy son ? No trust me if he be thine,
I pray you sir who am I ?

Aurel. Pardon me father : humblie on my knees,
I do intreat your grace to heare me speake.

Duke. Peace villaine : lay handes on them,
And send them to prison straight.

Phylotus and Valeria runnes away.

Then *Slie* speakes.

Slie. I say wele haue no sending to prison.

Lord. My Lord this is but the play, theyre but in iest.

Slie. I tell thee *Sim* wele haue no sending,
To prison thats flat : why *Sim* am not I *Don Christo Vary* ?
Therefore I say they shall not go to prison.

Lord. No more they shall not my Lord,
They be run away.

Slie. Are they run away *Sim* ? thats well,
Then gis some more drinke, and let them play againe.

Lord. Here my Lord.

Slie drinkes and then falls asleepe.

Duke. Ah trecherous boy that durst presume,
To wed thy selfe without thy fathers leaue,
I sweare by fayre *Cintheas* burning rayes
By *Merops* head and by seauen mouthed *Nile*
Had I but knowne ere thou hadst wedded her,
Were in thy brest the worlds immortall soule,
This angrie sword should rip thy hatefull chest,
And hewd thee smaller then the *Libian* sandes,
Turne hence thy face oh cruell impious boy,
Alfonso I did not thinke you would presume
To mach your daughter with my princely house
And nere make me acquainted with the cause :

Alfon. My Lord by heauens I sweare vnto your grace
I knew none other but *Valeria* your man,
Had bin the *Duke* of *Cestus* noble son,
Nor did my daughter I dare sweare for her.

Duke. That damned villaine that hath deluded me,
Whome I did send¹ guide vnto my son
Oh that my furious force could cleaue the earth,
That I might muster bands of hellish feendes,
To rack his heart and teare his impious soule.
The ceaselesse turning of celestiaall orbes,
Kindles not greater flames in fitting aire,
Then passionate anguish of my raging brest.

Aurel. Then let my death sweet father end your grieve
For I it is that thus haue wrought your woes,
Then be reuengd on me for here I sweare,
That they are innocent of what I did,
Oh had I charge to cut of *Hydraes* hed
To make the toplesse *Alpes* a champion² field
To kill vntamed monsters with my sword,
To trauell dayly in the hottest sun
And watch in winter when the nightes be colde.
I would with gladnesse vndertake them all
And thinke the paine but pleasure that I felt,
So that my noble father at my returne,
Would but forget and pardon my offence.

Phile. Let me intreat your grace vpon my knees,
To pardon him and let my death discharge
The heauy wrath your grace hath vowd gainst him.

Pol. And good my Lord let vs intreat your grace
To purge your stomack of this Melancholy,
Taynt not your princely minde with grieve my Lord
But pardon and forgiue these louers faults,
That kneeling craue your gracious fauor here.

Emel. Great prince of *Cestus*, let a womans wordes
Intreat a pardon in your lordly brest,
Both for your princely son, and vs my Lord.

¹ "for guide." Editions 1596 and 1607.

² "champaine." Edition 1607.

Duke. Aurelius stand vp I pardon thee,
 I see that vertue will haue enemies,
 And fortune will be thwarting honour still,
 And you faire virgin too I am content,
 To accept you for my daughter since tis don,
 And see you princely vsde in *Cestus* courte.

Phyle. Thankes good my Lord and I no longer liue
 Then I obey and honour you in all.

Alfon. Let me giue thankes vnto your royall grace,
 For this great honor don to me and mine,
 And if your grace will walke vnto my house
 I will in humblest maner I can, show
 The eternall seruice I doo owe your grace.

Duke. Thanks good *Alfonso*, but I came alone,
 And not as did besecme the *Cestian Duke*,
 Nor would I haue it knowne within the towne,
 That I was here and thus without my traine,
 But as I came alone so will I go,
 And leaue my son to solemnise his feast,
 And ere't belong Ile come againe to you,
 And do him honour as beseemes the son
 Of mightie *Ierobell* the *Cestian Duke*,
 Till when Ile leaue you, Farwell *Aurelius*.

Aurel. Not yet my Lord, Ile bring you to your ship.

Exeunt Omnes.

Slie sleepes.

Lord. Whose within there? come hither sirs my Lords
 Asleepe againe : go take him easily vp,
 And put him in his one¹ apparel againe,
 And lay him in the place where we did find him,
 Iust vnderneath the alehouse side below,
 But see you wake him not in any case.

Boy. It shall be don my Lord come helpe to beare him
 hence,

Exit.

¹ "own." Editions 1596 and 1607.

Enter *Ferando*, *Aurelius* and *Polidor* and his boy and *Valeria*
and *Sander*.

Feran. Come gentlemen now that suppers donne
How shall we spend the time till we go to bed?

Aurel. Faith if you will in triall of our wiues,
Who will come sownest at their husband's call.

Pol. Nay then *Ferando* he must needes sit out,
For he may call I thinke till he be weary,
Before his wife will come before she list.

Feran. Tis well for you that haue such gentle wiues
Yet in this triall will I not sit out,
It may be *Kate* will come as soone as yours.¹

Aurel. My wife comes soonest for a hundred pound.

Pol. I take it. He lay as much to youres,
That my wife comes as soone as I do send.

Aurel. How now *Ferando* you dare not lay belike.

Feran. Why true I dare not lay indeede ;
But how so little mony on so sure a thing,
A hundred pound : why I haue layd as much
Vpon my dogge, in running at a Deere,
She shall not come so farre for such a trifle,
But will you lay five hundred markes with me,
And whose wife soonest comes when he doth call,
And shewes her selfe most louing vnto him,
Let him inioye the wager I haue laid,
Now what say you ? dare you aduenture thus ?

Pol. I weare it a thousand pounds I durst presume
On my wiues loue : and I will lay with thee.

Enter *Alfonso*.

Alfon. How now sons what in conference so hard,
May I without offence, know whereabouts.

¹ "as soone as I do send." Edition 1607.

Aurel. Faith father a waighty cause about our wiuēs
 Fiue hundred markes already we haue layd,
 And he whose wife doth shew most loue to him,
 He must inioie the wager to himselfe.

Alfon. Why then *Ferando* he is sure to lose,¹
 I promise thee son thy wife will hardly come,
 And therefore I would not wish thee lay so much.

Feran. Tush father were it ten times more,
 I durst aduenture on my louely *Kate*,
 But if I lose Ile pay, and so shall you.

Aurel. Vpon mine honour if I loose Ile pay.

Pol. And so will I vpon my faith I vow.

Feran. Then sit we downe and let vs send for them.

Alfon. I promise thee *Ferando* I am afraid thou wilt lose.

Aurel. Ile send for my wife first, *Valeria*
 Go bid your Mistris come to me.

Val. I will my Lord.

Exit Valeria.

Aurel. Now for my hundred pound.
 Would any lay ten hundred more with me,
 I know I should obtaine it by her loue.

Feran. I pray God you haue not laid too much already.

Aurel. Trust me *Ferando* I am sure you haue,
 For you I dare presume haue lost it all.

Enter *Valeria* againe.

Now sirra what saies your mistris ?

Val. She is something busie but shele come anon.

Feran. Why so, did I not tell you this before,
 She is² busie and cannot come.

Aurel. I pray God your wife send you so good an answere.
 She may be busie yet she sayes shele come.

Feran. Well well: *Polidor* send you for your wife.

¹ "lose it." Edition 1607.

² "was busie." Edition 1607.

Pol. Agreed: *Boy* desire your mistress to come hither.

Boy. I will sir.

Ex Boy.

Feran. I so so he desires her to come.

Alfon. *Polidor* I dare presume for thee,
I thinke thy wife will not deny to come,
And I do maruell much *Aurelius*,
That your wife came not when you sent for her.

Enter the *Boy* againe.

Pol. Now wheres your Mistress?

Boy. She bad me tell you that she will not come
And you haue any businesse you must come to her.

Feran. Oh monstrous intollerable presumption,
Worse then a blasing starre, or snow at midsommer,
Earthquakes or any thing vnseasonable,
She will not come: but he must come to her.

Pol. Well sir I pray you lets here what
Answer your wife will make.

Feran. Sirra command your Mistress to come
To me presentlie.

Exit Sander.

Aurel. I thinke my wife for all she did not come,
Will proue most kinde for now I haue no feare,
For I am sure *Ferandos* wife she will not come.

Feran. The mores the pittie: then I must lose.

Enter *Kate* and *Sander*.

But I haue won for see where *Kate* doth come.

Kate. Sweet husband did you send for me?

Feran. I did my loue I sent for thee to come,
Come hither *Kate*, whats that vpon thy head.

Kate. Nothing husband but my cap I thinke.

Feran. Pull it of and treade it vnder thy feete,
Tis foolish I will not haue thee weare it.

She takes of her cap and treads on it.

Pol. Oh wouderfull metamorphosis.

Aurel. This is a wonder almost past beleefe.

Feran. This is a token of her true loue to me,
And yet Ile trie her further you shall see,
Come hither *Kate* where are thy sisters.

Kate. They be sitting in the bridall chamber.

Feran. Fetch them hither and if they will not come,
Bring them perforce and make them come with thee.

Kate. I will.

Alfon. I promise thee *Ferando* I would haue sworne
Thy wife would nere haue donne so much for thee.

Feran. But you shall see she will do more then this
For see where she brings her sisters forth by force.

Enter *Kate* thrusting *Phylema* and *Emelia* before her, and
makes them come vnto their husbands call.

Kate. See husband I haue brought them both.

Feran. Tis well don *Kate*.

Eme. I sure and like a louing peece your worthy
To haue great praise for this attempt.

Phyle. I for making a foole of her selfe and vs.

Aurel. Beshrew thee *Phylema*, thou hast
Lost me a hundred pound to night,
For I did lay that thou wouldst first haue come.

Pol. But thou *Emelia* hast lost me a great deale more.

Eme. You might haue kept it better then,
Who bad you lay?

Feran. Now louely *Kate* before there husbands here,
I prethe tell vnto these hedstrong women
What dutie wiuers doo owe vnto their husbands.

Kate. Then you that liue thus by your pompered¹ wills
Now list to me and marke what I shall say
The'ternall power that with his only breath,
Shall cause this end and this beginning frame,

¹ "pampered." Editions 1596 and 1607.

Not in time, nor before time, but with time, confusd,
 For all the course of yeares, of ages, moneths,
 Of seasons temperate, of dayes and houres,
 Are tund and stopt, by measure of his hand,
 The first world was a forme without a forme,
 A heape confusd a mixture all deformd,
 A gulfe of gulfes, a body bodiles,
 Where all the elements were orderles,
 Before the great commander of the world
 The King of Kings the glorious God of heauen,
 Who in six daies did frame his heauenly worke
 And made all things to stand in perfit course,
 Then to his image he did make a man.
 Olde *Adam* and from his side asleepe,
 A rib was taken, of which the Lord did make,
 The woe of man so termd by *Adam* then,
 Woman for that, by her came sinne to vs,
 And for her sin was *Adam* doound to die,
 As *Sara* to her husband so should we
 Obey them, loue them, keepe, and nourish them
 If they by any meanes doo want our helpes,
 Laying our handes vnder their feete to tread,
 If that by that we, might procure there ease,
 And for a president Ile first begin
 And lay my hand vnder my husbands feete.

She laies her hand vnder her husbands feete.

Feran. Inough sweet, the wager thou hast won,
 And they I am sure cannot denie the same.

Alfon. I *Ferando* the wager thou hast won,
 And for to shew thee how I am pleasd in this,
 A hundred poundes I freely giue thee more,
 Another dowry for another daughter,
 For she is not the same she was before.

Feran. Thankes sweet father, gentlemen godnight
 For *Kate* and I will leaue you for to night,

Tis *Kate* and I am wed, and you are sped.
And so farwell for we will to our beds.

Exit Ferando and Kate and Sander.

Alfon. Now *Aurelius* what say you to this?

Aurel. Beleeue me father I reioice to see

Ferando and his wife so louingly agree.

*Exit Aurelius and Phylema and Alfonso
and Valeria.*

Eme. How now *Polidor* in a dump, what sayst thou man?

Pol. I say thou art a shrew.

Eme. Thats better then a sheepe.

Pol. Well since tis don let it go, come lets in.¹

Exit² Polidor and Emelia.

Then enter two bearing of *Slie* in his
Owne apparrell againe and leaues him
Where they found, him, and then goes out.
Then enter the *Tapster*.

Tapster. Now that the darkesome night is ouerpast,
And dawning day appeares in chrystall sky,
Now must I hast abroad: but soft whose this?
What *Slie* oh wondrous hath he laine here allnight,
He wake him, I thinke he's starued by this,
But that his belly was so stufte with ale,
What how³ *Slie*, Awake for shame.

Slie. Sim gis some more wine, whats⁴ all the
Plaiers gon: am not I a Lord?

Tapster. A lord with a murrin: come art thou drunken
still?

¹ In edition 1607 the whole line is thus:—

“Well since tis done come lets goe.”

² “*Exeunt.*” Edition 1607.

³ “now.” Editions 1596 and 1607.

⁴ “what.” Edition 1607

Slie. Whose this? *Tapster*, oh Lord sirra, I haue had
The braucest dreame to night, that euer thou
Hardest in all thy life.

Tapster. I¹ marry but you had best get you home,
For your wife will course you for dreaming here tonight

Slie. Will she? I know now how to tame a shrew,
I dreamt vpon it all this night till now,
And thou hast wakt me out of the best dreame
That euer I had in my life, but Ile to my
Wife presently and tame her too.
And² if she anger me.

Tapster. Nay tarry *Slie* for Ile go home with thee,
And heare the rest that thou hast dreamt to night.

Exeunt Omnes.

¹ "yea." Edition 1607.

² "and" is omitted in edition 1607.

FINIS.



A MERRY JEST
OF A
SHREWD AND CURST WIFE
LAPPED IN
MOREL'S SKIN,
FOR HER GOOD BEHAVIOUR.

The following humorous tale in verse has no especial relation in its incidents to Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew," and consequently none to the older comedy reprinted on the preceding pages; but it is of a similar character, and has always been mentioned in connection with both: it is therefore appended, in order that the ancient materials existing in the time of our great dramatist, and most likely well known to him, may be at one view before the reader. Regarding the merit of "The Wife lapped in Morels Skin," as a piece of popular poetry, there can be no dispute. The author of it is unknown: at the end, we read "Finis, quoth Mayster Charme her," but that is evidently an assumed name.

The poem was included by Mr. Utterson, in 1817, in his two excellent and amusing volumes; but our edition has been made from a fresh collation (for which we are indebted to Mr. Halliwell) with the original copy (wanting one leaf) in the Bodleian Library, so that it differs in no other respect than that we have not adopted the black-letter type. When Mr. Utterson republished it, he apprehended that the entry in the Stationers' Registers, in 1594, referred to it; for, in 1817, the copies of the old "Taming of a Shrew," of 1594 and 1596, had not been discovered. It is to the first of these, unquestionably, that the memorandum in the Stationers' Registers relates.

It was long supposed that only two copies of "The Wife lapped in Morels Skin" were known; but this now appears to be a mistake, although it is certainly a production of great rarity. It came from the press of Hugh Jackson, without date, but about 1550 or 1560, under the following title:—

"Here begynneth a merry Ieste of a shrewde and curste Wyfe, lapped in Morrelles Skin, for her good behauyour. — Imprinted at London in Fleetestrete, beneath the Conduite, at the signe of Saint Iohn Euangelist, by H. Jackson."

The only differences in the colophon are, that the word "Saint" is represented by the capital initial, and that the printer's Christian name is given at length. The popularity of the poem is not to be doubted; and in Langham's celebrated "Letter from Kenilworth," 1575, "the wife lapt in Morels skin" is enumerated as one of the stories which Captain Cox had "at hiz fingers endz."—See Collier's "Bridgewater Catalogue," p. 163.

THE
WIFE LAPPED IN MORELS SKIN.

Lysten, friendes, and holde you still,
Abide a while and dwell :
A mery Iest tell you I will,
And how that it befell.
As I went walking vpon a day,
Among my friendes to sporte :
To an house I tooke the way,
To rest me for my comforte.

A greate feast was kepte there than,
And many one was thereat :
With wyues and maydens, and many a good man,
That made good game and chat,
It befell then at that tyde
An honest man was there :
A cursed Dame sate by his syde,
That often did him dere.

His wife she was, I tell you playne,
This dame, ye may me trowe :
To play the maister she would not layne
And make her husband bowe.
At euery word that she did speake,
To be peace he was full fayne,
Or else she would take him on the cheeke,
Or put him to other payne.

When she did winke, he durste not stere,
Nor play where euer he wente,
With friend or neighbour to make good chere,
Whan she her browes bente.
These folke had two maydens fayre and free.
Which were their daughters dere :
This is true, beleene you me,
Of condicions was none their pere.

The yongest was meeke, and gentle ywys,
Her Fathers condicion she had :
The eldest her mothers withouten misse,
Sometime franticke, and sometime mad.
The father had his pleasure in the one alway.
And glad he was her to behold :
The mother in the other, this is no nay,
For in all her curstnesse she made her bolde.

And at the last she was in fay,
As curste as her mother in word and dede,
Her mischieuous pagcauntes sometime to play,
Which caused her fathers heart to bleede :
For he was woe and nothing glad,
And of her would fayue be rid :
He wished to God that some man her had,
But yet to maryage he durst her not bid.

Full many there came the yongest to haue,
But her father was loth her to forgoe :
None there came the eldest to craue,
For feare it should turne them to woe.
The Father was loth any man to beguile,
For he was true and iust withall,
Yet there came one within a while,
That her demaunded in the Hall.

Another there came right soone also.
The yongest to haue he would be fayne,
Which made the fathers heart full woe,
That he and the yongest should parte in twayne.
But the mother was fell, and might her not see.
Wherefore of her she would haue bene rid :
The yong man full soone she graunted pardy,
Greate Golde and syluer with her she bid.

Saying, full soone he would her haue,
And wedded they were, shorte tale to make :
The Father sayd, so God me saue,
For heauinesse and sorrowe I tremble and quake.
Also his hearte was in greate care,
How he should bestowe the eldest y wys,
Which should make his purse full bare :
Of her he would be rid by heauens blisse.

As hap was that this yong man should
Desyre the eldest withouten fayle :
To maryage, he sayd, full fayne he would,
That he might her haue for his auayle.
The father sayd with wordes anon,
Golde and syluer I would thee giue :
If thou her marry, by sweete Saynt John,
But thou shouldest repent it all thy liue.

She is conditioned, I tell thee playne,
Moste like a Fiend, this is no nay :
Her Mother doth teach her, withouten layne,
To be mayster of her husband another day.
If thou shouldest her marry, and with her not gree,
Her mother thou shouldest haue alway in thy top :
By night and day that shouldest vex thee,
Which sore would sticke then in thy crop.

And I could not amend it, by God of might,
For I dare not speake my selfe for my life :
Sometime among, be it wrong or right,
I let her haue all for feare of strife.
If I ought say she doth me treate,
Except I let her haue her will,
As a childe that should be beate
She will me charme : the Deuill her kill.

Another thing thou must vnderstande,
Her mother's good will thou must haue also :
If she be thy friend, by sea or by lande
Amisse with thee then can it not go.
For she doth her loue with all her minde,
And would not see her fare amisse :
If thou to her dareleng could be kinde,
Thou couldest not want, by heauens blisse.

If thou to the mother now wilt seeke,
Behaue thy selfe then like a man :
And shew thy selfe both humble and meeke,
But when thou haste her, doe what thou can.
Thou wotest what I sayd to thee before,
I counsayle thee marke my wordes well :
It weare greate pittie, thou werte forlore,
With such a deuillishe Fende of hell.

I care not for that, the yong man sayd :
If I can get the mothers good will,
I would be glad to haue that mayde,
Me thinketh she is withouten euell.
Alas ! good man, I am sorry for thee,
That thou wilt cast thy selfe away,
Thou art so gentle and so free :
Thou shalt neuer tame her. I dare well say.

But I haue done, I will say no more.
Therefore farewell, and goe thy way :
Remember what I sayd to thee before,
And beware of repentaunce another day.

*How the yong man departed from the Father, and sought
to the Mother for to haue the mayde to marriage.*

Now is the yong man come to the dame,
With countenaunce glad, and manners demure :
Saying to her, God keepe you from blame,
With your dere daughter so fayre and pure.
She welcommeth agayne the fayre yong man,
And bid him come neare, gentle friende :
Full curteously he thanked the good dame than,
And thought her wordes full good and kinde.

Then he began, I shall you tell,
Unto the mother thus to say,
With wordes fayre that become him well,
For her deare daughter thus to pray :
Saying, good dame, now by your leaue,
Take it for none euell though I come here,
If you to me good leaue would giue,
With you right fayne would I make good chere.

The dame sayd : syt downe, a while abyde,
Good chere anon than will we make :
My daughter shall sit downe by thy syde,
I know well thou comdest onely for her sake.
You say full true forsooth, sayd he,
My minde is stedfastly on her set :
To haue that mayde fayre and free,
I would be fayne, if I coulde her get.

The mother thanked him for his good will,
That he her daughter so did desyre :
Saying, I hope you come for none cuell,
But in good honesty her to requyre.
For if ye did, I will be playne,
Right soone it shoulde turne you vnto griefe,
And also your comming I would disdayne,
And bid you walke with a wylde mischiefe.

But surely I take you for none of those,
Your condiscions shew it in no wise :
Wherefore me thinke you doe not glose,
Nor I will not counsell you by mine aduise.
For I loue my Daughter as my harte,
And loth I were, I will be playne,
To see her suffer payne and smarte,
For if I did my harte were slayne.

If that thou shouldest another day
My daughter haue, and her good will,
Order her then vnto her pay
As reason requireth, it is good skill.
In women sometime great wisdom is,
And in men full little it is often seene,
But she is wise withouten mis,
From a yong child vp she hath so beene.

Therefore to her thou must audience giue
For thine owne profite, when she doth speake,
And than shalt thou in quiet liue,
And much strife thus shalte thou breake.
Howe sayest thou, yong man, what is thy minde ?
Wouldest thou her haue, my doughter dere ?
Than to her thou must be kinde,
And alway ready to make her good chere.

For an C. li. of money haue thou shalte,
Of Syluer and eke of Golde so round,
With an C. quarters of Corne and malte,
And xl. acres of good ground :
If thou wilt liue with her like a man,
Thou shalt her haue, and this will I giue,
And euer after while I can,
Be thy good Mother as long as I liue.

And I will speake to my daughter for thee,
To know if it be her will also :
If she be content, my daughter free,
Then together may ye go.
The mother demaunded her daughter than,
If that she could fynde in her minde,
With all her harte to loue that yong man,
So that he to her would be kinde ?

She sayd, yea, mother, as you wyll,
So will I doe in worde and deede :
I trust he commeth for none yll,
Therefore the better may we speede.
But I would haue one that hath some good,
As well as I, good reason is :
Me thinke he is a lusty blood,
But gooddes there must be withouten misse.

The yong man was glad these wordes to here,
And thanked the mother of her good will,
Beholding the Mayden with right mild cheare,
And prayed her hartely to be still :
Saying to her then in this wise,
Mine heart, my loue, my dearling deare,
Take no displeasure of my enterprise,
That I desyre to be your peare.

I am not riche of Gold nor fee,
Nor of greate marchandise, ye shall vnderstand,
But a good Crafte I haue, pardoe,
To get our liuing in any land :
And in my heart I can well fynde,
You for to loue aboue all other,
For euermore to you to be kynde,
And neuer forsake you for none other.

Lyke a woman I will you vse,
And doe you honour, as ye should doe me :
And for your sake all other refuse,
As good reason is it should so be.
By my trouth, but well you say,
And me thinke by your countenaunce ywis,
That ye should not another day,
For no cause deale with me amis.

And in you I hope pleasure to take,
If ye woulde be gentle as ye should,
And neuer none other for your sake,
To marry for a M. pound of gold.
But sometime ye must me a little forbear,
For I am hasty, but it is soone done :
In my fume I doe nothing feare,
Whatsoever thereof to me become.

And I cannot refrayne me in no wise,
For I haue it by nature a parte y wis.
It was wont to be my mothers guise,
Sometime to be mayster withouten misse :
And so must I, by God, now and than,
Or else I would thinke it should not be well,
For though ye were neuer so good a man,
Sometime among I will beare the bell.

And therefore tell me with wordes playne,
If ye can be pacient what time it is,
To suffer me with a little payne,
Though that you thinke I doe amisse?
Or else say nay, and make a shorte ende,
And soone we shall asonder departe :
Then at your liberty you may hence wend.
Yet I doe loue you with all my harte.

The yong man was glad of her loue, in fay,
But loth he was master her for to make,
And bethought him what her father before did saye,
When he on wooing his iorney did take :
And so consented to all her will,
When he aduised him what he should doe.
He sayd, ye may me saue or spill,
For ye haue my loue, sweete heart, and no moe.

The mother, hearing this, for the father sente,
Shewing to him what was befall :
Wherewith he was right well content,
Of all their promises in generall.
Upon this greement they departed then,
To prepare all thinges for the feast :
Glad was the bride and her spouse then,
That they were come to this beheast.

*Howe the Bryde was maryed with her Father and Mothers
good wyll.*

The day approached, the time drue neare,
That they should be wedded withouten misse :
The Bryde was glad and made good cheare,
For she thought to make greate ioye and blisse.

As that day to tryumphe with games and sporte,
Among her friendes a rule to beare :
And eake with his friendes that thether should resorte,
Thinking that no body might be her peare.

The bridegrome was glad also, in fay,
As man might be vpon the molde,
And to himselfe thus gan he say,
Now shall I receyue an heape of golde,
Of poundes many one, and much goods besyde,
To reioyce my sorrowes, and also my smarte :
I know not her peare in this country so wyde,
But yet I feare alway her proude harte.

She is so syb to the mother, withouten fayle,
Which hath no peare that I know :
In all mischief she dare assayle,
The boldest Archer that shooteth in a bow.
But no force, I care not, I wote what I thinke,
When we be wed and keepe house alone
For a small storme I may not shrinke,
To run to my neighbour to make my mone.

Soone to the church now were they brought,
With all their friends them about,
There to be maryed as they ought,
And after them followed a full great rout,
With them to offer, as custome is,
Among good neighboures it is alway seene :
Full richly deckte, withouten mis,
And she thought her selfe most likest a Queene.

Incontinent when the Masse was done,
Homeward forsooth they tooke the way :
There followeth after them right soone,
Many a tall man and woman full gay.

The fathers and mothers next of all,
 Unto the Bridgrome and Bryde also :
 As to them then it did befall,
 With them that tyde so for to go.

*How the Bryde and her friendes came from the Church, and
 were of the Brydegroom at their feast honestly serued.*

When they came home the bordes were spread,
 The Brido was set at the hysse dysse :
 Euery one sayd, she had well sped
 Of such a fayre husband as serued her mysse.
 The friendes sate about her on euery syde,
 Each in their order, a good syght to see,
 The Bryde in the middest, with much pryde,
 Full richely beseene she was pardye.

The mother was right glad of this sight,
 And fast she did her daughter behold,
 Thinking it was a pleasaunt wight,
 But alway her Fathers heart was cold :
 When he remembred what might befall
 Of this yong Daughter, that was so bold,
 He could nothing be merry at all,
 But moned the yong man full many a fold.

Beholde, how often with countenance sad
 Saying to himselfe, alas, this day !
 This yong man proueth much worse then mad,
 That he hath marryed this cursed may.
 Where I haue counsayled him by heauens blisse
 That he should not meddle in no wise,
 Least he repented, withouten misse,
 That euer he made this enterprise.

But seeing it is thus, selfe doe selfe haue,
He is worse then mad that will him mone ;
For I will no more, so God me saue,
But God send him ioy, with my daughter Jone.
She is as curste, I dare well swere,
And as angry y wis as euer was waspe :
If he her anger she will him tere,
And with her nayles also him claspe.

What auayleth it to say ought now ?
The deede is done, no remedy there is :
Good chcare to make, I make God auowe,
Is now the best, withouten misse ;
For now is the time it should so be,
To make good game and sporte in fay,
In comforting all this company,
That be assembled here this day.

The father and mother were dilligent still
To welcome the friendes both more and lesse :
The young man did also his good will
To serue them well at euery messe.
Wherein the mother great pleasure tooke,
And so did the father eake truly,
The Bride gaue a friendly looke,
Casting on him a wanton eye.

Then was the Brydegrome reioysed sore,
Alway our Lord thanking of his great grace,
Hauing in minde times many a score,
That his Bryde shewed him such a fayre place.
The mynstrelles played at euery bord,
The people therewith reioysed right well,
Geuing the Bridegrome their good word,
And the bryde also, that in bewty did excell.

The time past forth, the dinner was done,
The tables were taken vp all :
The Brydegroome welcommed them euery ech one,
That were there in the hall.
They thanked him then, and the bryde also,
Of their greate cheare they had,
And sware great othes, so mote I go,
They were neuer at feast so glad.

Nowe we will remember you or we depart.
As vse and custome doth requyre :
He thanked them with all his harte,
So did both dame and syre.
The Bryde to the table agayne was set,
To keepe countenaunce than in decde :
The friendes that were together met
Be gyfted them richely with right good speede.

The father and the mother fyrst began,
To order them in this wise.
The Brydegrome was set by the Brydes syde than,
After the countrey guise :
Then the father the fyrst present brought,
And presented them there richly in fay,
With deedes of his land in a boxe well wrought,
And made them his heyres for aye.

He gaue them also of malte and corne
An hundred quarters and more,
With sheepe and oxen, that bare large horne,
To keepe for household store.
And then came the mother, as quick as a bee,
To the Brydegrome with wordes smart,
Saying sonne, so mote I thee,
I must open to thee my harte.

She gave them also both carte and plow,
And bid them alway to doe well,
And God should send them good ynow,
If they did marke what she did tell.
Before the people in this Hall
I will say and to thee rehearse :
An hundred pound now geue thee I shall,
But harken fyrst vnto my vearse.

Thou haste here my daughter deare,
A pleasaunt thing it is :
In all the countrey I know not her peare,
So haue I parte of blisse ;
For she is wyse and fayre with all,
And will nothing cast away :
I trow there be now none in this hall,
That better can saue all thing in fay.

Nor better doth know what doth behoue
Unto an house or huswiuery,
Then she doth, which causeth me to moue
This matter to thee so busily.
She can carde, she can spin,
She can thresh, and she can fan :
She can helpe thee good to win,
For to keepe thee like a man.

And here is an hundred pound in Golde
To set thec vp, thy crafte to vse :
Wherefore I am playne, I would thou should
In no maner of wise thy selfe abuse,
To striue with my daughter or her to intreate,
For any thing that she shall doe
Here after, my child therefore to beate,
It should turne playnely to thy greate woe.

O ! my deare mother, take no displeasure,
Till you haue cause what so befall,
But vse your selfe alwaye by measure,
For other cause none haue you shall.
My wyfe and I full well shall gree,
I trust to God in throne :
She is my loue, and euer shall be,
And none but she alone.

O ! my deare sonne, thou makest me glad,
Which before was full of sorrowe :
For my deare daughter I was full sad,
But now I say, our Lord to borrow,
Thou geuest me good comfort : now fare wel care,
Here is thy hundred pound :
I pray God geue thee well to fare,
And kepe thee whole and sound.

I thanke you dere mother, the yong man sayd.
Of your good gifte and daughter deare :
Me thinkes she is the worthiest mayde,
In all this Lande, withouten peare.
I hoape to liue with her alway
So gentelly, that she shall fynde,
And you, her mother, I dare well say,
In euery season gentle and kynde.

The people, standing them to behold,
Regarded the wordes of the Brydegrome than,
And sayd, he aunswered with wordes cold,
Which become full well the good yong man.
And then they prest forth ech after other,
With golde and syluer, and riche giftes eake ;
And many a scorne they gaue the mother,
But euer they praysed the yong man meeke.

To whome he gaue thanks with all his mighte,
As honesty requyreth him to doe :
He ordred himselfe alway aright,
Yet they thought all he should haue woe ;
For he was matched so ywys,
That he could not wante for sorrow in fay,
But alway hampred, withouten misse,
Of mother and daughter, for euer and aye.

When all was done they gan depart,
And tooke their leauc full friendly thoe,
Thanking ech other with all their harte,
And on their way home they gan go.
The father and mother thanked them all,
The Bryde and Brydegrome also, without mis,
Did thanke the company in generall,
Departing from them with ioy and blisse.

Then they went home while it was day,
And lefte the Bryde and Brydegrome there,
And they that did abide there, in good fay,
They made at euen agayne good cheare.
And after supper they did make good sporte,
With dauncing and springing as was the vse :
Yong people by other there did resorte,
To no mans hynder nor confuse.

After that all sportes were ended and done,
And that the bryde should goe to bed,
About the hall they daunced soone,
And suddaynly away the bryde was led,
To take her rest with her dere spouse,
As reason would it should so be :
Euen as the cat was wonte with the mouse
To play, forsoth euen so did he.

The next morning, if that ye will heare,
 The mother did come to their bedsyde,
 Demaunding them what was their cheare,
 And the Bryde began her head to hyde ;
 Saying to her, as one ashamed,
 I wys, deare mother. I would ye were gone :
 Or ye came heare I was not blamed
 For being in his armes heare all alone.

Myne own deare daughter, be not displeased,
 Though I doc let you of your disport :
 I would be loath ye were diseased,
 But you shall haue a cawdell for your comforte.
 A while I will goe and let you alone,
 Till ye be ready for to ryse.
 And sodayuely the mother was from them gone
 To make the cawdell after the best wise.

When that the mother departed was,
 They dallyed together and had good game :
 He hit her awry ; she cryed, alas !
 What doe ye man ? hold vp for shame.
 I will sweete wife, then gan he say,
 Fulfill your mynde both loud and still ;
 But ye be able, I sweare in fay,
 In all sportes to abide my will.

And they wrestled so long beforne,
 That this they had for their greate meade :
 Both shyrt and smock was all to torne,
 That their vprysyng had no speede.
 But yet the mother came agayne,
 And sayd to her daughter, how doest thou nowe ?
 Mary, mother, betweene us twayne,
 Our shyrtes be torne, I make God auowe.

By Gods dere mother, she sware than,
 This order with vs may not continue :
 I will no more lye by this man,
 For he doth me brast both vayne and sinew.
 Nay, nay, deare mother, this world goeth on wheeles
 By sweet Saynt George ye may me trowe,
 He lyeth kicking with his heeles,
 That he is like to beare me a blow.

My owne deare daughter, if thy smock be asonder,
 Another thou shalte haue then, by this light :
 I pray thee hartely doo thou not wonder,
 For so was I dealt with the fyrst night
 That I by thy father lay, by the roode,
 And I doe thee with wordes playne :
 Me thought neuer night to me so good,
 As that same was when I tooke such payne.

Why, mother, were ye then glad
 To be thus delt with as I am now ?
 Me thinke my husband worse then mad,
 For he doth excede, I make God auow.
 I could not lye still, nor no rest take,
 Of all this night, beleue ye me :
 Sometime on my syde, and sometime on my backe.
 He rolde and layd me, so mote I thee.

And from the beds head vnto the beds feete,
 A cloth we had not vs for to decke,
 Neyther our couerlet, nor yet our sheete,
 That I pray God the deuell him checke ;
 For I am ashamed, my mother deare,
 Of this nightes rest, by God in throne :
 Before our fricndes I dare not appeare,
 Would to Gods passion I had layne alone !

Nay, nay, deare daughter, be not ashamed,
For here is nothing done amis :
They be more worthy to be blamed,
That hereof thinketh shame y wys ;
For this is honesty for thee and vs all.
And a new smock I will thee fet ;
And eke for thee, my sonne, I shall
For thy true laboure a new shyрте get.

And soone of these they were both sped,
The daughter, and eake the sonne also :
Full quickly they rose out of their bed,
And with their mother they gan go
Abroade among their friendes all,
Which bid them good lucke, and eake good grace :
The cawdell was ready there in the Hall,
With myrth and glce for their solace.

Thus ended the feast with sporte and play,
And all their friendes, each with other,
Did take their leaue and went their way,
From Bryde, and Brydegrome, with father and mother ;
Which right hartely did thanke them tho,
So did the Bryde, and Brydegrome eke ;
Yet when the friendes were all ago,
This yong folke abode with the mother all the weeke.

The father was glad to see them agree,
So was the mother, by heauen queene ;
And sayd eche to other, so mote I thee,
I thought not so well it should haue beene
Betweene them twayne as it is now ;
And therefore alone here shall they bide :
We will leaue them all, I make God auowe,
And go to dwell in our house harde beside.

At shorte conclusyon they went their way,
Leuing their children all that was there,
And come not agayne of many a day,
For their deare daughter to inquire.
Thus they bode together than :
He set vp his shop with haberdash ware,
As one that would be a thriving man,
To get great goods for his welfare.

And after that he tooke greate payne
To order his plowes and cattell also :
He kepte both boye, and also swayne,
That to the carte and plow did goe.
And some kepte neate, and some kept sheepe,
Some did one thing, some did another,
But when they came home to haue their meate,
The wife played the deuill then, like her mother.

With countenaunce grim, and wordes smart,
She gaue them meate, and bad them brast.
The pore folke that come from plow and carte,
Of her lewde wordes they were agast ;
Saying eche to other, what dame is this ?
The deuill I trow hath brought vs here :
Our mayster shall know it, by heauens blisse,
That we will not serue him another ycare.

The good man was fourth in the towne abroade,
About other thinges, I you say :
When he came homewarde he met with a goade,
One of his carters was going away :
To whome he sayde, Lob, whether goest thou ?
The carter spyde his master than,
And sayd to him, I make God auow,
No longer with thy wife abide I can.

Mayster, he sayd, by Gods blist,
Our dame is the deuell, thou mayst me beleue :
If thou haue sought her, thou haste not miste
Of one that full often thee shall greue.
By God, a man thou canst not haue
To go to carte, ne yet to plow,
Neyther boy, nor yet knaue,
By Gods deare mother I make God auow,

That will bide with thee day or night.
Our Dame is not for vs, for she doth curse :
When we shall eate or drinke with right,
She bannes and frownes, that we be all the worse.
We be not vsed, where euer we wende,
To be sorely looked on for eating of our meat.
The deuell, I trow, vs to thee send :
God helpe vs a better maystres to get.

Come on thy way, Lob, and turne agayne ;
Go home with me, and all shall be well :
An Oxe for my meyny shall be slayne,
And the hyde at the market I will sell.
Upon this together home they went :
The good man was angry in his minde,
But yet to his wife, with good intent,
He sayd, sweete heart, you be vnkinde.

Entreate our meyny well alway,
And geue them meate and drinke ynough ;
For they get our liuing euery day,
And theirs also, at carte and plough.
Therefore I would that they should haue
Meate and drinke to their behoue ;
For, my sweete wife, so God me saue,
Ye will doe so, if ye me loue.

Gyue them what thou wilt, I doe not care,
 By day nor night, man, beleeue thou me :
 What euer they haue, or how they fare,
 I pray God euell mote they thee.
 And specially that horeson that doth complayne,
 I will quite him once if euer I liue ;
 I will dash the knaue vpon the brayne,
 That euer after it shall him greeue.

What ! my deare wife, for shame, be still ;
 This is a payne such wordes to heare :
 We can not alwayes haue our will,
 Though that we were a kinges pere.
 For to shame a knaue what can they get ?—
 Thou arte as lewde, for God, as they,
 And therefore shalt thou serue them of meate,
 And drinke also, from hence alway.

What ! wife, ye be to blame,
 To speake to me thus in this wise :
 If we should striue, folke woud speake shame,
 Therefore be still in mine aduise.
 I am loth with you to striue,
 For ought that you shall doe or say.
 I sweare to Christ, wife, by my liue,
 I had rather take Morell, and ryde my way,

To seeke mine aduenture, till your moode be past
 I say to you these manners be not good,
 Therefore I pray you that this be the last,
 Of your furious anger that semeth so wood.
 What can it auayle you me for to greeue,
 That loueth you so well as I doe mine harte ?
 By my trouth, wife, you may me beleeue,
 Such toyes as these be woud make vs both smarte.

Smarte in the twenty fayning Deuelles name !
 That liste me once well for to see :
 I pray God geue the[e] euell shame !
 What shouldest thou be, werte not for me ?
 A ragge on thine arse thou shouldest not haue,
 Excepte my friendes had geuen it thee :
 Therefore I tell thee well, thou drunken knaue,
 Thou arte not he that shall rule me.

O ! good wife, cease, and let this ouerpasse :
 For all your great anger and hye wordes cake,
 I am mine owne selfe, euen as I was,
 And to you will be louing, and also meeke ;
 But if ye should doe thus, as ye doe begin,
 It may not continue no time ywys :
 I would not let for kyth nor kin,
 To make you mend all thinges that is amys.

Make me ! mary, out vpon the dreuill,
 Sayest thou that ? wylte thou beginne ?
 I pray God and our Lady, that a foule euill
 Lyghten vpon thee and all thy kinne.
 By Gods deare blest, vex me no more,
 For if thou doe thou shalte repente ;
 I haue yet somewhat for thee in store.
 And with that a staffe in her hand she hent.

At him full soone then she let flee,
 And whorled about her as it had bene a man :
 Her husband then was fayne perdy
 To voyde her stroake, and goe his way than.
 By Gods deare mother, then gan she swcare,
 From henceforth I will make thee bow ;
 For I will trim thee in thy geare,
 Or else I would I were cald a sow.

Fye on all wretches that be like thee,
In worde or worke both lowde and still !
I sweare by him that made man free,
Of me thou shalte not haue thy will,
Now nor neuer, I tell thee playne,
For I will haue Golde and riches ynow,
When thou shalte goe iagged as a simple swain,
With whip in hande at carte and plough.

Of that, my deare wife, I take no scorne,
For many a goodman with minde and harte
Hath gone to plough and carte beforne
My time y wys, with payne and smarte,
Which now be rich, and haue good at will,
Being at home, and make good cheare ;
And there they intend to leade their life still,
Till our Lord doe sende for them heare.

But now I must ryde a little way :
Deare wife, I will come right soone agayne.
Appoynt our dinner, I you pray,
For I doe take on me great payne :
I doe my best, I sweare by my life,
To order you like a woman y wys ;
And yet it cannot be withouten strife,
Through your lewde tongue, by heauens blisse.

Ryde to the Deuell, and to his dame,
I would I should thee neuer see !
I pray God send thee mickle shame,
In any place where euer thou be.
Thou wouldest fayne the mayster play,
But thou shalte not, by God I make thee sure :
I sweare I will thy Peticote pay,
That long with me thou shalte not endure.

*How the good man rode his way, till he thoughte her anger
was past ; and then he retourned home againe.*

The good man was sorry, and wente his way
About his busynes, as he was vsed,
And to himselfe thus gan he say :
Lord God, how was I thus abused !
When I tooke this wife I was worse then mad,
And yet can I blame my selfe and none other,
Which maketh me sigh and often be sad,
Repenting full sore, by Gods deare Mother.

Fye vpon goods withouten pleasure !
Betweene man and wife that cannot agree,
It is a payne far passing measure,
Such stryfe to see where as loue should be :
For there was neuer man y wys
So hampered with one wife as I am now,
Wherefore I thinke, withouten misse,
She shall repent it, I make God auow.

Except she turne and change her minde,
And eake her conditions euerichone,
She shall fynde me to her so vnkinde,
That I shall her coyle both backe and bone,
And make her blew and also blacke,
That she shall grone agayne for woe ;
I will make her bones all to cracke,
Without that she her condicions forgoe.

I was neuer so vexte this time beforne,
As I am now of this wife alone ;
A vengeaunce on her that euer she was borne,
For she maketh me often full woe begon !

And I cannot tell where me to tourne
Nor me to wende, by God in faye,
Which cause me often for to mourne,
Or yet to know what for to say.

I am worse then mad or wood,
And yet I am loth with her to begin :
I feare me I shall neuer make her good,
Except I do wrap her in black Morels skin,
That can no more drawe at plough ne carte.
It shall be to late to call for her kinne,
When she beginneth once for to smarte,
For little ease thereby she shall winne.

Morell is olde, he can labour no more,
Nor doe no good but alway eate ;
I trowe, I haue kept him thus long in store,
To worke a charme that shall be feate.
The horeson is blynde and lame also,
Behynde and before, he cannot stere ;
When he from the stable to the streete should go,
He falleth downe ryght than in the myre.

Yet I am loth him for to kyll,
For he hath done me good seruice or nowe ;
But if my wyfe fulfyll not my wyll,
I must him flea, by God I trowe.
But at thys poynt nowe will I be :
I wyll be mayster, as it is reason,
And make her subiect vnto me,
For she must learne a newe lesson.

Her father did warne me of this beforne,
How I should it finde in eucry degree,
But I did take it for halfe a scorne,
And would not beleue him then, perdee.

But now I perceauē it very well
 He did it for good will y wis ;
 Wherefore I thinke that Morels fell
 Must mend all thing that is amis.

Thus he that will not beleeeue his friend,
 As her deare father was vnto me,
 He is worthy for to fynde
 Alway greate payne and misery.
 But I may not choose him to beleeeue,
 For the deede doth proue him selfe in fay ;
 Euer she is redy me for to greeue,
 And thinkes to continue so alway.

But now I will home to proue her minde,
 And see what welcome I shall haue ;
 She may be to me so vnkinde
 That she shall repent it, so God me saue :
 For if I should of her complayne,
 Folke would me mock, and giue me scorne,
 And say, I were worthy of this payne,
 Because it was shewed me so well beforne.

*How the goodman was welcommed when he retourned
 home agayne.*

The good man came ryding to the gate,
 And knocked as he had bene wode ;
 His seruauent right soone did meete him thereat,
 And bid him welcome with right milde moode.
 The mayster sayd, what doth my dame now ?
 Is she as frantick yet as she was ?
 Than will I tame her, I make God auow,
 And make her sing full loude alas.

Where arte thou, wife ? shall I haue any meate,
 Or am I not so welcome vnto thee,
 That at my commaundement I shall ought get,
 I pray thee hartely soone tell thou me ?
 If thou doe not serue me, and that anon,
 I shall thee shew mine anger y wis :
 I sweare by God, and by saynt John,
 Thy bones will I swaddle, so haue I blisse.

Forth she came, as brym a bore,
 And like a dog she rated him than,
 Saying thus, I set no store
 By thee, thou wretch, thou arte no man :
 Get thee hence out of my sight,
 For meate nor drink thou gettest none heare ;
 I sweare to thee by Mary bright,
 Of me thou gettest here no good cheare.

Well, wyfe, he sayd, thou doste me compell
 To doe that thing that I were loath :
 If I bereaue Morell of his old fell,
 Thou shalte repente it by the fayth now goath :
 For I see well that it will no better be,
 But in it thou must, after the new guyse.
 It had bene better, so mote I thee,
 That thou haddest not begon this enterpryse.

*How the good man caused Morell to be flayn, and the hide
 salted, to lay his wife therein to sleepe.*

Now will I begin my wife to tame,
 That all the world shall it know ;
 I would be loth her for to shame,
 Though she do not care, ye may me trow.

Yet will I her honesty regard,
And it preserue, where euer ye may,
But Morell, that is in yonder yarde,
His hyde therefore he must leese in fay.

And so he commaunded anon
To slea old Morell, his great horse ;
And flea him then the skin from the bone,
To wrap it about his wiues white coarse.
Also he commaunded of a byrchen tree
Roddes to be made a good great heape ;
And sweare by deare God in Trinity,
His wife in his seller shold skip and leape.

The hyde must be salted, then he sayd eake,
Bycause I would not haue it stinke ;
I hope herewith she will be meeke,
For this I trow will make her shrinke,
And bow at my pleasure, when I her bed,
And obay my commaundementes both lowde and
still ;
Or else I will make her body bleede,
And with sharp rodde beate her my fill.

Anon with that to her he gan to call ;
She bid abide in the diuelles name ;
I will not come what so befall :
Sit still with sorrow and mickle shame.
Thou shalte not rule me as pleseth thee,
I will well thou know by Gods deare Mother,
But thou shalt be ruled alway by me,
And I will be mayster, and none other.

Wilde thou be mayster, deare wife ? in fay,
Then must we wrestle for the best game ;

If thou it win, then may I say,
 That I haue done my selfe greate shame.
 But fyrst I will make thee sweate, good Jone,
 Redde blood euen to the heeles adowne,
 And lappe thee in Morels skin alone,
 That the blood shall be seene euen from the crowne.

Sayest thou me that, thou wretched knaue ?
 It were better thou haddest me neuer seene ;
 I sweare to thee, so God me saue,
 With my nayles I will scratch out both thine eyen,
 And therefore thinke not to touch me once,
 For, by the masse, if thou begin that,
 Thou shalte be handled for the nonce,
 That all thy braynes on the ground shall squat.

Why then there is no remedy, I see,
 But needes I must doe euen as I thought,
 Seing it will none other wise be,
 I will thee not spare, by God that me bought ;
 For now I am set thee for to charme,
 And make thee mecke, by Gods might,
 Or else with roddes, while thou arte warme,
 I shall thee scourge with reason and right.

*Now, good Morels skin,
 Receiue my curst wife in.*

*How the curst wife in Morels skin lay,
 Because she woulde not her husband obey.*

Now will I my sweete wife trim,
 According as she deserueth to me :
 I sweare by God, and by saynt Sim,
 With byrchen roddes well beate shall she be,

• And after that in Morels salte skin
I will her lay, and full faste binde,
That all her friendes, and eake her kyn,
Shall her long seeke or they her fynde.

Then he her met, and to her gan say,
How sayest thou, wife, wilt thou be mayster yet ?
She sware by Gods body, and by that day,
And sodaynly with her fyst she did him hit,
And defyed him, dreuill, at euery worde,
Saying, precious horesone, what doest thou thinke
I set not by thee a stinking torde,
Thou shalt get of me neyther meate nor drinke.

Sayest thou me that wyfe ? quoth he than.
With that in his armes he gan her catche,
Streight to the seller with her he ran,
And fastened the dore with locke and latche,
And threwe the key downe him besyde,
Askyng her than if she would obay ?
Than she sayde nay, for all thy pryde,
But she was mayster, and would abyde alway.

Then, quoth he, we must make a fraye :
And with that her cloths he gan to teare,
Out vpon thee, horesone ! than she did saye,
Wilt thou robbe me of all my geare ?
It cost thee naught, thou arrant theefe :
And quickly she gat hym by the heade ;
With that she sayde, God giue thee a mischiefe,
And them that fed thee fyrst with breade.

They wrestled togyther thus they two,
So long that the clothes asunder went,
And to the grounde he threwe her tho,
That cleane from the backe her smock he rent.

In euery hand a rod he gate,
And layd vpon her a right good pace ;
Asking of her what game was that ?
And she cryed out, horeson, alas ! alas !

What wylte thou doe ? wylte thou kill me ?
I haue made thee a man of nought :
Thou shalte repente it, by Gods pittie,
That euer this deede thou haste y wrought.
I care not for that, dame, he did say,
Thou shalt giue ouer or we departe
The maystership all, or all this day
I will not cease to make thee smarte.

Euer he layde on, and euer she did crye.
Alas ! alas ! that euer I was borne !
Out vpon thee, murderer, I thee defye,
Thou hast my white skin, and my body all to torne .
Leaue of betyme, I counsayle thee.
Nay, by God, dame, I saye not so yet,
I sweare to thee, by Mary so free,
We begyn but nowe : this is the first fyt.

Once agayne we must daunce about,
And then thou shalt reast in Morels skyn.
He gaue her than so many a great cloute,
That on the grounde the bloud was seene.
Within a whyle, he cryed, newe roddees, newe !
With that she cryed full lowde alas !
Daunce yet about, dame, thou came not where it grewe,
And sodainely with that in a sowne she was.

He spyed that, and vp he her hente,
And wrang her harde then by the nose :
With her to Morels skin straight he wente,
And therein full fast he did her close.

Within a while she did reuiue,
Through the grose salte that did her smarte :
She thought she should neuer haue gone on liue
Out of Morels skin, so sore is her harte.

When she did spy that therein she lay,
Out of her wit she was full nye,
And to her husband then did she say,
How canst thou doe this vilany ?
Nay, how sayest thou ? thou cursed wife,
In this foule skin I will thee keepe
During the time of all thy life,
Therein for euer to wayle and weepe.

With that her moode began to sinke,
And sayd, deare husband, for grace I call ;
For I shall neuer sleepe nor winke
Till I get your loue, whatso befall :
And I will neuer to you offend,
In no maner of wise, of all my lyue ;
Nor to doe nothing that may pretend
To displease you with my wittes fyue.

For Father, nor Mother, whatsoeuer they say,
I will not anger you, by God in throne,
But glad will your commaundementes obay,
In presence of people, and eake alone.—
Well, on that condicion thou shalt haue
Grace, and fayre bed to reeste thy body in ;
But if thou rage more, so God me saue,
I will wrap thee agayne in Morels skin.

Then he tooke her out in his armes twayne,
And beheld her so pitteously with blood arayed :
How thinkest thou, wife, shall we agayne
Haue such businesse more ? to her he sayd.

She answered nay, my husband deare,
 Whyle I you know, and you know me,
 Your commaundementes I will, both far and neare,
 Fulfill alway in euery degree.

Well then, I promise thee, by God, euen now,
 Betweene thee and mee shall neuer be strife ;
 If thou to my commaundementes quickly bow,
 I will the[e] cherish all the dayes of my life.
 In bed she was layde, and healed full soone,
 As fayre and cleare as she was before;
 What he her bid was quickly done,
 To be diligent y wys she tooke no scorne.

Then was he glad, and thought in his minde,
 Now haue I done my selfe great good,
 And her also, we shall it finde,
 Though I haue shed parte of her blood
 For as me thinke she will be meeke,
 Therefore I will her father and mother
 Byd to guest now the next weeke,
 And of our neighbours many other.

*Howe the good man did byd her Father and Mother to guest,
 and many of his neyghbours, that they might see his wiues
 pacyence.*

Great payne he made his wife to take,
 Agaynst the day that they should come ;
 Of them was none that there did lack,
 I dare wel say vnto my doome.
 Ye, father and mother, and neighbours all,
 Dyd thether come to make good cheare :
 Soone they were set in generall,
 The wyfe was dilligent as did appeare.

Father and mother was welcome then,
And so were they all, in good fay :
The husband sate there like a man,
The wyfe did serue them all that day ;
The good man commaunded what he would haue,
The wyfe was quick at hand.
What now ! thought the mother, this arrant knaue
Is mayster as I vnderstand.

What may this meane, then she gan thinke,
That my daughter so dilligent is ?
Now can I nother cate nor drinke,
Till I it know, by heauen blisse.
When her daughter came agayne
To serue at the borde, as her husband bad,
The mother stared with her eyen twayne,
Euen as one that had ben mad.

All the folke that at the boord sate,
Did her behold then eucrichone ;
The mother from the boord her gatc,
Following her daughter, and that anone,
And in the kitching she her fand,
Saying vnto her in this wise :
Daughter, thou shalte well vnderstand.
I did not teach thee after this guyse.

A, good mother ! ye say full well,
All thinges with me is not as ye weene :
If ye had bene in Morels fell
As well as I, it should be seene.
In Morels fell ! what deuill is that ?
Mary, mother, I will it you show ;
But beware that you come not thereat,
Lest you your selfe then doe beshrew.

Come downe now in this seller so deepe,
And Morels skin there shall you see,
With many a rod that hath made me to weepe,
When the blood ranne downe fast by my knee.
The mother this beheld, and cryed out alas !
And ran out of the seller as she had bene wood ;
She came to the table where the company was,
And sayd, out, horeson ! I will see thy harte blood.

Peace, good mother ! or so haue I blisse,
Ye must daunce else as did my wyfe,
And in Morels skin lye, that well salted is,
Which you should repent all the dayes of your lyfe.
All they that were there held with the yong man,
And sayd, he dyd well in euery maner degree :
Whan dynner was done, they departed all than,
The mother no lenger durst there be.

The Father abode last, and was full glad,
And gaue his children his blessing ywys,
Saying, the yong man full well done had,
And merely departed wythouten mys.
This yong man was glad ye may be sure,
That he had brought hys wyfe to this.
God gyue vs all grace in rest to indure,
And hereafter to come vnto his blisse.

Thus was Morell flayne out of his skin,
To charme a shrew, so haue I blisse.
Forgeue the yongman, if he did sin,
But I thinke he did nothing amisse :
He did all thing euen for the best,
As was well prooued then.
God saue our wiues from Morels nest,
I pray you say all, amen.

Thus endeth the iest of Morels skin,
Where the curst wife was lapped in ;
Because she was of a shrewde leere,
Thus was she serued in this maner.

FINIS, QUOTH MAYSTER CHARME HER.

Imprinted at London in Fleetestreete, beneath the
Conduite, at the signe of S. Iohn Euangelist, by Hugh
Iackson.

*He that can charme a shrewde wyfe
Better then thus,
Let him come to me, and fetch ten pound,
And a golden purse.*

FREDERICK SHOBERL, JUNIOR,
PRINTER TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT,
51, RUPERT STREET, HAYMARKET, LONDON.

ILLUSTRATIONS
OF THE
FAIRY MYTHOLOGY
OF
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

EDITED BY
JAMES ORCHARD HALLIWELL, ESQ., F.R.S.

HON. M.R.L.A., HON. M.R.S.L., F.S.A., ETC.

The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.



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PRINTER TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT,
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INTRODUCTION.

Poor Puck's occupation, alas, is gone! Cream-bowls are safe, and slovenly servants freed from the persecutions of the noisy sprite. Money is no longer lent by a fairy or any one else without interest, and a rat once caught in a trap seldom vanishes with the merry ho! ho! ho! of Robin Goodfellow. Times, indeed, are sadly changed—even fairy-rings are sacrilegiously subjected to the hypotheses of science—and if Shakespeare had lived some two centuries later, he must have had recourse to the sister island for a fairy creed that has long departed from his native shores. Thankful must we be that his lot was not so cast; that he found society in a less artificial state; for, while we could hardly have gained, we know not what we might have lost. The whole of the popular fairy mythology of the time, on which the *Midsummer Night's Dream* may be said to be founded, has now become a subject for literary research. Superstition, indeed, remains, and in very singular forms, considering the progress of educa-

tion; but the fairies have left us "for good and all," and they do not even find a place in our juvenile literature, except through the medium of the modern tales of Madame d'Anois.

There can be little doubt that, in the time of Shakespeare, the fairies held a more prominent position in our popular literature than can now be concluded from the pieces on the subject that have descended to us. The author of "Tarlton's News out of Purgatory," printed in 1590, assures us that Robin Goodfellow was "famosed in every old wives chronicle for his mad merry pranks;" and we learn from Henslowe's Diary, as quoted by Mr. Collier, that Chettle was the writer of a drama on the adventures of that "merry wanderer of the night." These have disappeared; and time has dealt so harshly with the memory of poor Robin, that we might almost imagine his spirit was still leading us astray over massive volumes of antiquity in a delusive search after documents for ever lost; or, rather, perhaps it is his punishment for the useless journeys he has given our ancestors, misleading night-wanderers, and "laughing at their harm." The judgment has extended in every direction. Even in the provinces his gambols are forgotten, or have become matter of uncertain tradition. Forby, indeed, has recorded an East Anglian proverb, "to laugh like Robin Goodfellow," i.e., a long, loud, hearty, horse-laugh; but he adds that the deeds of the merry goblin have long been consigned to oblivion. In some few cases, however, something more definite may be preserved; but the other members of the fairy court have shared no better fate.

As the object of the present publication is merely to place before the reader at one view the principal early documents concerning the fairy mythology of England, as far as they can be considered in any way illustrative of Shakespeare, it will not be necessary, even were it within the Editor's capability, to enter into a discussion on the ancient notions respecting fairies, so much learning on the subject having been displayed by other writers; nor indeed would any disquisition of the kind form a necessary introduction to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Ritson refers to Homer, by way of giving the fairies a respectable antiquity, but the original will bear no interpretation of the kind; and although Chapman and Pope have represented them at Sipylus, these must give place to the goddess-nymphs dancing their mazy rings on the beds of the Achelous. We can dispense with some other learning of the same kind, and be well contented with a less remote antiquity.

Gervase of Tilbury mentions two kinds of goblins in England, called *Portuni* and *Grant*. The *Portuni* were of the true fairy size, *statura pusilli, dimidium pollicis non habentes*; but then indeed they were *senili vultu, facie corrugata*. Some of their pranks are described as being somewhat similar to those of Shakespeare's Puck. Gervase especially tells us—

If anything should be to be carried on in the house, or any kind of laborious work to be done, they join themselves to the work, and expedite it with more than human facility. It is natural to these that they may be obsequious, and may not be hurtful. But one little mode, as it were, they have of hurting; for when, among the ambiguous shades of night, the English occasionally ride alone, the Portune sometimes gets up behind

him unseen; and when he has accompanied him, going on a very long time, at length, the bridle being seized, he leads him up to the hand in the mud, in which, while infixed, he wallows, the *Portune*, departing, sets up a laugh; and so, in this kind of way, derides human simplicity.

This reminds us at once of some of the pranks of Robin Goodfellow, and may be compared with the ballads we have reprinted on the same subject.

There is a tale related by Giraldus Cambrensis, and translated by Ritson, which is so curious that no apology is necessary for quoting it at length :—

There befell in the parts of Gower and Swansea, in Wales, a thing not unworthy to be remembered, which Eldor, the priest, most firmly related to have happened to him. For when he already reckoned the twelfth year of puerile innocence, (because, as Solomon saith, the root of learning is bitter, and the fruit sweet) the boy, addicted to letters, that he might avoid discipline, and the frequent stripes of his preceptor, hid himself, a fugitive, in the hollow bank of a certain river: and, when he had now lurked there two days, continually fasting, there appeared to him two little men, as it were of pygmy stature, saying. If thou wilt come with us, we will lead thee into a land full of sports and delights: he assenting, and rising up, followed them, leading the way, through a road, at first subterraneous and dark, into a most beautiful country, very much embellished with rivers and meads, woods and plains, nevertheless obscure, and not brightened with the open light of the sun. All the days there were as if cloudy, and the nights most hideous by the absence of moon and stars. The boy was brought to the king, and presented to him before the court of the realm, and, when he had a long time beheld him, with the admiration of all, he, at length, recommending, assigned him to his son, a boy he had. Now the men were of very small stature, but, for their size, very well shaped: all yellow-haired, and with luxuriant locks flowing down their shoulders in the manner of a woman. They had horses fit for their own height, with greyhounds conformable in size. They ate neither flesh, nor fish, using for the most part milky food, and things made with saffron in the manner of a pudding. There were no oaths among them, for they detested nothing so much as lies. As often

as they returned from the upper hemisphere, they reproached our ambitions, infidelities, and inconstancies. There was no religious worship among them openly, being only, it seemed, chief lovers and worshippers of truth. Now the boy was wont frequently to ascend to our hemisphere, sometimes by the way by which he had come, sometimes by another; at first with others, and afterward by himself. He only committed himself to his mother, declaring to her the mode of the country, and the nature and condition of the people. Admonished, therefore, by his mother, that he would sometimes bring to her a present of the gold with which that country abounded, the golden ball with which the king's son had been accustomed to play, snatching it from him in the game, he, speedily hastening, carried to his mother by the usual way; and, when he had now come to his father's house, yet not without a train of that people, he hastened to enter, his foot stuck in the threshold, and so, falling within the house, where his mother was sitting, two pygmies following his foot-step, seized the ball which had fallen out of his hand, and, in going out, threw spit, contempt and derision upon the boy. He, verily, rising, and come to himself, was confounded with the wonderful shame of the deed, and, when, very much cursing and detesting the counsels of his mother, he prepared to return by the road he had been accustomed to, he came to the descent of the river and subterraneous passage, no entrance appeared to him.

Another story has been pointed out by Sir F. Madden, in a manuscript of the thirteenth century preserved in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, which apparently introduces Robin Goodfellow both in name and action at that early period. Such, at least, is the opinion of writers well qualified to judge. It occurs in a collection of short tales, moralized after the usual manner of the time, and, as a specimen of the whole, we give both the story and its moral:—

Once Robinet was in a certain house in which soldiers were resting for the night, and after having made a great clamour during the better part of the night to their no small annoyance, he was suddenly quiet.

Then said the soldiers to each other, "Let us now sleep, for Robinet himself is asleep." To which Robinet made reply, "I am not asleep, but am resting me, in order to shout louder after." And the soldiers said, "It seems, then, we shall have no sleep to-night." So sinners sometimes abstain for a while from their wicked ways, in order that they may sin the more vigorously afterwards. The soldiers are the angels about Christ's body; Robin is the devil or sinner.

This is curious, and would seem to establish a connection between the tales of Robin Goodfellow and the old monkish legends; but for further observations on this branch of the inquiry, the reader may advantageously be referred to Mr. Wright's interesting article on fairy mythology in the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, or his more recent work on *St. Patrick's Purgatory*.

Other tales of this class, although exceedingly valuable as connected with the progress of fairy mythology, have been omitted here, as throwing no light on the history of the superstition as it existed in the age of Elizabeth. We have given, however, a few early pieces that introduce the romance-ladies under the name of fairies, although it would be perhaps impossible to trace the changes which took place in the belief during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The fairies of Launfal, or Orfeo, are not the fairies of Shakespeare. Neither do the fairies of Chaucer, or the early romance-writers, bear a greater similarity. Chaucer has ridiculed the friars by telling them they were so numerous that they interrupted the ancient fairies in their walks, and frightened them away with their prayers. The monks can never forgive Dan Chaucer's jest:—

In the olde daies of the Kinge Arthoure,
Of whiche that Bretons spoken grete honoure,

Alle was this land fulfilled of fairé;
The elphe queene, with hir joly compaignie,
Daunced ful oft in many a grene mede.
This was the old opinion as I rede;
I speke of many a hundred 3ere ago;
But now can no man see non elves mo,
For the grete charité and the preiers
Of limitours and of other povere frers,
That serchen every land and every streme,
As thukke as motes in the sonne beme,
Blissinge halles, chambres, kichenes, and boures,
Citees and burghes, castles highe and tours,
Thropes and bernes, shepenes and dairies,
This maketh that there be no faeries:
For ther as was wonte to walke an elfe,
Ther walketh nowe the limitour himselfe,
In undermeles and in morweninges,
And seythe his matines and his holy thinges,
As he goth in his visitacioun:
Women may go nowe safely up and down,
In every bush, or under every tree,
There is non other incubus but he.

But the "joly compaignie" did not consist of the little dancers on the green. These were a later introduction. Spenser was contented with the fairies of romance; but Shakespcare founded his elfin world on the prettiest of the people's traditions, and has clothed it in the ever-living flowers of his own exuberant fancy. How much is the invention of the great poet we shall probably never be informed; and his successors have not rendered the subject more clear by adopting the graceful world he has created, as though it had been interwoven with the popular mythology, and formed a part of it.

We shall now proceed to offer a few observations on the probable extent of Shakespeare's obligations to the fairy creed of his own day, as it is known to have existed before the production of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, about the year 1594.

We have already alluded to what has been considered a notice of Robin Goodfellow in a work of the thirteenth century ; but no other mention of him occurs for nearly three hundred years. We then find him alluded to as a common subject for old women's tales, never in any manner to leave room for supposing the merry sprite had only very recently risen up. Reginald Scot, who published his *Discoverie of Witchcraft* in 1584, has several curious notices of him under the name of Robin Goodfellow. "There go as manie tales," says he, "upon Hudgin in some parts of Germanie, *as there did in England of Robin Goodfellowe.*" Elsewhere he says, "and know you this by the waie, that *heretofore* Robin Goodfellow and Hobgoblin were as terrible, and also as credible to the people, as hags and witches be now ; and, in truth, they that mainteine walking spirits have no reason to denie Robin Goodfellow, *upon whom there hath gone as manie and as credible tales as upon witches*, saving that it hath not pleased the translators of the Bible to call spirits by the name of Robin Goodfellow." Sometimes we find the name as a kind of generic appellation for a species of mischievous goblins, not confined to any individual one ; but the character of goblin seems apparent from his cry of ho ! ho ! ho !—the exclamation frequently appropriated to the devil in our early mysteries.

Shakespeare makes him, as attendant on Oberon, a more gentle spirit, divested of malice, but highly enjoying a pleasant prank when permitted by the fairy sovereign.

It appears, therefore, from these extracts alone, that tales of Robin Goodfellow were common in this country many years before the appearance of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. There now arises a question worthy of patient consideration: whether the rare work entitled "*Robin Goodfellow his Mad Pranks and Merry Jests*," 4to. Lond. 1628, reprinted in the present volume, was really anterior to Shakespeare's play. We all know that many works of that class have reached us only in later editions, and that the date on the title is no evidence that it was not first printed as early even as 1590. Only two copies of the tract are known, and these are with different dates. It follows, then, that more reliance is to be placed on internal evidence; and the general character of the work is certainly indicative of an earlier date. One tradition, which is noticed at p. 132, is also alluded to by Reginald Scot in 1584. We cannot help believing with Mr. Collier that Shakespeare was acquainted with this, or some very similar, production, when he wrote his *Midsummer Night's Dream*. It will be observed that Robin Goodfellow is represented as Oberon's own son, and received his miraculous powers from his royal father, who enjoined him to harm none "but knaves and queanes." The qualities which Shakespeare attributes to Puck may also be distinctly traced in the same tract; and other

similarities have been elsewhere noticed ; but, since the reader has the whole of it before him in the following pages, it is scarcely necessary to pursue the argument further, unless we were enabled to produce more satisfactory and decisive evidence.

A curious passage has recently been adduced, as an illustration of a passage in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, from Nash's *Terrors of the Night*, printed in 1594, the probable date of that play, which would almost appear to warrant an opinion of the more recent origin of the *name* of Robin Goodfellow. Nash observes that " the Robin Goodfellowes, elfes, fairies, *hobgoblins of our latter age*, which idolatrous former daies, and the phantastical world of Greece, ycleped fawnes, satyres, dryades, and hamadryades, did most of their merry pranks in the night. Then ground they malt, and had hempen shirts for their labours, daunst in greene meadows, pincht maids in their sleep that swept not their houses cleane, and led poor travellers out of their way notoriously." It must be confessed that earlier notices of Robin Goodfellow are not very common ; and it may, therefore, be mentioned that an allusion to him occurs in the old comedy entitled the *Bugbears*, preserved in MS. Lansdowne 807. The numerous accounts of the " lob of spirits " in later works scarcely bear on the question now under consideration, and the reader had better be referred to the pieces here collected. The following lines, however, which have not yet been quoted by writers on this subject, may deserve a place, as they allude to a curious opinion that

bread carried about the person was a charm against the tricks of Robin Goodfellow :—

Thy fairie elves, who thee mislead with stories
Into the mire, then at thy folly smile,
Yea, clap their hands for joy. Were I us'd so,
I would shake hands with them, and turn their foe.
Old countrey folk, who pixie-leading fear,
Bear bread about them to prevent that harm.

Clobery's Divine Glimpses, 1659, p. 73.

Ben Jonson's ballad of Robin Goodfellow was probably written after the appearance of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, or we might have accused Shakespeare of borrowing two or three lines. Rare Ben is more likely the plagiarist; and his fairy poetry is altogether inferior even to Drayton,—of course far below Shakespeare. His learning is in his way; and, with “small Latin and less Greek,” he might have been more successful in attempts of this kind. As it is, the ballad just mentioned is, perhaps, among his best. It is also worthy of observation that the occupations assigned to Puck by Ben Jonson nearly correspond with the account he gives of himself in the sweet Avonian dream.

Shakespeare probably took the name of Oberon from the old romance of *Huon of Bordeaux*, which had been translated into English at an early period, and had probably become a popular work. I have recently seen an imperfect copy of an ancient edition of this translation, printed in folio in double columns, and illustrated with rude woodcuts, certainly printed before Shakespeare could have commenced writing for the stage, and in all

probability not long after the year 1560. Oberon had also been introduced in an entertainment before Elizabeth in 1591, and he again appears as a character in an early drama by W. Percy. The name of Titania, as has been elsewhere observed by Mr. Keightley, is taken from Ovid; but the other fairies, Peas-blossom, Cob-web, Moth, and Mustard-seed, probably owe their appellations to the poet himself. It may also be mentioned that Titania is the name of the Queen of Fairies in a play by Decker, published in 1607.

Our researches in this line are, however, unfortunately interrupted by the deficiency of materials. No writer of the time thought it worth his while to preserve such things for posterity; and we therefore find few records of the old gossips' fairy tales, beyond the bare fact that they were in the habit of being related, much in the same way that ghost-stories are sometimes told now, to "fright the maidens of the villagery." There can be little doubt that the best and most curious of these have long since ceased to be remembered; and after much research for the fragments that still remain, the Editor regrets that his endeavours have not been so satisfactorily rewarded as he could have wished. It would, indeed, be impossible to emulate the popular exertions of Mr. Crofton Croker; but, at all events, a collection has been formed, and although somewhat heterogeneous and of unequal merit in the character of its contents, we can only console ourselves by the knowledge that there are no better to be had, at least as far as has been at present ascertained. There is certainly no telling what treasures are buried in some of our

manuscript dungeons, it being well known that many hundred, if not thousand, volumes have existed for a century in one of the large public libraries uncatalogued, and in some cases even *unnumbered* ! This is a kind of gratuitous premium to posterity, to which they are not in any way entitled ; and it is undoubtedly much less to my annoyance than to the credit of the body to which the collection belongs, that any obstacles should have been thrown in the way of preparing materials for compilations such as these, which, after all, can only occupy the attention of persons sincerely anxious for the progress of antiquarian literature. All men of literary zeal must regret that disinterested exertions of this kind should be subject to the interruptions of persons unable of themselves to profit by the opportunities they capriciously deny to others.

J. O. HALLIWELL.

December 14th, 1844.

LAUNFAL.

Since the text of this work has been completed, I have had an opportunity of collating my copy of the romance of Launfal with the original manuscript, the terminal contractions, however, being often so indistinctly expressed as to create much doubt respecting the reading of some words. Ritson has wholly neglected them, otherwise his edition is very accurate. The following notes thus obtained may be worth giving, but no error has been committed in any way affecting the sense, and some are alterations purposely made from the original.

P. 3, l. 8, *playn* ; l. 28, *be-fylle*, *tenthe* — P. 4, l. 3, *lykede* ; l. 7, *there*. — P. 5, l. 7, *hys* ; l. 8, *kyng* ; l. 9, *yf* ; l. 21, *ryde*, l. 24, *syre* ; l. 25, *how*. — P. 6, l. 19, *hys*. — P. 7, l. 7, *tosour*, MS. ; l. 14, *alle* — P. 8, l. 6, *as we* — P. 9, l. 14, *fel* ; l. 27, *schadwe*. — P. 10, l. 12, *har* — P. 11, l. 5, *hys* ; l. 6, *the*, MS. ; l. 22, *lefsom*. — P. 12, l. 9, *emperoure* ; l. 29, *zeve*. — P. 13, l. 17, *gon* ; l. 32, *but*. — P. 14, l. 14, *harneysyth*. — P. 15, l. 2, *merys* ; l. 7, *hymself* ; l. 23, *hadde* ; l. 28, *yn* ; l. 33, *povei e prysouns*, MS. — P. 16, l. 18, *me*, MS. ; *qu. men ?* l. 20, *kyztes*, MS. ; l. 23, *dare* ; l. 24, *lord* ; l. 32, *yn* ; l. 34, *hys*. — P. 17, l. 4, *Chestere*. — P. 18, l. 4, *whan* ; l. 8, *knyzt* ; l. 12, *that that*, MS. ; l. 27, *gantyle*. — P. 19, l. 25, *mayné* ; l. 26, *schypede* ; l. 29, *whan* — P. 20, l. 5, *wyth* ; l. 27, *scheld* ; l. 28, *brozte*. — P. 21, l. 11, *wente*. — P. 22, l. 32, *wente*. — P. 23, l. 8, *marnere*, MS. ; l. 15, *thanne*. — P. 24, l. 1, *yn* ; l. 23, *worth*, MS. — P. 25, l. 33, *thou*. — P. 26, l. 5, *mode* ; l. 33, *relpyng*. — P. 27, l. 13, *tuo*. — P. 28, l. 3, *hym* ; l. 10, *wer*, uncertain in MS., perhaps *wor* ; l. 26, *non* ; l. 31, *make* ; l. 34, *ys*. — P. 29, l. 10, *we* ; l. 16, *were* ; l. 30, *hem*, MS. — P. 30, l. 32, *wordly*. — P. 31, l. 5, *crounne* ; l. 14, *her*. — P. 33, l. 19, *er* ; l. 22, *ther* ; l. 33, *withoute*. — P. 34, l. 3, *zeve*.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
1. Romance of Launfal	1
2. Romance of King Orfeo	36
3. Thomas and the Fairy Queen	55
4. The Adventures of Sir Gawen	77
5. Huon of Bourdeaux	91
6. Life of Robin Goodfellow	120
7. Ballad of Robin Goodfellow	155
8. The Pranks of Puck	165
9. Rowlands on Goblins	170
10. The Shepherd's Dream	171
11. An Episode of Fairies	178
12. The Cozenages of the Wests	181
13. Drayton's Nymphidia	195
14. A Fairy Wedding	218
15. The Land of Faerie	225
16. Sports of the Fairies	227
17. Conjurations for Fairies	229
18. Fairy Songs	234
19. The Wiltshire Fairies	235
20. Randolph's Amyntas	237
21. Herrick's Fairy Poetry	253
22. The Holly Bush	264
23. King Oberon's Apparel	265
24. A Fairy Guide	268
25. Queen Mab's Invitation	269

	PAGE
26. Heywood's Hierarchie	271
27. The Midnight's Watch	273
28. The Fairies' Farewell	279
29. Bovet on Fairies	281
30. Puck's Pranks on Twelfth Day	286
31. Fairy Tales	287
32. Fairy Fragments	289
33. The White Powder	291
34. The Irish Fairies	292
35. The Cornish Fairies	296
36. Parnell's Fairy Tale	301
37. The Luck of Eden Hall	308
38. Isle of Man Fairies	309
39. The Porridge-pot	318
40. Additional Notes	320

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ILLUSTRATIONS
OF
FAIRY MYTHOLOGY.

I. ROMANCE OF LAUNFAL.

Although there is little to be found of an earlier date than the sixteenth century that bears directly upon the popular notions of fairy mythology, as Shakespeare has embodied them in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," yet it would not be easy to develop the gradual transitions which took place in public belief in those matters, without presenting the reader with the earliest documents on the subject that have descended to our times. Reserving more detailed observations for our Introduction, it will only be necessary to observe that there probably is no absolute connexion between Tryamour, the daughter of Olyroun, and Titania. Tryamour is minutely described; we see in her a maiden of wonderful beauty, and possessed of superior powers; but still there is not Shakespeare's idea of a fairy princess, and we might perhaps have failed to recognize the description, had the poet forgotten to inform us that her father was "Kyng of Fayrre." The romance of Launfal is one of the earliest pieces of the kind known to exist. It is translated from a French original written by the celebrated Marie de France, and is here given from MS. Cott. Calig. A. ii., the text adopted by Ritson; and also in Way's *Fabliaux*,

ed. 1515. iii., 233-287. A later copy, written about 1508, is in MS. Rawl. C. 86, differing considerably from our text, but of course of less authority. See the extracts at the end of this article. It was printed in the sixteenth century, having been licensed to John Kynge in 1558, and mentioned in Laneham's Letter, 1575, but I am not aware that any perfect copy has been preserved. Sir F. Madden mentions another copy in MS. Lambeth 305, which seems to be an error for the copy of *Lybeaus Disconus* in MS. No. 306 in the same collection. The author of the present translation was Thomas Chestre, as appears from the concluding lines. It is very seldom that the translators of the early metrical romances have recorded their names, and in more than one instance a mere transcriber has been handed down for years in the list of our early poets.

LAUNFALE MILES.

Be douȝty Artours dawes,
 That held Engelond yn good lawes,
 There felle a wondyre cas
 Of a ley that was y-sette,
 That hyȝt Launval, and hatte ȝette ;
 Now herkeneth how hyt was.
 Douȝty Artoure som whyle
 Sojournede yn Kardevyle,¹
 Wyth joye and greet solas ;

¹ That is, Carlisle in Cumberland, according to Ritson. The old romance of Merlin calls it "la ville de Cardueil en Galles;" and the French MS. says "Kardoyl," apparently a corruption for Cairleon in Wales. At the commencement of the French romance, (*Lai de Lanval*, Pocs. de Marie de France, ed. Roquefort, 8vo. 1820, tom. i, p. 202) we are told—

"A Cardueill sejourna li reis
 Artus, li prex, e li curteis,
 Pur les Escos, e pur les Pis,
 Ki destruisaient mult le pais."

And kny3tes that were profitable,
 With Artour, of the rounde table,
 Never noon better ther nas.
 Sere Persevalle, and syr Gawayn,
 Syr Gyheryes, and syr Agrafrayn.
 And Launcelet du Lake,
 Syr Kay, and syr Ewayn,
 That welle couthe fy3te yn plain.
 Bateles for to take.
 Kyng Ban-Boo3t, and kyng Bus,¹
 Of ham ther was a grect los,
 Men sawe tho nowhere her make;
 Syr Galafre, and syr Launfale,
 Wherof a noble tale
 Among us schalle awake.
 With Artoure ther was a bachelere,
 And hadde y-be welle many a 3ere,
 Launfal for soth he hy3t;
 He gaf gyftys largelyche,
 Gold, and sylver, and clodes ryche,
 To squyer and to kny3t.
 For hys largesse and hys bounté,
 The kynges stuard made was he
 Ten yer, y you ply3t;
 Of alle the kny3tes of the table rounde
 So large ther nas noon y-founde,
 Be dayes ne be ny3t.
 So hyt by-fylle, yn the tenth 3ere,
 Marlyn was Artours counsalere,
 He radde hym fore to wende
 To kyng Ryon of Irlond ry3t,
 And fette hym ther a lady bry3t,

¹ This enumeration of Arthur's knights is not found in the French original.

Gwennere¹ hys douȝtyr hende.
 So he dede, and hom her brouȝt,
 But syr Launfal lyked her noȝt,
 Ne oȝher knyȝtes that wer hende ;
 For the lady bar los of swych word,
 That sche hadde lemmanys unther her lord,
 So fele ther nas noon ende.
 They were y-wedded, as y you say,
 Upon a Wytsonday,
 Before princes of moeh pryde ;
 No man ne may telle yn tale
 What folk ther was at that bredale,
 Of countreys fer and wyde ;
 No nother man was yn halle y-sette,
 But he were prelat, other baronette,
 In herte ys naȝt to hyde :
 Yf they satte noȝt alle y-lyke,
 Hare servyse was good and ryche,
 Certeyn yn ech a syde.
 And whan the lordes hadde ete yn the halle,
 And the clothes wer drawen alle,
 As ye mowe her and lythe,
 The botelers sentyn wyn
 To alle the lordes that were theryn,
 With chere bothe glad and blythe.
 The quene yaf yftes for the nones,
 Gold and selver, and precyous stonys,
 Her curtasye to kythe ;
 Everych knyȝt sche ȝaf broche, other ryng,
 But syr Launfal sche yaf no thyng,

¹ According to Geoffrey of Monmouth, Guenever was descended from a noble Roman family, and in beauty surpassed all the women in the island. She is usually represented as the paramour of Sir Launcelot, and, according to Caradoc, was ravished by Melvas, King of Estiva, now Somersetshire.

That grevede hym many a syde.
 And whan the bredale was at ende,
 Launfal tok hys leve to wende
 At Artour the kyng.
 And seyde a lettere was to hym come,
 That deth hadde hys fadyr y-nome,
 He most to his berynge.
 Tho seyde king Artour, that was hende.
 Launfal, if thou wylt fro me wende,
 Tak with the greet spendyng;¹
 And my suster sones two,
 Bothe they schulle with the go,
 At hom the for to bryng.
 Launfal tok leve, withoute fable,
 With knyghtes of the rounde table,
 And wente forth yn hys journé
 Tyl he com to Karlyoun,²
 To the meyrys hous of the tounne.
 Hys servaunt that hadde y-be.
 The meyr stod, as ye may here,
 And sawe hym come ride up anblere
 With two knyghtes and other mayné;
 Agayns hym he hath wey y-nome,
 And seyde, "Syr, thou art welle-come,
 Howe farythoure kyng tel me."
 Launfal answerede and seyde than,
 "He faryth as welle as any man,

¹ It is probably implied that Launfal refused this offer, as we find him shortly afterwards in great poverty at Caerleon. In the French original, Launfal is made to quit the king's court because he had impoverished himself by his extravagance and generosity.

² This shows that *Kardevyle* in the first stanza cannot be Caerleon, as has been conjectured. In the romance of Geraint the Son of Erbin, Arthur's court is held at Caerlleon upon Usk. See Lady C. Guest's edition of the *Mabinogion*, part 3.

And elles greet ruthe hyt wore ;
 But, syr meyr, without lesyng,
 I am the partyth fram the kyng.

And that rewytth me sore :
 Ne ther thare no man benethe ne above,
 Fore the kyng Artours love,

Onowre me never more :
 But, syr meyr, y pray the par amour.
 May y take with the sojour ?

Som tyme we knewe us yore.”
 The meyr stod, and bethozte hym there
 What myzt be hys answer,

And to hym than gan he sayn,
 “ Syr, vij. knyztres han here hare in y-noune.
 And ever y wayte whan they wyl come,

That arn of Lytylle-Bretayne.”
 Launfal turnede hymself and low3,
 Therof he hadde scorn i-now3,

And seyde to his knyztres tweyne,
 “ Now may ye se swych ys service.
 Unther a lord of lytylle pryse,

How he may therof be fayn.”
 Launfal awayward gan to ryde,
 The meyr bad he schuld abyde,

And seyde yn thys manere,
 “ Syr, yn a chamber by my orchard syde,
 Ther may ye dwelle with joye and pryde.
 3yf hyt your wylle were.”

Launfal anon-ryztres,
 He and hys two knytes

Sojournede ther yn fere ;
 So savagelych hys good he besette,
 That he ward yn greet dette.

Ryzt yn the first yere.
 So hyt befelle at Pentecost,

Swych tyme as the Holy Gost

Among mankend gan lyzt.

That syr Huwe and syr Jon

Tok here leve for to gon

At syr Launfal the knyzt.

They seyde, "Syr, our robes beth to rent.

And your tresour ys alle y-spent.

And we goth cwyllle y-dyzt."

Thanne seyde syr Launfal to the knyztos þat.

"Tell ye no man of my poverté.

For the love of God almyzt."

The knyztos answerede and seyde tho.

That they nolde hym wreye never mo.

Al thys world to wyne.

With that word they wente hym fro.

To Glastynghery bothe two.

Ther kyng Artour was inne.

The kyng sawe the knyztos hende.

And aȝens ham he gan wende,

For they were of hys kenne :

Noon other robes they ne hadde

Than they owt with ham ladde,

And tho were to-tore and thynne.

Than seyde quene Gwennore, that was fel.

"How faryth the prowde knyzt Launfal ?

May he hys armes welde ?"

"3e, madame," sayde the knytes than.

"He faryth as welle as any man.

And ellys God hyt schelde."

Moche worchyp and greet honour

To Gonore the quene and kyng Artour

Of syr Launfal they telde ;

And seyde, "He lovede us so,

That he wold us evermo,

At wyllle have y-helde.

But upon a rayny day hyt befel,
 An huntynge wente syr Launfel,
 To chasy yn holtes hore ;¹
 In our old robes we yede that day,
 And thus we beth y-went away,
 And we before hym wore.”
 Glad was Artour the kyng
 That Launfal was yn good lykyng,
 The quene hyt row welle sore ;
 For sche wold, with alle her myzt,
 That he hadde be, bothe day and nyzt,
 In paynys more and more.
 Upon a day of the Trinité
 A feste of greet solempnité
 In Carlyoun was holde ;
 Erles and barones of that countré,
 Ladyes and borjaes of that cité,
 Thyder come bothe yongh and old.
 But Launfal for hys poverté
 Was not bede to that semblé,
 Lyte men of hym tolde ;
 The meyr to the feste was of sent,
 The meyrys douzter to Launfal went,
 And axede yf he wolde
 In halle dyne with her that day.
 “Damesele,” he sayde, “nay,
 To dyne have I no herte ;
 Thre dayes ther ben agon,
 Mete ne drynke eet y noon,
 And alle was for povert.
 To-day to cherche y wolde have gon,
 But me fawtede hosyn and schon,

¹ That is, hoary forests. Few expressions are more common in early English metrical romances. See *Torrent of Portugal*, p. 26.

Clenly brech and scherte ;
And for defawte of clodynge,
Ne myȝte y yn with the peple thrynge.

No wonther douȝ me smerte !
But o thyng, damesele, y pray the,
Sadel and brydel lene thou me,

A whyle for to ryde,
That y myȝte confortede be
By a launde unther thys cyté

Al yn thys undern-tyde." .
Launfal dyȝte hys courser,
Withoute knave other squyer
He rood with lytylle pryde ;
Hys hors slod and fell yn the fen,
Wherefore hym scornede many men.

Abowte hym fer and wyde.
Poverly the knyȝt to hors gan sprynge,
For to dryve away lokynge,

He rood toward the west ;
The wether was hot the undern-tyde,
He lyȝte adoun, and gan abyde

Under a fayr forest ;
And for hete of the wedere,
Hys mantelle he feld togydere,
And sette hym down to reste.

Thus sat the knyȝt yn symplyté
In the schadowe unther a tre,

Ther that hym lykede best.
As he sat yn sorow and sore,
He sawe come out of holtes hore,

Gentylle maydenes two ;
Har kerteles wer of Inde sandel,
I-lased smalle, jolyf and wellc,

Ther myȝt noon gayer go.
Har manteles wer of grene felwet,

Y-bordured with gold ryzt welle y-sette.

I-pelvred with grys and gro ;

Har heddys wer dyzt welle withalle,

Everych hadde oon a jolyf coronalle,

Wyth syxty gemmys and mo.

Har faces wer whyt as snow on downe,

Har rode was red, her eyn wer browne.

I sawe never non swyche ;

That oon bar of gold a basyn,

That other a towayle whyt and fyn,¹

Of selk that was good and ryche.

Her kercheves wer welle schyre,

Arayd wyth ryche gold wyre.

Launfal began to syche ;

They com to hym over the hoth,

He was curteys, and azens hem goth,

And greette hem myldelyche.

"Damesels," he seyde, "God yow se !"

"Syr knyzt," they seyde, "welle the be !

Our lady, dame Tryamour,

Bad thou schuldest com speke with here,

3yf hyt wer thy wylle, sere,

Wythoute more sojour."

Launfal hem grauntede curteyslyche,

And wente wyth hem myldelyche,

They wheryn whyt as flour ;

And when they come in the forest an hyz,

A pavyloun y-teld he syz

With merthe and mochelle honour.

The pavyloun was wrouth for sothe, y-wys,

Alle of werk of Sarsynys,

¹ See an incident similar to this in the English versions of the *Gesta Romanorum*, edited by Sir F. Madden, p. 100. Compare also Warton, *Introd.* p. 175.

The pomelles of crystalle ;
 Upon the toppe an cru ther stow,
 Of bournede gold ryche and good,
 I-florysched with ryche amalle.
 His eyn wer carbonkeles bryzt,
 As the mone they schon a nyzt,
 That spreteth out ovyr alle ;
 Alysaundre the conquerour,
 Ne kyng Artour, yn hys most honour
 Ne hadde noon sewyeh juelle.
 He fond yn the pavyloun
 The kynges douzter of Olyroun,
 Dame Tryamour that hyzte ;
 Her fadyr was kyng of fayrre,
 Of Occient fer and nyze,
 A man of mochelle myzte.
 In the pavyloun he fond a bed of pryse.
 I-heled with purpur bys,
 That semylé was of syzte ;
 Therinne lay that lady gent,
 That after syr Launfal hedde y-sent.
 That lefsome lemede bryzt.
 For hete her clothes down sche dede
 Almost to her gerdyl stede,
 Than lay sche uncovert ;
 Sche was as whyt as lylve yn May,
 Or snow that sneweth yn wynterys day,
 He seygh never non so pert.
 The rede rose, whan sche ys newe.
 Azens her rode nes nauzt of hewe,
 I dar welle say yn sert ;¹

¹ The whole of this description of the fairy princess and her lover is superior to most other things of the kind composed in English at the same period, yet much inferior to the French original. Compare the extract given by Warton from Adam Davie's poem.

Her here schon as gold wyre,
 May no man rede here atyre,
 Ne nauzt welle thenke yn hert.
 Sche seyde, "Launfal, my lemmen swete,
 Al my joye for the y lete,
 Swetyng paramour ;
 Ther nys no man yn Cristenté,
 That y love so moche as the,
 Kyng neyther emperour."
 Launfal beheld that swete wyȝth,
 Alle hys love yn her was lyȝth,
 And keste that swete flour ;
 And sat adoun her bysyde,
 And seyde, "Swetyng, what so betyde,
 I am to thyn honoure."
 She seyde, "Syr knyȝt, gentyl and hende,
 I wot thy stat, ord, and ende,
 Be nauzt aschamed of me ;
 Yf thou wylt truly to me take,
 And alle wemen for me forsake,
 Ryche I wylle make the :
 I wylle the ȝeve an alner,
 I-mad of sylk and of gold cler,
 Wyth fayre ymages thre ;
 As oft thou putttest the hond therinne,¹
 A mark of gold thou schalt wynne,
 In wat place that thou be."
 Also sche seyde, "Syr Launfal,
 I yeve the Blaunchard my stede lel,
 And Gyfre my owen knave :
 And of my armes oo pensel,
 Wyth thre ermyns y-peynted welle,

¹ The multiplication of riches by invisible agency is a very favourite fiction in Oriental romance.

Also thou schalt have.
 In werre, ne yn turnement,
 Ne schalle the greve no knyȝtes dent,
 So welle y schalle the save."
 Than answerede the gantyl knyȝt,
 And seyde, "Gramarcy, my swete wyȝt,
 No bettere kepte y have."
 The dameselle gan her up sette,
 And bad her maydenes her fette
 To hyr hondys watyr clere ;
 Hyt was y-do without lette,
 The cloth was spred, the bord was sette.
 They wente to hare sopere.
 Mete and drynk they hadde afyn,
 Pyement, claré, and Reynysch wyn,
 And elles greet wondyr hyt wer :
 Whan they had sowpeth and the day was gone.
 They wente to bedde, and that anoon,
 Launfal and sche yu fere.
 For play lytylle they sclepte that nyȝt,
 Tylle on morn hyt was day-lyȝt,
 Sche badd hym aryse anoon ;
 Hy seyde to hym, "Syr, gantyl knyȝt,
 And thou wylt speke with me any wyȝt,
 To a derne stede thou gon ;
 Welle privyly I wolle come to the,
 No man alyve ne schalle me se,
 As styлле as any ston."
 Tho was Launfal glad and blythe,
 He cowde no man hys joye kythe,
 And keste her welle good won.
 "Bot of o thyng, syr knyȝt, I warne the,
 That thou make no bost of me,
 For no kennes mede ;¹

¹ The reader will find a similar injunction in the ballad of Thomas of Ercildoun, hereafter printed.

And yf thou doost, y warny the before,
Alle my love thou hast forlore :”

And thus to hym sche seyde.
Launfal tok hys love to wende,
Gyfre kedde that he was hende,
And brouzt Launfal hys stede :
Launfal lepte ynto the arsoun,
And rood hom to Karlyoun

In hys pover wede.
Tho was the knyzt yn horte at wylle,
In hys chaunber he hyld hym styлле
Alle that undern-tyde ;
Than come ther thorwgh the cyté ten
Welle y-harnesyth men,

Upon ten somers ryde ;
Some wyth sylver, some wyth gold,
Alle to syr Launfal hyt schold,
To presente hym wyth pryde ;
Wyth ryche clothes, and armure bryzt,
They axede after Launfal the knyzt,

Whar he gan abyde.
The yong men wer clodeth yn ynde,
Gyfre he rood alle behynde,
Up Blaunchard whyt as flour ;
Tho seyde a boy that yn the market stod,
“ How fere schalle alle thys good ?

Telle us par amour.”
Tho seyde Gyfre, “ Hyt ys y-sent
To syr Launfal yn present,
That hath leved yn greet dolour.”
Than seyde the boy, “ Nys he but a wrecche ?¹
What thare any man of hym recche ?

¹ Ellis's mistake of printing these two words as a verb *awrecche* is rather violently handled by Ritson, *Mct. Rom.*, iii., 251.

At the meyrys hous he taketh sojour.”
 At the meyrys hous they gon alyzte,
 And presented the noble knyzte

With swych good as hym was sent ;
 And whan the meyr sey3 that rychesse,
 And syr Launfals noblenesse,

He held hym selfe foule y-schent.
 Tho seyde the meyr, “ Syr, per charyté,
 In halle to day that thou wylt ete with me,
 3esterday y hadde y-ment.

At the feste we wold han be yn same,
 And y-hadde solas and game,

And erst thou were y-went.”
 “ Syr meyr, God for-3elde the,
 Whyles y was yn my poverté

Thou bede me never dyne ;
 Now y have more gold and fe,
 That myne frendes han sent me,
 Than thou and alle dyne.”

The meyr for schame away 3ede,
 Launfal yn purpure gan hym schrede,
 I-pelvred with whyt ermyne ;

Alle that Launfal had borwyth before,
 Gyfre be tayle and be score
 3ald hyt welle and fyne.

Launfal helde ryche festes,
 Fyfty fedde povere gestes,

That in myschef wer ;
 Fyfty bouzte stronge stedes,
 Fyfty yaf ryche wedes

To knyktes and squyere ;
 Fyfty rewardede relygyous,
 Fyfty delyverede prysouns.

And made ham quyt and schere ;
 Fyfty clodede gestours,

To many men he dede honours,
 In countreys fere and nere.
 Alle the lordes of Karlyoun
 Lette crye a turnement yn the toun,
 For love of syr Launfel,
 And for Blaunchard, hys good stede,
 To wyte how hym wold spede,
 That was y-made so welle ;
 And whan the day was y-come,
 That the justes were yn y-nome,
 They ryde out also snelle ;
 Trompours gon hare bemes blowe,
 The lordes ryden out a rowe,
 That were yn that castelle.
 There began the turnement,
 And ech knyzt leyd on other good dent
 Wyth mases and wyth swerdes bothe :
 Me myzte y-se some thierfore
 Stedes y-wonne, and some y-lore,
 And knyghtes wonther wroght.
 Syth the rounde table was,
 A bettere turnement ther nas,
 I dar welle say for sothe ;
 Many a lorde of Karlyoun,
 That day were y-bore adoun,
 Certayn withouten othe.
 Of Karlyoun the ryche constable
 Rod to Launfalle, without fable,
 He nolde no lengere abyde :
 He smot to Launfal, and he to hym,
 Welle sterne strokes, and welle grym,
 Ther wer in eche a syde.
 Launfal was of hym y-ware,
 Out of his sadelle he hym bar
 To grounde that ylke tyde ;

And whan the constable was bore adoun,
Gyfre lepte ynto the arsoun.

And away he gan to ryde.
The erl of Chestire therof segh,
For wreththe yn herte he was wod negh.

And rood to syr Launfale,
And smot hym yn the helm on hegh,
That the crest adoun fleggh,

Thus seyde the Frensch tale.¹

Launfal was mochel of myȝt,
Of hys stede he dede hym lyȝt,

And bare hym down yn the dale ;
Than come ther syr Launfal abowte
Of Walssche knyȝtes a greet rowte,

The numbre y not how fale.
Than myȝte me[n] se scheldes ryve.
Speres to-breste and to-dryve,

Behynde and ek before ;
Thoruȝ Launfal and hys stedes dent.
Many a knyȝt, verement,

To ground was i-bore.
So the prys of that turnay
Was delyvered to Launfal that day.

Without oth y-swore :
Launfal rod to Karlyoun,
To the meyrys hous yn the toun,
And many a lord hym before.
And than the noble knyȝt Launfal
Held a feste ryche and ryalle.

That leste fourteenȝt ;
Erles and barouns fale
Semely wer sette yn sale,

¹ Alluding, of course, to the original French text of Launfal. of which there are copies in MS. Harl. 978, and MS. Cott. Vespas. B. xiv. See p. 2.

And ryaly were adyzt.
 And every day dame Triamour,
 Sche com to syr Launfale bour,
 A-day when hyt was nyzt.
 Of alle that ever wer ther tho,
 Segh he non but they two,
 Gyfre and Launfal the knyzt.

PART II.

A knyght ther was yn Lumbardye,
 To syr Launfal hadde he greet envye.
 Syr Valentyne he hyzte ;
 He herde speke of syr Launfal,
 That he couth justy welle,
 And was a man of mochel myzte.
 Syr Valentyne was wonther strong,
 Fyftene feet he was longe ;
 Hym thozte he brente bryzte,
 But he myzte with Launfal pleye,
 In the feld betwene ham tweye,
 To justy, other to fyzte.
 Syr Valentyne sat yn hys halle,
 Hys massengere he let y-calle,
 And seyde he moste wende
 To syr Launfal the noble knyzt,
 That was y-holde so mychel of myzt,
 To Bretayne he wolde hym sende,
 And sey hym, for love of hys leman,
 Yf sche be any gentyle woman,
 Courteys, fre, other hende,
 That he come with me to juste,
 To kepe hys harneys from the ruste,
 And elles hys manhod schende.
 The messengere ys forth y-went
 To tho hys lordys commaundement.

He hadde wynde at wylle.

Whan he was over the water y-come,
The way to syr Launfal he hath y-nom.

And grette hym with wordes styлле.

And seyde, "Syr, my lord, syr Valentyn.
A noble werroure, and queynte of gynne.

Hath me sent the tylle,
And prayth the, for thy lemmanes sake.
Thou schuldest with hym justes take."

Tho lou3 Launfal fulle styлле.
And seyde, as he was gentyl kny3t,
Thylke day a fourteny3t

He wold wyth hym play.
He gaf the messenger, for that tydyng,
A noble courser and a ryng,

And a robe of ray.
Launfal tok leve at Triamour,
That was the bry3t berde yn houre.

And keste that swete may;
Thanne seyde that swete wy3t,
"Dreed the nothyng, syr gentyl kny3t.

Thou schalt hym sle that day."

Launfal nolde nothyng with hym have
But Blaunchard hys stede, and Gyfre hys knave

Of alle hys fayr meyné;
He schyppede and hadde wynd welle good,
And wente over the salte flod,

Into Lumbardye.
When he was over the water y-come,
Ther the justes schulde be nome.

In the cyté of Atalye,
Syr Valentyn hadde a greet ost,
And syr Launfal abatede her host.

Wyth lytylle companye.
And whan syr Launfal was y-dy3t

Upon Blaunchard hys stede lyzt,
 With helm, and spere, and schelde,
 Alle that sawe hym yn armes bryzt,
 Seyde they sawe never swych a knyzt,
 That hym with eyen beheld.
 Tho ryde togydere thes knyztres two,
 That har schaftes to-broste bo,
 And to-scyverede yn the felde ;
 Another cours togedere they rod,
 That syr Launfale helm of glod,
 In tale as hyt ys telde.
 Syr Valentyn logh, and hadde good game.
 Hadde Launfal never so moche schame
 Beforhond yn no fyzt ;
 Gyfre kedde he was good at nede,
 And lepte upon hys maystrys stede.
 No man ne segh with syzt.
 And er than thay togedere mette,
 Hys lordes helm he on sette,
 Fayre and welle adyzt ;
 Tho was Launfal glad and blythe,
 And donkede Gyfre many syde,
 For hys dede so mochel of myzt.
 Syr Valentyne smot Launfal soo,
 That hys scheld fel hym fro,
 Anoon-ryzt yn that stounde ;
 And Gyfre the schelde up hente,
 And broghte hyt hys lord to presente,
 Ere hyt cam thoune to grounde.
 Tho was Launfal glad and blythe,
 And rode ayen the thrydde syde,
 As a knyzt of mochelle mounde ;
 Syr Valentyne he smot so there,
 That hors and man bothe deed were.
 Gronyng wyth grysly wounde.

Alle the lordes of Atalye
 To syr Launfal hadde greet envye,
 That Valentyne was y-slawe,
 And swore that he schold dye,
 Ere he wente out of Lumbardye.
 And be hongede, and to-drawe.
 Syr Launfal brayde out hys facion,
 And as lyzt as dew he leyde hem doun
 In a lytylle drawe.
 And whan he hadde the lordes selayn,
 He went ayen ynto Bretayn
 With solas and wyth plawe.
 The tydyng com to Artour the kyng,
 Anoon wythout lesyng,
 Of syr Launfales noblesse ;
 Anoon a let ¹ to hym sende,
 That Launfalle schuld to hym wende,
 At seynt Jonnys masse.
 For kyng Artour wold a feste holde.
 Of erles and of barouns bolde,
 Of lordynges more and lesse ;
 Syr Launfal schud be stward of halle.
 For to agye hys gestes alle,
 For cowthe of largesse.
 Launfal toke leve at Triamour.
 For to wende to kyng Artour.
 Hys feste for to agye ;
 Ther he fond merthe and moch honour.
 Ladyes that wer welle bryzt yu bour.
 Of knyghtes greet companye.
 Fourty dayes leste the feste,
 Ryche, ryalle, and honeste.

¹ In the original MS. it is written "alet," which Ritson has corrected to "a letter"

What help hyt for to lye?
 And at the fourty dayes ende,
 The lordes toke har leve to wende.

Everych yn hys partye.
 And aftyr mete syr Gaweyn,
 Syr Gyryes, and Agrafayn,
 And syr Launfal also,
 Wente to daunce upon the grene,
 Unther the tour ther lay the quene,

With syxty ladyes and mo.
 To lede the daunce Launfal was set,
 For hys largesse he was lovede the bet,
 Sertayn of alle tho ;
 The quene lay out and beheld hem alle,
 " I se," sche seyde, " daunce large Launfalle.

To hym than wylle y go.
 Of alle the knyghtes that y se there,
 He ys the fayreste bachelere,

He ne hadde never no wyf :
 Tyde me good, other ylle,
 I wylle go and wyte hys wylle.

Y love hym as my lyf."
 Sche tok with her a companye,
 The fayrest that sch[e] myghte aspye,

Syxti ladyes and fyf ;
 And wente hem down anoon-ryghtes,
 Ham to pley among the knyghtes,

Welle styлле wythouten stryf.
 The quene yede to the formeste ende,
 Betwene Launfal and Gauweyn the hende,

And after her ladyes brygt ;
 To daunce they went alle yn same,
 To se hem play hyt was fayr gaine,

A lady and a knygt.
 They hadde menstrales of moch honours.

Fydelers, fytolys, and trompours.
 And elles hyt were unryzt :
 Ther they playde, for sothe to say.
 After mete the somerys day,
 Alle what hyt was ney3 nyzt.
 And whanne the daunce began to slake.
 The quene gan Launfal to counselle take,
 And seyde yn thys manere :
 “ Sertaynlyche, syr knyzt,
 I have the lovyd wyth alle my myzt,
 More than thys seven jere.¹
 But that thou lovye me,
 Sortes y dye fore love of the,
 Launfal, my lemman dere.”
 Than answerde the gentylle knyzt.
 “ I nelle be traytour thay ne nyzt.
 Be God, that alle may stere.”
 Sche seyde, “ Fy on the, thou coward,
 An-hongeth worth thou hye and hard,
 That thou ever were y-bore !
 That thou lyvest hyt ys pyté,
 Thou lovyst no woman, ne no woman the,
 Thow wer worthy forlore.”
 The knyzt was sore aschamed tho,
 To speke ne myzte he forgo,
 And seyde, the quene before :
 “ I have loved a fayryr woman
 Than thou ever leydest thy ney upon,
 Thys seven yer and more.
 Hyr lothlokste mayde, wythoute wene,
 Myzte bet be a quene,

1 A slight stretch of imagination on the part of Queen Guen-
 ever, who, as we have before seen, treated Launfal so indignantly
 at her marriage, and wished him to be “in paynys more and more.”

Than thou in alle thy lyve."
 Therefore the quene was swythe wrozt,
 Sche taketh hyr maydenes, and forth hy goth,
 Into her tour al so blyve.
 And anon sche ley down yn her bedde,
 For wrethe syk sche hyr bredde,
 And swore. so moste sche thryve.
 Sche wold of Launfal be so awreke,
 That alle the lond schuld of hym speke,
 Wythinne the dayes fyfe.
 Kyng Artour com fro huntynge,
 Blythe and glad yn alle thyng,
 To hys chamber than wente he.
 Anoon the quene on hym gan crye.
 "But y be awreke, y schalle dye.
 Myn herte wylle breke athre.
 I spak to Launfal yn my game,
 And he besofte me of schame,¹
 My lemman for to be ;
 And of a lemman hys yelp he made,
 That the lodlokest mayde that sche hadde
 Myzt be a quene above me."
 Kyng Artour was welle wroth,
 And be God he swor hys oth.
 That Launfal schuld be sclawe.
 He wente aftyr dozty knyztres,
 To brynge Launfal anoon-ryztes,
 To be hongeth and to-drawe.
 The knyztres softe hym anoon,
 But Launfal was to hys chanber gon,
 To han hadde solas and plawe ;

¹ Few incidents are more common in old romances than this, and may be traced to the history of Joseph and Potiphar's wife in Genesis

He softe hys leef, but sche was lore.
As sche hadde warnede hym before.

• Tho was Launfal unfäwe.

He lokede yn hys alner.
That fond hym spendyng alle plener.

Whan that he hadde nede,
And ther nas noon, for soth to say
And Gyfre was y-ryde away

Up Blaunchard hys stede.
Alle that he hadde before y-wonne.
Hyt malt as snow azens the sunne.

In romaunce as we rede ;
Hys armur, that was whyt as flour,
Hyt becom of blak colour,

And thus than Launfal seyde :
“ Alas,” he seyde, “ my creature.
How schalle I from the endure.

Swetyng Tryamoure ?
Alle my joye I have forelore.
And the, that me ys worst fore.

Thou blysfulle berde yn boure.”
He bet hys body and hys hedde ek,
And cursede the mouth that he with spek.

With care and greet doloure ;
And, for sorow, yn that stounde.
Anoon he felle aswowe to grounde ;

With that come knyghtes foure.
And bond hym, and ladde hym tho.
Tho was the knyghte yn doble wo,

Before Artour the kyng.

Than seyde kyng Artour,

“ Fyle ataynte traytour !

Why madest thou swyche yelpyng
That thy leimannes lodlokest mayde
Was fayrer than my wyf, thou seyde.

That was a fowlle lesyng !
 And thou besoffest her befor than,
 That sche schold be thy lemman,
 That was mysprowd lykyng !”
 The knyzt answerede with egre moode,
 Before the kyng ther he stode,
 The quene on hym gan lye ;
 “ Sethe that y ever was y-born,
 I besofte her here befor
 Never of no folye.
 But sche seyde y nas no man,
 Ne that me lovede no woman,
 Ne no womannes companye ;
 And I answerede her and sayde,
 That my lemmanes lodlekest mayde
 To be a quene was better wordye.
 Serres, lordynges, hyt ys so,
 I am a-redy for to tho
 Alle that the court wyll loke.”
 To say the soth, without les,
 Alle togedere how hyt was,
 xij. knyztres wer dryve to boke ;
 Alle they seyde ham betwene,
 That knewe the maners of the quene,
 And the queste toke ;
 The quene bar los of swych a word,
 That sche lovede lemmanes wythout her lord,
 Har never on hyt foresoke.
 Therfor they seyden alle,
 Hyt was long on the quene, and not on Launfal,
 Thereof they gonne hym skere ;
 And yf he myzte hys lemman brynge,
 That he made of swych yelpyng,
 Other the maydens were
 Bryztere than the quene of hewe,

Launfal schuld be holde trewe.

Of that yn alle manere ;

And yf he myȝte not brynge hys lef.

He schud be hongede as a thef.

They seyden alle yn fere.

Alle yn fere they made proferynge,

That Launfal schuld hys lemman brynge

Hys heed he gan to laye.

Than seyde the quene, wythout lesynge.

ȝyf he bryngeth a fayrer thyng.

Put out my eeyn gray.¹

Whan that wajowr was take on honde.

Launfal therto to borwes fonde,

Noble knyȝtes twayn ;

Syr Percevalle, and syr Gawayn.

They wer hys borwes, soth to sayn,

Tylle a certayn day.

The certayn day, I ȝow plyȝt.

Was xij. moneth and fourtenyȝt,

That he schuld hys lemman brynge ;

Syr Launfal, that noble knyȝt,

Greet sorow and care yn hym was lyȝt,

Hys hondys he gan wrynge.

So greet sorowe hym was upan,

Gladlyche hys lyf he wold a forgon.

In care and in marnynge ;

Gladlyche he wold hys hed forego,

Everych man therfore was wo,

That wyste of that tydynde ;

The certayn day was nyȝyng,

Hys borwes hym broȝt befor the kyng.

The kyng recordede tho.

¹ Grey eyes were formerly considered a great mark of beauty.
 numerous instances might be quoted from the old romances.

And bad hym bryng hys lef yn syzt,

Syr Launfal seyde that he ne myzt,

Therfore him was welles wo.

The kyng commaundede the barouns alle

To yeve jugement on Launfal,

And dampny hym to selo.

Than sayde the erl of Cornewayle,

That was wyth ham at that counceyle,

“ We wyllyd nazt do so ;

Groot schame hyt war us alle upon

For to dampny that gantylman,

That hath be hende and fre ;

Therfor, lordynges, doth be my reed,

Our kyng we wyllyth another wey lede.

Out of lond Launfal schalle fle.”

And as they stod thus spekyng,

The barouns sawe come rydyng

Ten maydenes bryzt of ble ;

Ham thohte they wer so bryzt and schene.

That the lodlokest, wythout wene,

Har quene than myzte be.

Tho seyde Gawayn, that corteys knyzt,

Launfal, brodyr, drede the no wyzt,

Her cometh thy lemman hende ;

Launfal answerede, and seyde, “ y-wys

None of ham my lemman nys,

Gawayn, my lefly frende.”

To that castelle they wente ryzt,

At the gate they gonne alyzt,

Befor kyng Artour gonne they wende,

And bede hym mak a-redy hastyly

A fayr chamber fore here lady.

That was come of kynges kende.

“ Ho hys your lady ? ” Artour seyde

“ Ye schulle y-wyte.” seyde the mayde

“ For sche cometh ryde.”

The kyng commaundede, for her sake,

The fayryst chaunber for to take,

In hys palys that tyde.

And anon to hys barouns he sente,

For to yeve jugemente

Upon that traytour fulle of pryde ;

The barouns answerede anoon-ryzt,

“ Have we seyn the madenes bryzt,

We schulle not longe abyde.”

A newe tale they gonne tho,

Some of wele and some of wo,

Har lord the kyng to queme.

Some dampnede Launfal there,

And some made hym quyt and skere,

Hare tales wer welle breme.

Tho saw they other ten maydenes bryzt,

Fayryre than the other ten of syzt,

As they gone hym dome ;

They ryd upon joly moyles of Spayne,

Wyth sadelle and brydelle of Champayne,

Hare lorayns lyzt gonne leme.

They wer y-clodeth yn samyt tyre,

Ech man hadde greet desyre

To se hare clodynge.

Tho seyde Gaweyn, that curtayse knyzt,

“ Launfal, here cometh thy swete wyzt,

That may thy bote brynge.”

Launfal answerede, with drery dozt,

And seyde, “ Alas, y knowe her nozt,

Ne non of alle the ofsprynge.”

Forth they wente to that palys,

And lyzte at the hye deys

Before Artoure the kynge,

And grette the kyng and quene ek,

And oo mayde thys wordes spak
 To the kyng Artour,—
 “ Thyn halle agrayde, and hele the walles
 With clodes and with ryche palles,
 A3ens my Lady Tryamour.”
 The kyng answerede bedene,
 “ Welle-come, ye maydenes schene,
 Be our Lord the Savyoure.”
 He commaundede Launcelot du Lake to bryng
 hem yn fere
 In the chamber ther har felawes were,
 With merthe and moche honour.
 Anoon the quene suppose gyle,
 That Launfal schulle yn a whyle
 Be y-made quyt and skere,
 Thoru; hys lemman that was commynge ;
 Anon sche seyde to Artour the kyng,
 “ Syre, curtays yf [thou] were,
 Or yf thou lovedest thyn honoure,
 I schuld be awreke of that traytoure,
 That doth me changy chere ;
 To Launfal thou schuldest not spare,
 Thy barouns dryveth the to bysnare,
 He ys hem lef and dere.”
 And as the quene spak to the kyng,
 The barouns sey3 come rydyng
 A damesele alone,
 Upoon a whyt comely palfrey,
 They saw nevere non so gay
 Upon the grounde gone.
 Gentylle, jolyf, as bryd on bowe,
 In alle manere fayr i-nowe
 To wonye yn worldly wone ;
 The lady was bryzt as blosme on brere.
 With eyen gray, with lovelyeh chere.

Her leyre lyzt schoone.

As rose on rys her rode was red,

The her schon upon here hed,

As gold wyre that schynyth bryzt,

Sche hadde a croune upon here molde,

Of ryche stones and of golde,

That lofsom lemede lyzt.

The lady was clad yn purpere palle,

With gentylle body and myddylle smalle,

That semely was of syzt ;

Her mantylle was furryth with whyt ermyn,

I-reversyd jolyf and fyn,

No ryche be ne myzt.

The sadelle was semly sett,

The sambus wer grene felvet,

I-paynted with ymagerye ;

The bordure was of belles,

Of ryche gold and nothyng elles,

That any man myzte aspye.

In the arsouns, before and behynde,

Were twey stones of Ynde,

Gay for the maystrye ;

The paytrelle of her palfraye

Was worth an erldome stoute and gay,

The best yn Lumbardye.

A gerfawcon sche bar on here hond,

A softe pas here palfray fond,

That men here schuld beholde ;

Thoruz Karlyon rood that lady,

Twey whyte grehoundys ronne hyr by,

Hare colers were of golde.

And whan Launfal sawe that lady,

To alle the folk he gon crye an hy,

Bothe to yonge and olde,

“ Her,” he seyde, “ comyth my lemman swete,

Sche myȝte me of my balys bete,
 ȝef that lady wolde."
 Forth sche wente ynto the halle,
 Ther was the quene and the ladyes alle,
 And also kyng Artoure ;
 Her maydenes come ayens her ryȝt,
 To take here styrop whan sche lyȝt,
 Of the lady dame Tryamour.
 Sche dede of her mantylle on the flet,
 That men schuld her beholde the bet,
 Wythoute a more sojour ;
 Kyng Artoure gan here fayre grete,
 And sche hym agayn with wordes swete,
 That were of greet valoure.
 Up stod the quene and ladyes stoute,
 Her for to beholde alle aboute,
 How evene sche stod upryȝt ;
 Than wer they wyth her also donne,
 As ys the mone ayen the sonne
 A-day whan hyt ys lyȝt.
 Than seyde sche to Artour the kyng,
 " Syr, hydyr I com for swych a thyng,
 To skere Launfal the knyȝt,
 That he never, yn no folyc,
 Besofte the quene of no drurye,
 Be dayes ne be nyȝt.
 Therfor, syr kyng, good kepe thou myne,
 He bad naȝt her, but sche bad hym,
 Here lemmen for to be ;
 And he answerde her and seyde,
 That hys lemmannes lothlokest mayde
 Was fayryr than was sche."
 Kyng Artour seyde, withouten othe,
 " Ech man may ȝ-se that ȝs sothe.
 Bryȝtere that ȝe be."

With that dame Tryamour to the quene geth,
And blow on her swych a breth,

That never eft myȝt sche se.

The lady lep an hyre palfray,

And bad hem alle have good day,

Sche nolde no lengere abyde ;

With that com Gyfre alle so prest,

With Launfalys stede out of the forest

And stod Launfal besyde.

The knyȝt to horse began to sprynge

Anoon wythout any lettynge,

Wyth hys lemman away to ryde ;

The lady tok her maydenys achon,

And wente the way that sche hadde er gon.

With solas and wyth pryde.

The lady rod dorth Cardevyle,

Fere ynto a jolyf ile,

Olyroun that hyȝte ;

Every ȝer upon a certayn day,

Me[n] may here Launfales stede nay,

And hym so with syȝt.

Ho that wylle there axsy justus,

To kepe hys armes fro the rustus,

In turnement other fyȝt,

Dare he never forther gon,

Ther he may fynde justes anoon,

With syr Launfal the knyȝt.

Thus Launfal, withouten fable,

That noble knyȝt of the rounde table,

Was take yn-to fayrye ;

Seththe saw hym yn this lond no man,

Ne no more of hym telle y ne can,

For sothe, without lye.

Thomas Chestre made thys tale,

Of the noble knyȝt syr Launfale,

Good of chyvalrye.

Jhesus, that ys hevene kyng,

Yeve us alle hys blessing,

And hys modyr Marye ! Amen.

Explicit Launfal.

One leaf of Kynges's edition of Launfal is preserved in Douce's collection, and the whole of it is reprinted in the recent catalogue of that library, p. 311. It is in couplets, and agrees very nearly with the Rawlinson MS. I am at a loss to understand why the compiler of the Douce catalogue should conjecture this fragment to be "part of a translation of Syr Perceval," with which it has clearly nothing in common, or "a portion of an *earlier* version of Launfal than that in Ritson," for the style of Ritson's copy is decidedly more ancient than that in the Rawlinson MS., or the printed fragment. Percy mentions another copy in his folio MS. The Rawlinson MS. commences as follows :—

Sothly by Arthurs day
Was Bretayne yn grete nobyle,
For yn hys tyme a grete whyle
He sojourned at Carlile ;
He had with hym a meyné there,
As he had ellys where,
Of the rounde table the kynghtes alle,
With myrth and joye yn hys halle.

The following extract from another part of the same MS. will prove the identity of the version with that of the Douce fragment :—

Thisc xij. wist, withouten wene,
Alle the maner of the quene

The kyng was good alle aboute,
And she was wyckyd oute and oute.
For she was of suche comforte,
She lovyd mene ondir her lorde ;
Therby wist thei it was alle
Longe one her, and not one Landewalle :
Herof they quyttene hyme as treue mene,
And sith spake they farder thenne,
That yf he myght hys lemane bryng
Of whome he maide knolishyng,
And yef her may devyse bryght and shyne
Werne fairer thane the quene,
In maykyng, semblaunt and hewe,
They wold quyte hyme gode and true ;
Yff he ne myght stound ther tille,
Thanne to be at the kynges wille.
This verdite thei yef tofore the kyng ;
The day was sett her for to bryng.
Borowys he founde to come ayene,
Sir Gawayne and Sir Ewyne.
“ Alas,” quod he, “ now shalle I die,
My love shalle I never see with ee !”
Ete ne drynke wold he never,
But wepyng and sorowyng evir :
Syres, sare sorow hath he nome,
He wold hys endyng day wer come,
That he myght ought of lif goo !
Every mane was for hyme woo,
For larger kynght thane he
Was ther never yn that countrey.
The day i-sett come one hyng,
His borowys hyme brought before the kyng ;
The kyng lett recorte tho
The sewt and the answer also.

And bad hyme bryng his borowis in syght,
 Landevallē sayd that he ne myght.
 Tho were commaundyd the barons alle
 To gyve judgement one syr Landevallē.

These extracts will be sufficient to show that the text I have adopted is superior both in language and antiquity to the version in the Rawlinson manuscript.

II. ROMANCE OF KING ORFEO.

This beautiful fairy romance-poem is founded on the classical tale of Orpheus and Eurydice, but metamorphosed in a manner that would lead us to believe that the compiler had either a very imperfect knowledge of his original, or that the variations were intentional. In the latter case, it is clear that much ingenuity and taste have been displayed; and even if the other supposition be correct, the metamorphosis of hell into fairy-land cannot but be an improvement. Three copies of this romance, which has been conjectured with much probability to be a translation from the French, are known to exist; one in MS. Harl. 3810, printed by Ritson, another in the Auchinleck MS., printed by Mr. Laing, and a third in MS. Ashmole 61, the text we have here selected. According to the Auchinleck and Harleian MSS., Orpheo's father "was comen of King Pluto," and Chaucer speaks of Pluto and Proserpina as the king and queen of the fairies. The Edinburgh MS. reads Juno for Proserpina, but the variation is immaterial. The circumstance, however, seems to add one more proof to those adduced by Mr. Wright, of the interchange between legends and popular fictions. The "Traite of Orpheus kyng," by Robert Henryson, printed at Edinburgh in 1508, and reprinted in 1827, merely relates to the classical story, and it will be

enough for us to refer to the extracts given by Mr. Laing in his "Select Remains of the Ancient Popular Poetry of Scotland," 4to. Edinb. 1822. The Ashmolean MS. is a far better version than that printed by Ritson, and, although it agrees rather closely with the copy in the Auchinleck MS., it is more complete at the commencement, and in many respects superior to it, the MS. itself, however, being not more ancient than the time of Henry VI.

KYNG ORFEW.

Mery tyme is in aperelle,¹
 That mekyll schewys of manys wylle ;
 In feldys and medewys flowys spryng,
 In grovys and wodes foules syng :
 Than wex 3ong men jolyffe,
 And than prevyth man and wyffe.
 The Brytans, as the boke seys,
 Off diverse thinges thei made ther leys ;
 Som thei made of herpynges,
 And some of other diverse thinges ;
 Some of werre and some off wo,
 Some of myrthys and joy also,
 Some of trechery and some off gyle,
 Some of happys that felle some whyle,
 And some be of rybawdry,
 And many ther ben off fary :
 Off all the venturys men here ore se,
 Most off luffe fore soth thei be,
 That in the leys ben i-wrou3ht,
 Fyrst fond and forth brou3ht.
 Off aventours that felle some deys,
 The Bretonys ther of made ther leys,

¹ The introductory portion is not found in the Auchinleck MS., but it is given in Ritson's version, with some variation.

Off kynges that before us were,
 When thei myȝt any woundres here,
 They lete them wryte, as it wer do,
 And ther among is syr Orfewo.
 He was fore soth a nobulle kyng,
 That most luffyd gle and herpyng ;
 Wele sekyre was every gode herpere
 To have off mekyll honour.
 Hym-selve he lernyd for to herpe,
 And leyd theron hys wytte so scherpe.
 He lernyd so wele, withoutene les,
 So gode herpere never non was ;
 In all this world was no man bore,
 That had kyng Orfeo ben before.
 And he myȝht hys herpe here,
 Bot he wold wene that it were
 A blyssed full note of parades,
 Suche melody therin is !
 The Kyng journeyd in Tracyens,¹
 That is a cyté off grete defence,
 And with hym hys quene off price,
 That was callyd dame Meroudys ;
 A feyrere lady than sche was one,
 Was never made off flessch ne bone ;
 Sche was full off lufe and godnes,
 Ne may no mane telle hyre feyrnes.
 It be-felle in the begynning of May,
 When ffoules syng on every spreȝ,
 And blossom spryng on every bouȝhe,
 Over all wexyth mery i-nowhe ;

¹ Ritson's copy reads *Crassens*. The Edinburgh MS. very ingeniously asserts that this was the ancient name for Winchester ; one way of transforming a Grecian tale into an English one.

Then the quene dame Meroudys ¹
 Toke with hyr ladés off grete price,
 And went in a underon tyde,
 To pley hyre in an horcherd syde.
 Than the ladés all thre,
 Sett them under an hympe tre.
 Sche leyd hyre dounne that comly quene,
 And fell on sclepe upone the grene ;
 The ladys durste hyr nouȝt wake,
 Bot lete hyr lyȝe hyre rest to take.
 Sche slepe welle fere after the none,
 To the undryne tyde wer gone ;
 And when that ladés gane hyr wake,
 Sche cryed and grete noys gane make,
 And wrong ther hondes with drery mode,
 And crachyd hyr vysage all on blode ;
 Hyre ryche robys sche all to-rytte,
 And was ravysed out of hyr wytte !
 The ladés, that stod hyre besyde,
 Fled and durste not long abyde,
 Bot went unto the palys aȝene,
 And told both knyȝt and sueyne,
 How that the quene away wold,
 And bad them come hyr to be-hold.
 Sixty knyȝtes and ȝit mo,
 And also fele ladys ther-to,
 Hastely to the quene thei come,
 And in ther armys thei hyr name,
 And brouȝt hyre to bed in haste,
 And kepyd hyre both feyre and faste,
 And ever sche begane to cryȝe,
 As sche wold up and go hyre weye.

¹ In the Harl. MS. the Queen's name is spelt *Erodys* and *Ero-*
dysse ; and in the Auchinleck MS. *Heurodis*.

The kyng come to the chamber to the quene,
 And before hym knyghtes tenne,
 And wepte and seyde with grete pyté,
 " My leffe wyff, what ayles the ?
 Thou that hast be so styлле,
 Why cryest thou wonder schylle ?
 And ever thou ast be meke and myld,
 Thou arte become wode and wyld !
 Thy flessch that was so whyte be-fo[r]ne,
 With thi nayles thou hast torne !
 Thy lyppes that wer so bryzt rede,
 Semys as wane as thou wer dede,
 And thi fyngyrs long and smale,
 The be bloody and all pale !
 And thi luffisom eyne two
 Loke on me, as I wer thi fo !
 God lemane, I cry the mersye,
 Thou late be all this reufull crye,
 And telle me, lady, fore thi prow,
 What thing may the helpe now."

Sche ley styll at the last,
 And be-gane to sey full fast,
 And thus sche seyde the kyng unto ;
 " Alas ! my lord syr Orfeo,
 Ever I have lovye the all my lyfe,
 Betwene us was never stryfe,
 Never seth we wedyd ware,
 Therefore I make full mekyll care ;
 Bot now we must per[t]e a-two,
 Do thou the best, fore I must go !"

" Alas !" seyde the kyng, " lost I ame,
 Whyder wyll thou go and to whome ?
 Wer thou arte I wold be with the,
 And where I ame thou schall be with me !"

- “ Do wey !” seyde the quene, “ that schall not be,
Fore I schall never the more se !
I wyll the tell how it is,
• And fore soth I wyll not mysse.
As I went this undyre tyde,
To pley me be myn orcherd syde,
I fell on slepe all-bedene,
Under an ympe upone the grene ;
My meydens durst me not wake,
Bot lete me lyze and slepe take,
Tyll that the tyme over passyd so,
That the undryne was over go.
Whe[n] I gan my-selve awake,
Ruly chere I gane to make,
Fore I saw a ssembly syzt ;
To-werd me come a gentyll knyzt,
Wele i-armyd at all ryzht,
And bad I schuld upone hyzeng,
Come speke with hys lord the kyng.
I ansuerd hym with wordes bold,
I seyde, I durst not ne not I wold.
The knyzt azen he rode full fast,
Than come ther kyng at the last,
With an hundreth knyzt also,
And an hundreth ladés and mo,
All thei ryden on whyte stedes,
Off mylke whyte was all ther wedes,
I saw never, seth I was borne,
So feyre creatours here beforne.
The kyng had a croune on hys hede,
It was no sylver ne gold rede,
It was all off presyous stone,
Als bryzt as any sone it schone !
Also sone as he to me come,
Whether I wold ore not up he me name,

And made me with hym for to ryde
 Upone a stede by his syde ;
 He brouȝt me to a feyre palas,
 Wele tyred and rychly in all case ;
 He shewyd me hys castellus and tourys,
 And hys hey haules and boures,
 Forestes, ryvers, frutes and floures ;
 Hys grete stedes schewyd me ichone,
 And sethyn he made me aȝene to gone
 Into the sted where he me fette,
 In that same sted ther he me sete,
 And seyde, " Madame, loke that thou be
 To-morow here under this tre,
 And than schall thou with us go,
 And lyve with us evermore so ;
 If that thou make us any lete,
 Where ever thou be thou schall be fete,
 And to-torne thi lymys all,
 No thyng helpe the ne schall !
 And thoff thou be all to-torne,
 ȝit schall thou away with us be borne !"

When kyng Orfeo herd this case,
 Than he seyde, " Alas ! Alas !"

He askyd rede of many a mane,
 Bot no mane helpe hym ne canne.
 " Alas !" seyde the kyng, " that I amc wo '
 What may I best fore my quene do ?"

On the morrow when the ondryn cam,
 Kyng Orfeo hys armys nam ;
 Ten hundreth knyȝhtes he with hym toke,
 Wele armyd, talle men and stoute.
 With hys quene than went he
 To the orcherd under the ympe tre,
 And seyde he wold ther abyde.
 What aventour so be-tyde ;

Lyve and dy3e thei wold ichone,
Or that the quene schuld fro them gone.
Than thei gon batell to make,
And sched blod fore hys quenys sake,
Bot among them all ry3ht,
The quene was away twy3ht,
And with the feyry away i-nome,
The ne wyst wer sche was come !
There was cry wepyng and wo !
The kyng unto hys chamber 3ede tho,
And oft he knelyd onne the stone,
And made gre sorow fore sche was gone,
That ne hys lyve was i-spent,
Bot ther my3t be none amendment.
He sent after hys barons,
Kny3htes, squyres off grete renownys :
When thei all come were,
He seyde, " Lo[r]dinges, before 3ou here,
I wold orden my hy3e stuord
To kepe my londes afterwerd,
And in my sted be he schalle
To kepe my landes over alle.
When that 3e se my lyffe is spent,
Than make 3ou a parlament ;
Chese 3ou than a new kyng,
And do 3our best with all my thing.
Fore now I have my quene lorne,
The best woman that ever was borne,
To wylderne I wyll gone,
Fore I wyll never woman sene,
And lyve ther in holtys hore,
With wyld bestes ever-more !"
There was wepyng in the halle,
And gret sorow among them alle ;

There was nother olde ne 3ong,
That myȝt speke a word with tong !
They felle on kneys all in fere,
Be-souȝt hym, iff hys wyll were,
That he schuld not fro them go.
“ Do wey ! ” he seyde, “ it schall be so !
All this kyngdome I foresake.”
A staff to hym he gane take ;
He had nether gōwne ne hode,
Schert ne non other gode,
Bot an harpe he toke algate,
Barefote he went furth at the ȝate !
There was weping and grete crye,
Grete dolc fore the maysterye,
When the kyng with-outene crounne
So porely went out off the tounne.
He went thorow wode and hethe,
And into wyldernes he gethe ;
So fere he went I sey i-wys,
That he wyst not where he was.
He that sate in boure and halle,
And on hym were the purpull palle,
Now in herd heth he lyȝet,
With levys and gresse his body hydyth.
He that had knyȝhtes off prise,
And before hym knelyd ladés,
He sey not that hys herte lykyth,
Bot wyld bestes that by hym strykyth !
Also he had castellus and tourys,
Forestes, ryverse, frutys and flourys,
Now thoff it be store as fresc,
He may not make hys bed in es.
The kyng that had grete pleuté
Off mete and drinke, withoutene le,

Long he may dyge and wrote,
Or he have hys fyll of the rote.
In somour he lyvys be the frute,
And berys that were full suete ;
In wynter may he no thing fynd,
Bot levys and grasse and of the rynd.
Hys body is away dwyned,
And fore grete cold al to-schend.
Hys berd was both blake and row3e,
And to hys gyrdell sted it drew3e ;
He cane telle off grete care
The suffyre x. wynter and more.
In a tre that was holow,
There was hys haule evyne and morow !
When the wether was feyre and bry3ht,
He toke his herpe anone-ry3ht,
In mydys the wodde he sett hym dounne,
And temperyd hys herpe with a mery sounne,
And harpyd after hys awne wylle,
Over all aboute it was full schylle !
The wyld bestes that ther were,
They come aboute hys herpe to here ;
The bestes of that forest wyld,
Come aboute hym meke and myld,
To here his harpyng so fyne,
So mych melody was ther-ine.
When he hys harpyng stynt wylle,
No lenger ther abyde thei wylle,
And all the foulys that there were,
They come aboute hym by bussch and brere.
Than my3t he se hym besyde,
In an hote undryne tyde,
The king off fary and all hys route
Come ryding hym all aboute,

With dynne, cry and with blowyng,
And with hundes berkyng,
Bot no dere ne best thei nome,
He wyst not wer thei were become.
Other thinges he myȝht se,
A grete hoste come hym bye,
An hundreth knyȝhtes and mo ȝit,
Wele armyd at all ryȝht,
With contynans stoute and fers,
And many spreding baners ;
Every man a draw suerd had in hond,
Bot he wyst not whether thei wold wend.
Also he myȝt se every thing,
Knyȝhtes and ladés come daunsyng.
Anone he lokyd hym besyde,
And say syxty ladés on palferays ryde,
Gentyll and gay as bryd on ryse,
Not a man among them i-wyse,
Bot every lady a faukon bere,
And rydene on huntynge be a ryvere.
Off game thei found well god haunte,
Suannys, herons and courmorante,
And the faucons forth fleyng,
And the foulis fro the water rysing ;
Every faucone hys prey slowȝ,
Than sate the kyng Orfeo and lewȝ,
And seyde, " This is gode game,
Thyder I wyll be Godes name,
Sych game I was wont for to se."
Up he rose, and thether went he.
To a ladé he come tho,
He beheld hyre face and body also,
Hym thouȝt that it was in all wyse
Hys awne queene dame Meroudes.

He beheld hyr and sche hym eke,
 And never a word to other thei speke,
 Fore the poverte that sche on hym se,
 That had bene so ryche and hyge,
 • The terys rane doune be hyr eyge !
 The ladés beheld and that they seyge,
 And made hyr away to ryde,
 No lenger myght sche ther abyde.
 “ Alas ! ” seyde Orfeo, “ that me is wo !
 Why wold not myne hert breke a-two ?
 Now I may not speke with my wyffe.
 Al to long lastes my lyffe !
 Sche dare not a word with me speke,
 Alas ! why wold not my herte breke ?
 Alas ! ” seyde the kyng, “ that I ne myght
 Dyge after this same syght !
 Into what lond this lady ryde,
 Follow¹ I wyll, what so be-tyde !
 That same wey wyll I streche,
 Off my lyve I do not reche ! ”
 He toke a staff as he spake,
 And threw an herpe at hys bake ;
 He sparyd nother stoke ne stone,
 He had gode wyll for to gone.
 In a roche off stone the ladés ryde,
 Orpheo folowyd and not abyde.
 When he had ther in go,
 A myle or els two,
 He come into a feyre cuntrey,
 Als bryzt as sone in somerys dey ;
 Hyll ne dale was ther none sene,
 It was a welle feyre grene.
 Orfeo full wele it seye,
 A feyre castell ryall and hyge ;

¹ Forow, MS.

He beheld the werke full welc,
The overyst werke above the walle
Gane schyne as doth the crystalle.
A hundreth tyretes he saw full stout,
So godly thei wer bateyled aboute.
The pylers that come oute off the dyche,
All thei wer of gold full ryche ;
The frontys thei wer amelyd all
With all maner dyverse amell :
Therein he saw wyde wonys,
And all wer full of presyos stonys.
Kyng Orfeo knokyd at the zate,
The pourter was redy therate,
Freyned what he wold do.
He seyde, " I ame a mynstrell lo,
To glad thi lord with my gle,
And it hys suete wyll be."
The porter undyd the zate anone,
And as a mynstrell lete hym gone ;
Than lokyd he aboute the walle,
And saw it stond over alle
With men that wer thyder brought,
And semyd dede and wer nought ;
Some ther stod withoutyne hede,
And some armys non hade,
And some ther bodés had wounde,
And some onc hors ther armys sette,
And some wer strangyld at ther mete,
And men that wer noumene with them etc ;
So he saw them standing ther.
Then saw he men and women in fere,
As thei slepyd ther undryne tyde,
He them saw ¹ on every syde ;
Among them he saw hys wyve,
That he lovyd as his lyve.

¹ He saw he them saw, MS.

That ley ther under that tre full trew,
Be hyre clothys he hyre knew.
In that castell he saw ȝit,
A tabernakylle wele i-dyȝht,
And a ryall kyng therin sette,
And hys quene that was so swete ;
There crownys and clothys schyne so bryȝt,
That on them loke he ne myȝht '
A hundryth knyȝhtes in present
To do the kinges commandment.
When he had sene all this thing,
On kneys he fell before the kyng,
And seyð, " Lord, and thi wyll were,
My mynstralsy thou woldyst here."
Than seyð the kyng, " What arte thou
That hether arte i-come now ?
I noe none that is with me,
Never ȝit sent after the ;
Never seth that my reyne begane,
Fond I never none so herdy mane,
That hyder durst to us wend,
Bot iff I wold after hym send."
" Syre," he seyð, " I trow wele
I ame bot a pore mynstrelle,
And ȝit it ys the maner off us,
For to seke to gret lordes hous ;
And thoff we not welcome be,
ȝit we behovyh to profere oure gle."
Before the kyng he sette hym done,
And toke hys herpe schyll of sowne,
And temperd yt as he wele cane,
A blyssed full note he begane.
The kyng sate wele styll,
To here hys herpe with ryȝt god wyll ;

Wole hym lykyd to here hys gle,
The ryche quene so deyd sche.
Men that in the castell wer
Come hys herpe for to here,
And felle dounne to hys fete,
They thouzt hys herpe was so suete !
And when he stynt of hys herpyng,
To hym than seyde the ryche kyng,
“ Mynstrell, me lykys wole thi gle,
And what thou wyll aske of me,
Largely I wyll the pay,
Speke now, and thou may asey.”
“ Now, lord, I pray the
That thou wold gif to me
The feyre lady bryzt off ble,
That lyzet under this impe tre.”
“ Nay,” he seyde, “ that thouzt I never,
A foule coupull of 3ou it were,
Fore thou arte row3e and blake,
And sche is withoutyne lake ;
A foule thing it wer fore-they,
To se hyre go in thi company.”
“ Lord,” he seyde, “ thou ryche kyng,
3it it wer a foulere thing
To here a lesyng of thy mouth,
That thou me seyst now3e,
That I schuld have what I wold,
Bot nedys a kyng word mot hold.”
The ryche kyng spake wordes than,
And seyde, “ Thou arte a trew mane,
Therefore I grante that it be so,
Thou take hyre be the hond and go ;
I wyll that thou be of hyre blyth.”
He thankyd hym a hundreth sythe.

- He toke hyre by the hond anone,
 And fast went forth oute of that wone ;
 • Fast thei hyed out off that palas,
 And went ther wey thourow Godes grace ;
 To wyldernes both forth thei geth,
 And passyth over holtys and heth.
 So lo[ng] he hys wey ther nome,
 To Trasycens thei wer i-come,
 That some tyme was his awne cyté,
 Bot no mane knew that it was he.
 With a pore man he rest that nyzt,
 There he thouzt to hyde a-plyzt,
 Unto hym and to hys wyffe,
 As an herpere off pore lyffe.
 And askyd tydinges of that lond,
 Who that the kyngdome held in hond ;
 In that same tyme that old mane,
 He told hym all that he cane,
 And how the quene was twyzt away
 Into ye lond of fayrey,
 And how the kyng exiled ȝede,
 Bot no mane wyst into what stede ;
 And how the steward the kyngdome hold,
 And many other wondres hym told.
 Amorow aȝen the none tyde,
 He made hys quene ther to abyde ;
 Fore soth he toke hys herpe anone,
 Into the syté he gane gone.
 And when [he] come into the syté,
 Many a mane come hym to se,
 Men and wyves and maydinse bold,
 Fast thei come hym to behold.
 Also thei seyde everychone,
 How the mosse grew hym upone ;

“ Hys berd is growyne to the kne,
Hys body is clong as a tre !”
As the kyng went in the strete,
With hys stewerd he gane mete,
Aud fell on kneys with grete pyté,
And seyde, “ Lord, fore charyté,
I ame an herpere of hethynes,
Helpe me now, lord, yn this destres.”
The stewerd seyde, “ Cum with me home,
Off my gode thou schall have some ;
Fore my lordes love, syr Orfeo,
All herpers be welcum me to.”
The stewerd and the lordes alle,
Anone thei went into the halle ;
The stewerd wessch and went to mete,
The lordes all begane to sytte ;
There wer herpers and trumppers,
And mynstrellus and grete renounys.
There was grete myrth in the halle,
Kying Orfew sate among them alle,
And lystynd to thei wer styll,
And toke hys herpe and temperde schyll ;
The meryest note he made ther,
That every mane myȝt here with ere.
All thei lyked wele hys gle,
The rych stewe so dyd he.
The stewerd the harpe knew full suyth,
And seyde, “ Mynstrell, so mote thou thryve,
Where hades thou this herpe and how
Tell me now, fore thi prow.”
“ A ! lord, in a mournyng tyde,
Thorow a wyld forest I ȝede ;
A man with lyons was drawyne smale,
I fond hym lyȝeng in a dale ;

Etyne he was with tethe so scherpe,
 By hym I fond this ryall herpe
 Ny³he x. wyntyre ago."
 "Alas !" seyde the stewerd, "me is wo,
 That was my lord syr Orfeo !"
 Alas !" he seyde, "what schall I do ?
 And fore my lord that happyd so,
 "Alas !" he seyde, "that me is wo,
 That so evyll deth was merkyd,
 And so herd grace hym be-happyd !"
 On swone he fell in the halle,
 The lordes come before hym alle,
 And toke hym up sone anone,
 And comforth hym everychone,
 And told¹ hym how this werld geth,
 "There is no bote of manys deth."
 The kyng beheld the stewerd than,
 And seyde he was a trew mane,
 And lovye hym as he auzte to do,
 And sterte up and seyde, "Lo !
 Syre stuerd, lystyns now this thing,
 Jiff I were Orfeo the kyng ;
 Therefore, stewerd, lystyns to me,
 Now thou may the kyng here se ;
 I have wonnyd x. wynter and more
 In wyldernes with mekyll sore,
 And have wonne my quene away
 Owte of the land off fary,
 And have brouzt that lady hend
 Here unto the tounnes ende,
 And over in was ther i-nome;
 And myselve to the courte come,
 Thus in beger wede full styll,
 For to asey thi gode wyll ;

¹ Told told, MS.

And fore I found the thus trewe,
 Therefore thou schall never it rewe,
 Fore be my lyve fore lufe or aye,
 Thou schall be kyng after my dey ;
 And if thou have of my deth blyth,
 Thow schuld be hangyd also swyth !”
 All the lordes that there sette,
 That was ther kyng thei underȝete,
 And with that word the stewerd hym knew,
 And over the bord anone he threw,
 And fell anone downne to hys fete,
 And so dyd all that ther sate ;
 And all thei seyde with a cryeng,
 “ Welcum ever Orfew the kyng !”
 Off hys comyng thei wer blyth,
 And brouȝt hym to a chamber swyth,
 And bathyd hym and schove hys berd,
 And tyred hym as a kyng in wede ;
 And sethin with grete processyone,
 The brouȝt the quene thorow the tounne ;
 Fore ther was myrth and melody
 Off yche maner mynstralsy.
 There he was crowned new i-wys,
 So was the quene dame Meroudes,
 And levyd long afterwerd,
 And seth was kyng the trew stewerd
 Herpers of Bretayne¹ herd [beforne]
 How this aventor was begone,
 And made a ley of grete lykyng,
 And callyd it after the kyng,
 That Orfeo hyȝht, as mene welc wote,
 Gode is the ley, suete is the note !

¹ That is, Bretagne. This passage seems to show that the poem is a translation from the French. See also p. 37.

Thus endes here Orfeo the kyng,
God graunte us all hys blyssing !
And all that this wyll here or rede,
God foregyff them ther mysded,
To the blysse of hevyn that thei may come,
And ever more therin to wonne !
And that it may so be,
Prey we all fore charyté !

Explicit Orfeo.

III. THOMAS AND THE FAIRY QUEEN.

The connexion between the purgatory and paradise of the monks, and the fairy-lands of the people, observes Mr. Wright, is perhaps nowhere so fully exhibited as in the following ballad, which is besides no unfavourable specimen of early poetry. There is something exceedingly graceful in the commencement of it, and a taste displayed which we vainly look for in most contemporary pieces of the kind ; and the wild and fanciful tale on which the prophecies are engrafted impart interest to the whole composition. Thomas of Erceldoune, whose adventures with the fairy queen are here narrated, was a legendary character, to whom were ascribed several prophecies, which passed for a long time under his name, similar to those of Merlin. Sir W. Scott and others have endeavoured to prove that the English romance of Tristram was written by Thomas of Erceldoune ; but the translator merely alludes to him at the commencement in a fanciful manner, and I think it, with Mr. Wright, most probable that, finding the name *Thomas* in the French original, and not understanding it, he was induced to take a character, then so famous, to add some popularity to the subject. The language both of Sir Tristram and the following

piece is certainly English ; and, indeed, the whole of the Auchinleck MS. was doubtlessly written in England.

Five early MS. copies of the following ballad exist in our public libraries, and there are probably others. We have taken the earliest and best of these for our text, a MS. in the Public Library at Cambridge, marked Ff. v., 48, which has been previously printed by Jamieson, but in so very incorrect a manner as to render its republication necessary, even did it not constitute a very material piece in our series. This MS. was written in the early part of the fifteenth century. Mr. Wright, however, has endeavoured to prove from internal evidence that it was written in the reign of Edward II., although the mention of Black Agnes clearly proves the contrary ; and his evidence goes no farther than to show that some of the pieces were *composed* in that reign, the general character of the writing showing that the MS. itself belongs to a much more recent period. A copy is also in the Thornton MS. (ff. 149-153,) in the library of Lincoln cathedral, but, unfortunately, imperfect, only half of f. 152 and a small fragment of f. 153 being left of the latter part of the poem. This was printed by Mr. Laing, in his "Early Popular Poetry of Scotland," 4to., Edinb., 1822. The third transcript is in MS. Cott. Vitell. E. x. ff. 231-234, partially burnt, the commencement of which is printed in Scott's "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," ed. 1810, iii. 181-186. The fourth is contained in MS. Lansd. 762, ff. 24-31, which concludes abruptly with l. 445 of our text ; and a fifth, a much later copy, is in MS. Sloane 2578, ff. 6-11, but unfortunately wanting the first fyfte. The two last mentioned copies do not appear to have been hitherto noticed, and the Sloane MS. is not well described in Ayscough's catalogue. A later version of it is also found in MS. Rawl. C. 258. The Lincoln MS. contains the following preface, which is peculiar to that copy :—

"Lystyns, lordynges, bothe grete and smale,
And takis gude tence what I wille saye,

I salle 3ow telle als trewe a tale
 Als ever was herde by nyghte or daye ;
 And the maste mervelle, for-owttyne naye,
 That ever was herde by-fore or syene,
 And, therefore, pristly I 3ow praye
 That 3e wille of 3oure talkyng blyne.
 It es an harde thyng for to saye
 Of doghety dedis that hase bene done,
 Of felle feghtynges and batelles sere,
 And how that thir knyghtis hase wone thair schone.
 Bot Jhesu Crist, that syttis in trone,
 Safe Ynglysche-mene bothe ferre and nere,
 And I salle telle 3ow tyte and sone
 Of batelles donne sythene many a 3ere ;
 And of batelles that done salle bee,
 In whate place, and howe and whare,
 And wha salle hafe the heghere gree,
 And whethir pertye salle hafe the werre ;
 Wha salle takk the flyghte and flec,
 And wha salle dye and by-leve thare.
 Bot Jhesu Crist that dyed on tre,
 Save Inglysche-mene whare so thay fare !”

The Cambridge MS. has been lamentably defaced by damp, and more recently by an infusion of galls, so that in many places it is extremely difficult to decipher. I am sorry to add that the greatest mischief appears to have been perpetrated by Jamieson, who used the infusion with an unsparing hand ; and whatever assistance it may have rendered him, the effect now is in some places an entire obliteration. It was only by placing the volume in a peculiar position in a strong but not glaring light, that I have been enabled to correct the errors which my predecessor has committed ; and I am still doubtful in some very few cases. My plan was to place the volume *when quite open* at right angles to the surface, so that the back of the book

was parallel, and the writing at right angles to the ground ; a process which I have often found to be of more efficient use than ordinary glasses.

Ætte k.

“ As I me went this andyrs day,¹
 Fast on my way makyng my mone,
 In a mery mornyng of May,
 Be Huntley bankes my-self alone,
 I herde the jay and the throstelle,
 The mavys mevyd in hir song,
 The wodewale farde as a belle,
 That the wode aboute me rong.
 Alle in a longyng as I lay ²
 Undurnethe a cumly³ tre,
 Saw I wher a lady gay
 Came ridand over a lovely⁴ le ;
 3if I shuld sitte tille domusday,
 Alle with my tong to know and se,
 Scertenly alle hir aray
 Shalle hit never be seryed for me :
 Hir palfray was of dappulle gray,
 Sike on se I never non,
 As dose the sune on somers day
 The cumly lady hirsselfe schone ;

¹ The Cott. MS. begins thus,—

“ In a lande as I was lent,
 In the grykyng of the day,
 Me alone as I went,
 In Huntlé bankys me for to play.”

² The Lincoln MS. reads, “Allone in longynge thus als I laye.”

³ Cotton. MS., “a dern tre.”

⁴ “Fayre,” Cott. MS.

Hir sadille was of reuylle bone,
 Semely was that sight to se,
 Stiffly sette with precious stone,
 Compaste aboute with crapoté;¹
 Stonys of oryons² gret plenté,
 Hir here aboute hir hed hit hong;
 She rode out over that lovely le,
 A-while she blew, a-while she song.
 Hir garthis of nobulle silke thei were,
 Hir boculs thei were of barys stone;³
 Hir stiropis thei were of cristalle clere,
 And alle with perry aboute be-gon;
 Hir paytrelle was of a rialle fyne,⁴
 Hir cropur was of arafé,
 Hir bridulle was of golde fyne,
 On every side hong bellis thre.
 She led iij.⁵ grehoundis in a leesshe,
 viij. raelis be hir fete ran,
 To speke with hir wold I not seese,⁶
 Hir lire was white as any swan;
 She bare a horne about hir halce,
 And undur hir gyrdille mony flounne;
 For sothe, lordynges, as I yow telle,
 Thus was this lady fayre be-gon.

¹ Jamieson reads "cramese," confessing the difficulty of the MS., which clearly has *crapote*, agreeing with the Lincoln, Lausdowne, and Cotton MSS.

² "Oryente,"—Lincoln MS.

³ "Berelle stone,"—Lincoln MS.

⁴ "Of irale fyne,"—Lincoln MS. In the next line, the Lincoln MS. reads *orpharé* for *arafé*.

⁵ The MS. originally read "fourc," which has been altered to "iij." by an early hand.

⁶ Not *presse*, as printed by Jamieson.

Thomas lay and saw that sight,
 Undurneth a semely tre ;
 He seid, "yonde is Mary of myght,
 That bare the childe that died for me !
 But I speke with that lady bright,
 I hope my hert wille breke in thre ;
 But I wille go with alle my myght,
 Hir to mete at eldryn tre !" ¹
 Thomas radly ² up he rase,
 And ran over that mounteyne hye,
 And certainly, as the story sayes,
 He hir mette at eldryne tre.
 He knelid downe upon his kne,
 Undurneth the grenewode spray,
 "Lovely lady, thou rew on me,
 Qwene of heven, as thou welle may !" ³
 Than seid that lady bright, ³
 "Thomas, let such wordis be,
 For quen of heven am I noght,
 I toke never so hye degré !
 But I am a lady of another cuntré,
 If I be parellid moost of price,
 I ride aftur the wilde fee,
 My raches rannen at my devyse."
 "If thou be pareld most of price,
 And ridis here in thi balye, ⁴

¹ "Eldoune tree,"—Lincoln MS.

² That is, readily. Not *sadly*, as printed by Jamieson.

³ This line is plainly written in the MS. without any alteration, so that it is somewhat difficult to account for Jamieson's extraordinary variation from the original.

⁴ "In thy folye,"—Lincoln MS. Jamieson here substitutes the reading of the Lincoln MS., although the present text is far preferable. He reads "So," at the commencement of the next line but one, but I have thought it safer to follow the MS.

Lufly lady, as thou art wyse,
 To gif me leve to lye the by !"
 " Do way, Thomas, that were foly,
 I pray the hertely let me be,
 For I say the securly
 That wolde for-do my bewté !" ¹
 " Lufly lady, thou rew on me,
 And I shalle evermore with the dwelle,
 Here my trowth I plight to the,
 Whedur thou wilt to heven ² or helle !"
 " Man of molde, thou wilt me marre,
 But yet thou shalt have ³ thy wille,
 But trow thou welle thou thryvist the warre, ⁴
 For alle my benté thou wille spille."
 Down then light that lady bright
 Underneth a grenewode spray,
 And as the story tellus ful right,
 vii. tymes be hir he lay.
 She scid, " Thomas, thou likes thi play,
 What byrde in boure may dwel with the ?
 Thou marris me here this lefe-long day,
 I pray the, Thomas, let me be !"
 Thomas stondand ⁵ in that sted,
 And beheld that lady gay,
 Hir here that long upon hir hed,
 Hir een semyd out that were so gray ;
 And alle hir clothis were away,

¹ This line is intelligible enough, yet Jamieson says it is wanting in the Cambridge MS., and supplies it from the other copies.

² " In hevenc,"—Lincoln MS.

³ The Lansdowne MS. here inserts *all*, which seems an improvement.

⁴ " Thou chewys the werre,"—Lincoln MS.

⁵ " Stode up,"—Lansd. MS.

That here before saw in that stede,
 The to shanke was ¹ blak the tother gray,
 The body bloo as beton leed ! ²
 Thomas seid, "alas ! alas !
 In feith this is a dolfulle sight !
 That thou art so fadut in the face,
 That before schone as sunne bright !"³
 "Take thi leve, Thomas, at sune and mone,
 And also at levys of oldryne tre ;
 This twelmond shall thou with me gon,
 That mydul-erth thou shalt not se."

¹ These two words are nearly scratched out in the MS., but are clearly necessary to the scense.

² This line was originally, "And alle hir body like the leede," the reading that Jamieson adopts. The Cotton MS. reads, "hyr body als blo as ony lede," but the Lansdowne MS. nearly agrees with our text.

³ The following additional lines are here inserted in the Lansdowne MS.—

"On every syde he lokyde abowete,
 He sau he myght no whare fle,
 Sche woxe so grym and so stowte,
 The dewyll he wende she had be!
 In the name of the Trynité
 He conjuryde here anon-ryght,
 That she shulde not com hym nere,
 But wende away of his syght!
 She said "Thomas, this is no nede,
 For fende of hell am I none,
 For the now am I [in] grete descenc,
 And suffre paynis many one.
 This xij. mones thou shalt with me gang,
 And se the maner of my lyffe,
 For thy trowthe thou hast me tane,
 Ayene that may ye make no stryfe."

He knelyd downe upone his kne,
 To Mary mylde he made his mone,
 "Lady, but thou rew on me,
 Alle my games fro me ar gone!"
 "Alas," he seyde, "woo is me!
 I trow my dedis wil wyrk me woo!
 Jhesu, my soule be-teche I the,
 Wher so ever my bonys shalle goo!
 She led hym to the eldryn hille¹
 Undernethe the grenewode lee,²
 Wher hit was derk as any helle,³
 And ever watur till the knee;
 Ther the space of dayes thre
 He herd but⁴ the noyse of the flode;
 At the last he seide, "Wo is me,
 Almost I dye for fowte of fode!"
 She led hym into a fayre herbere,
 Ther frute groande was gret plenté,
 Peyres and appuls bothe ripe thei were,
 The darto⁵ and also the damsyn tre;
 The fygge and also the white-bery,⁶
 The nyghtyngale biggyng hur nest,
 The popynjay fast about can flye,
 The throstille song wolde have no rest.
 He presed to pul the frute with his honde,
 As man for fode was nyhonde feynthe;

¹ Originally "tre" in the MS. Jamieson, for some reason, reads "birke."

² "Undirnethe a derne lee,"—Lincoln MS.

³ Als mydnyght myrke,"—Lincoln MS. This was also originally the reading of our MS., but has been crased for the other.

⁴ The word "but" seems to be an early interpolation in the MS.

⁵ "The date,"—Lincoln MS.

⁶ "Wyncberyc,"—Lincoln MS.

She seid, " Thomas, let them stand,
 Or ellis the fecnd will the ateynte !
 If thou pulle, the sothe to sey,
 Thi soule goeth to the fyre of helle,
 Hit cummes never out til domus-day,
 But ther ever in payne to dwelle !"
 She seid, " Thomas, I the hight,
 Come lay thi hed on my kne,
 And thou shalle se the feyrest sight
 That ever saw mon of the cuntré."
 He leyd downe his hed as she hym badde,
 His hed upon hir kne he leide ;
 Hir to please he was fulle gladde,
 And then that lady to hym she seide—
 " Sces thou 3ondur¹ faire way
 That lyes over 3ondur mownteayne ?
 3ondur is the way to heven for ay,
 Whan synful sowlis have duryd their peyne.
 Seest thou now, Thomas, 3ondur way
 That lyse low undur 3on rise ;
 Wide is the way, the sothe to say,
 Into the joyes of paradyse.
 Sees thou 3onder thrid way
 That lyes over 3ondur playne ?
 3onder is the way, the sothe to sey,"
 Ther sinfulle soules shalle drye ther payne.
 Sees thou now 3ondur fourt way
 That lyes over 3ondur felle ?
 3onder is the way, the sothe to say,
 Unto the brennand fyre of helle !
 Sees thou now 3ondur fayre castelle

¹ A letter is apparently erased here, and Jamieson reads "1s," which makes nonsense.

² "With tene and traye,"—Lincoln MS.

That stondis upon 3ondur fayre hille?
 Off towne and toure it berith the belle,
 In mydul-erth is non like ther-tille.
 In faith, Thomas, 3ondur is myne owne,
 And the kyngus of this cuntré ;
 But me were bettur be hengud and drawyn,
 Then he wist that thou lay be me.
 My lorde is served at ilke a messe ¹
 With xxx.⁴ kny3tes fayre and fre,
 And I shalle say, sittynd at the deese,
 I toke thi speche be-3onde the lee :
 Whan thou comes to 3ondur castalle gay,
 I pray the curtes man to be,
 And what-so-ever any man to the say,
 Loke thou onswer non but me.”
 Thomas stondyng in that stode,²
 And behelde that lady gay.
 She was as feyre and as gode
 And as riche on hir palfray ;
 Hir greyhoundis fillid with the dere blode,³
 Hir rachis coupuld, be my fay ;

¹ This stanza and the next are transposed in the Lincoln and Lansdowne MSS.

² The Lincoln MS. reads, “Thomas stille als stane he stude,” which is substituted by Jamieson.

³ Instead of this and the three next lines, the Lansdowne MS. reads—

Thomas said, “Lady, wele is me
 That euer I baide this day ;
 Nowe ye bene so fayre and whyte,
 By-fore ye war so blake and gray!
 I pray you that ye wyll me say,
 Lady, yf thy wyll be,

She blew hir horne on hir palfray gode,
 And to the castelle she toke the way :
 Into a halle sothly she went,
 Thomas folud at hir hande,
 Ladis comme bothe faire and gent
 Ful curtesly to hir kneland ;
 Harpe and fidul both thei fande,
 The getorn and also the sautry,
 The lute and the ribybe both gangand,
 And alle maner of mynstralecy ;
 Knyȝtes dawnsyng be thre and thre,
 Ther was revel both game and play ;
 Ther ware ¹ ladys fayre and fre,
 Dawnsyng one ² riche aray.
 The grettist ferlye that ³ Thomas thoȝt,
 When xxx⁴.⁴ hartes lay upon flore,
 And as mony dere in were broght,
 That was largely, long and store ;
 Rachis lay lappand on the dere blode,
 The cokys thei stode with dressyng knyves.

Why ye war so blake and gray,
 Ye said it was because of me."
 "For sothe and I had not been so,
 Sertayne sothe I shall the tell,
 Me had been as good to goo
 To the brynnynge fyre of hell.
 My lorde is so fers and fell,
 That is kyng of this contré,
 And full sone he wolde have the smell
 Of the defaute I did with the!"

¹ Jamieson reads, "the fearé," which is, I suppose, the mi-take alluded to by Mr. Wright in Warton's Hist. Engl. Poet., i. 71.

² Jameson reads "with."

³ Jamieson reads "ther." The Lansdowne MS. agrees with our text.

⁴ "Fefty"—Lincoln MS

Brytnand the dere as thei were wode,
 Revelle was among them rife !
 Ther was revelle gamme and play,
 More than I yow say perdye,¹
 Tille hit fel upon a day,
 My lufly lady seid to me,
 " Buske the, Thomas, for thou most gon,
 For here no longur mayst thou be ;
 Hye the fast with mode and mone,²
 I shalle the bryng to eldyn tre !"
 Thomas onswerid with hevychere,
 " Lufly lady, thou let me be,
 For certainly I have be here
 But the space of dayes thre."
 " For sothe, Thomas, I the telle,
 Thou hast bene here seven 3ere and more ;³
 For here no longur may thou dwelle,
 I shal tel the the skyl wherfore.
 To-morou on of hel, a fowle fend,
 Among these folke shal chese his fee ;
 Thou art a fayre man and a hende,
 Ful wel I wot he wil chese the :
 For alle the golde that ever myght be,
 Fro heven ⁴ unto the wordis ende,
 Thou beys never trayed for me,
 For with me I rede the wende."

¹ The Lansdowne MS. reads—

Thomas dwellyd in that place
 Longer than I sey perdé.

² " With myghte and mayne"—Lincoln MS.

³ " Thre 3ere and more"—Lincoln MS., with which the Lansdowne MS. agrees.

⁴ The Lincoln MS. reads, "fro hethyne," which seems more correct.

She broght hym agayn to eldyn tre,
 Undurneth the grenewode spray,
 In Huntley bankes this¹ for to be,
 Ther foulys syng bothe nyȝt and day.
 “Fer out over ȝon mownten gray,
 Thomas, a fowken² makes his nest,
 A fowkyn is an yrons pray,³
 For thei in place wille have no rest !
 Fare wel, Thomas, I wende my way,
 For me most over ȝon bentes brown.”
 This is a fyttē, twayn ar to sey
 Off⁴ Thomas of Erseltowne.

Fyfte H.

“Fare wel, Thomas, I wend may,⁵
 I may no lengur stand with the.”
 “Gif me sun tokyn, lady gay,
 That I may say I spake with the.”
 “To harpe or carpe, Thomas, wher so ever ȝe gon,
 Thomas, take the chose with the.”⁶
 “Harpyng,” he seid, “kepe⁷ I non,
 For tong is chefe of mynstralsé.”
 “If thou wil spille or talys telle,
 Thomas, thou shal never make lye,

¹ So in the MS., which Jamieson properly corrects to “ther.”

² “My fawkone”—Lincoln MS.

³ “An erlis praye”—Lincoln MS.

⁴ “Alle of”—Lincoln MS.

⁵ So in the MS. for “my waye,” as in the Lincoln and Lansdowne MSS

⁶ Lincoln MS. reads, “Thomas, thou salle hafe the chose sothely.”

⁷ So in MS., not *ken*, as printed by Jamieson.

Wher so ever thou gos be frith or felle,
 I pray the speke never no ille of me.
 Fare wel, Thomas, and wel thou be,
 I can no longur stand the by."
 "Lovely lady, fayre and fre,
 Tel me 3et of som farley."
 "Thomas, truly I the say,
 Whan a tre rote is ded,
 The levys fal and dwyne away,
 Frute hit berys nodur white nor red ;
 So shalle thes folkys blode be falle,¹
 That shal be like 3on rotone tre ;
 The Semewes and the Telys² alle,
 The Resulle³ and the Frechel fre,
 Alle shalle falle and dwyn away,
 No wondur tho3 the rote dy,
 And mekille bale shal aftur spray,
 Ther joy and blisse were wont to be !
 Fare wel, Thomas, I wende my way,
 I may no longur stande the by."
 "Luffly lady, gude and gay,
 Telle me 3et of som ferly."
 "Whatkyns ferly, Thomas gode,
 Shuld I tel the, if thi wil be?"
 "Telle me⁴ of this gentil blode,
 Who shal thrife⁵ and who shal the,
 Who shal be kyng, who shall be non,
 And who shal weld the North cuntré ;

¹ The Lincoln MS. reads, "Of the Bayllioefe blod so salle it falle."

² "Comyns" and "Barlays" in MS. Lincoln.

³ "Russelles"—Lincoln MS.

⁴ "Lady"—Lansdowne MS.

⁵ "Unthrive"—Sloane MS.

Who shalle fle, and who shalbe tane,
 And wher thes battelles don shal be."
 "Off a batelle I wil the telle,
 That shalle come sone at wille,
 Barons shalle mete both fre¹ and felle,
 And fresshely fezt at Ledyn² hille.
 The Brutys³ blode shalle undur falle,
 The Bretens blode shalle wyn the spray ;
 C. thowsand⁴ men ther shalbe slayne
 Off Scottysshe men, that nyght and day.
 Fare wel, Thomas, I wende my way,
 To stande with the me thynk fulle yrke ;
 Off the next batelle I wil the say,
 That shall be at Fawkyrke.
 The Bretans blode shalle undur falle,
 The Brouttus blode shalle wyn the spray ;
 Vij. thousynd Englisshe-men, gret and smalle,
 Ther shalle be slayne that nyght and day !
 Fare wel, Thomas, I pray the sees,
 No longur here thou tary me ;
 Lo ! wher my grayhundes breke ther leesshe,
 My raches breke their coupuls in thre :
 Lo ! qwer the dere goos be too and too,
 And holdis over zonde mowntene hye !"
 Thomas seid, "God schilde thou goo,
 But telle me yet of sum ferly ;

¹ "Fers"—Lansdowne MS.

² "Eldone" in the Lincoln and Sloane MSS. The Lansdowne MS. reads "Halydowne."

³ "Brutys" and "Bretens" change places in the Lincoln MS., and the interchange is made in other places in the various copies of this ballad. The former mean Scotch, the latter English.

⁴ Six thousand English is the number in the Lincoln MS., and three thousand Scots in the Sloane MS.

Holde thi greyhoundys in thi hande,
 And coupille thi raches to a tree,
 And lat the dere reyke over the londe,
 Ther is a herde in holte ly."
 "Off a batelle I wil the say,
 That shalle gar ladys mourne in mode;
 At Barnokys-barne¹ is watur and clay,
 That shalbe myngyd with mannys blode,
 And stedys shalle stumbulle for treson,
 Bothe bay and browne, griselle and gray,
 And gentil knyȝtes shalle tombulle doune
 Thoro tokyn of that wyekud way;
 The Bretans blode shalle undur-falle,
 The Brutys blode shalle wyn the spray,
 Viiij.² thousand Englisshemen grete and smalle,
 Ther shalbe slayne that nyght and day:
 Then shalle Scotland kyngles be seen,³
 Trow this wel that I the say,
 And thei shalle chese a kyng ful ȝong,
 That con no lawes lede perfay;
 Robert with⁴ care he shal begynne,
 And also he shalle wynde away,
 Lordys and ladys, bothe olde and yongg,
 Shalle draw to hym withoutyne nay,
 And they with pryde to Englund ryde,
 Est and west that liggyest his way,
 And take a toune of mych pryde,
 And sle alle the knyȝtes veray.⁵

¹ That is, Bannockburn. See the Reliq. Antiq., i. 30.

² Six thousand, according to the Lincoln and Sloane MSS.

³ Here is a long interpolation in the Lincoln and Sloane MSS.; but all the copies differ so much in the account of the prophecies, that it will be scarcely necessary to note them at length.

⁴ "David withoute"—Lansdowne MS.

⁵ "And let the men be slaine away"—Sloane MS.

Betwene a parke and an abbay,
 A palys and a perissh kyrke,
 Ther shalle the kyng mys of his way;¹
 And of his life be fulle yrke;
 He shalbe teyryd ful wondur sore,
 So away he may not fle,
 His neb shalle rife or he then fare,
 The red blode triklond to his knuce;
 Betwene a wycked way and a watur,²
 A perke and a stony way then,
 Ther shal a cheften mete in fere,
 A ful dutey ther shalbe slayne;³
 The todur cheftan shalbe tane,
 A pesans of blode hyme shal slee,
 And lede hym away in won,
 And cloyse hym in a castelle hee!
 Fare wel, Thomas, I wende my way,
 For I most over 3ond bentes browne."
 Here ar twoo fyttes, on is to say
 Off Thomas of Erseldowne.

¶Fytte III.

"Thomas, truly I the say,
 This worlde is wondur waukille;
 Off the next batelle I wylle the say,
 That shalbe done at Spynard hille.
 The Brutes blode shalle undur falle,
 The Brettens blode schalle wyne the spray;

¹ The Lincoln, Lansdowne, and Sloane MSS. read "praye."

² The Lincoln MS. is here very imperfect, but it is clear, from what still remains, that it had an insertion of about a column. The Sloane MS. is also more extended.

³ The Sloane MS. reads, "The on shall doughtles be slayne;" and the Lansdowne MS. reads, "And that o doughty ther shall be slayne."

Xij. thousand¹ ther shalbe slayne,
 Off Scottishe men that nyght and day.
 Off the next batelle I wil the telle,
 That shalbe done sone at wille,
 Barons bothe flesshe² and felle,
 Shalle fresshely fyzt at Pentland hylle;
 But when³ Pentland and Edyn borow,
 And the hille that standes one the red clay,
 Vij. thousande⁴ ther shalbe slayne thore
 Off Scottishe men that nyght and day.
 Then shalle they met, bathe stiffe and strong,
 Betwene Seton and the see;
 The Englysshe shalle lyg the cragys among,
 The tother at the est banke falleth hye.⁵
 The Florence forth shalle fare,
 Upon a Sonday before the masse;
 V. thousande⁶ ther shalbe slayne,
 Off bothe partyes more and lesse,
 For that ther shalle no barrons presse,⁷
 But fer asondur shalle they be,
 Carfulle shalbe the furst masse
 Betwene Setone and the see:
 Then shalle thei fezt with helmy and shyld there,
 And woundyt men al Eneglych shal rone away,

¹ Six thousand English is the number in the Lincoln MS., and seven thousand in the Sloane MS.

² "Fycers"—Sloane MS.

³ So in the MS. for *between*.

⁴ Eleven thousand is the number in the Lincoln MS., and twelve thousand in the Sloane MS. The Lansdowne MS. agrees with our text.

⁵ The Lansdowne MS. reads, "That othere oste at Barklé."

⁶ "Sevene thowsandes" is the reading of the Lincoln MS. The Sloane and Lansdowne MSS. agree with our text.

⁷ "Baneres presse"—Lincoln MS.

But on the morne ther shalbe care,
 For nedyr side shalle have the gree ;
 Then shalle thei take a truce and swere,
 Thre ȝere and more I undurstonde,
 Ther nouthur side shalle odir dere,
 Nouthur be se, nor be londe.
 Betwene twoo Seynt Mary dayes,
 When the tyme waxis nere long,
 Then shalle thei mete and banerse resc
 In Gleydes-more, that is so long ;
 Gladys-more that gladis us alle,
 This is begynnyng of oure gle,
 Gret sorow then shalle falle,
 Wher rest and pees were wont to be.
 Crowned kyngus ther shalbe slayne
 With dyntes sore, and wondur se ;
 Out of a more a raven shal one,
 And of hym a schrew shalle flye,
 And seke the more, withowten rest,
 Aftur a crosse is made of stone,
 Hye and low, bothe est and west,
 But up he shalle fynde non ;
 He shalle lizt ther the cross shuld be,
 And holde his neb up to the skye,
 And he shalle drynk of the sec,
 Ladys shalle cry welaway !
 Then shal they fiȝt with hem
 Unto the sun be set nere west,
 Ther is no wyȝt in that fylde
 That wottes qwylke side shalle have the best.
 A bastarde shal cum fro a forest,¹
 Not in Ynglond borne shalle he be,

¹ "Out of the West,"—Lansdowne MS.

And he shalle wyn the gre for the best,
 Alle men leder of Bretan shal he be ;
 And with pride to Ynglond ride,
 Est and west in certan,
 And holde a perlement with pryde,
 Where never non before was seyne.
 Alle¹ false lawes he shalle laye doune,
 That ar begune in that cuntré ;
 Truly to wyrke he shalbe boune,
 And alle leder of Bretans shal he be.
 The bastarde shal get hym power strong,
 And alle his foes he shalle doune dyng,
 Off alle the v. kyngus landes,
 Ther shal no bodword home bryng.
 The bastard shal dye in the holy land,
 Trow this wel, y the sey,
 Take his sowle to his hond,
 Jhesu Criste that myculle may.
 Thomas, truly, I the say,²
 This is trewith ylke a worde,
 Off that laste battel I the say,
 It shalbe done at Sandeford.
 Nere Sendyforth ther is a wroo,³
 And nere that wro is a welle,
 A ston ther is the wel even fro,
 And nere the wel, truly to telle ;
 On that grounde ther groeth okys thre,
 And is called Sondyford,

¹ "And,"—Lansdowne MS. The Cambridge MS. is very much defaced hercabouts.

² "Thomas, trowe that I the tell,"—Sloane MS.

³ The Sloane MS. reads "braye," and the Lansdowne MS. reads "bro."

Ther the last batel done shalbe,
 Thomas, trow thou ilke a worde."
 Then she seid with hevy chere,
 The terys ran out of hir een gray,—
 "Lady, or thou wepe so sore,
 Take thi howndis and wend thi way."
 "I wepe not for my way walkyng,
 Thomas, truly I the say,
 But fer ladys shalle wed laddys 3ong.
 When ther lordis ar dede away ;
 He shalle have a stede in stabul fed,
 A hauk to beyre upon his hond,
 A bright lady to his bed,
 That before had none londe !¹
 Farewel, Thomas, I wende my way.
 Alle this day thou wil me mar."
 "Luffly lady, tel thou me
 Off Blak Agnes² of Donbar.
 And why she have gyvon me the warre.
 And put me in hir prison depe,
 For I walde dwel with hir,
 And kepe hir plees and hir shepe."
 "Off Blak Agnes cun never gode,
 Wherfor, Thomas, she may not the,
 For al hur welth and hir wordly gode.
 In Londone cloyssed³ shal she be :
 Ther prevysse never gode of hir blode,
 In a dyke then shalle she dyc,

¹ "His elders before him had no land,"—Sloane MS.

² This was the celebrated Countess of Dunbar, who defended that castle against the English, in 1337. The connection which is here mentioned as existing between her and Thomas of Ercildoun may be compared with the curious prophecy in MS. Harl. 2253, which has been printed by Mr. Laing.

³ "Slayne,"—Sloane MS.

Houndis of hir shalle have ther fode,
 Magrat of alle hir kyng of le."
 Then Thomas a sory man was he,
 The terys ran out of his een gray ;
 " Luffly lady, yet tell thou me
 If we shalle perte for ever and ay."
 " Nay, when thou sittes at Erseldown,
 To Hunteley bankes thou tak thi way,
 And ther shal I be redy bowne
 To mete the, Thomas, if that I may."
 She blew hir horne on hir palfray,
 And leffede Thomas at Eldyrn tre ;
 Til Helme-seale she toke the way,
 Thus deperted that lady and he.
 Off such a woman wold I here,
 That couth telle me of such ferly ;
 Jhesu crowned with thorne so clere,
 Bryng us to thy halle on hye !
Explicit.

IV. THE ADVENTURES OF SIR GAWEN.

The following tale is reprinted from an old chap-book in my possession, entitled, "The Singular Adventures of Sir Gawen, and the enchanted castle, a fairy tale," printed at Glasgow by J. and M. Robertson, and embellished with some hideous woodcuts, one of which represents the hero on horse-back, dressed in the costume of the time of George I. Although this story is attributed to the period of Henry VIII., it is perhaps a ramification of one of the wonderful histories concerning Sir Gawayne, a celebrated knight of the Round Table, who is said to have flourished some centuries previously.

The various romance-poems relating to this hero have been collected by Sir F. Madden, and published by the Bannatyne Club, 4to. Lond. 1839, where further particulars concerning him may be found.

Towards the latter end of the reign of Henry VIII., Sir Gawen, a man of some fortune and considerable curiosity, fond of enterprise, and insatiate of knowledge, travelled through the northern counties of England. The following singular adventure is still extant among the family writings, and is still recorded by his posterity.

It was towards sunset, (saith the manuscript,) when Sir Gawen, after having traversed a very lone and unfrequented path, arrived at the edge of a thick and dark forest; the sky was suddenly overcast, and it began to rain, the thunder rolled at a distance, and sheets of livid lightening flashed across the heath. Overcome with fatigue and hunger, he rode impatiently along the borders of the forest, in hopes of discovering an entrance, but none was to be found. At length, just as he was about to dismount, with an intention of breaking the fence, he discerned, as he thought, something moving upon the heath, and, upon advancing towards it, it proved to be an old woman gathering peat, and who, overtaken by the storm, was hurrying home as fast as her infirm limbs would carry her. The sight of a human creature filled the heart of Sir Gawen with joy, and hastily riding up, he enquired how far he had deviated from the right road, and where he could procure a night's lodging. The old woman now slowly lifted up her palsied head, and discovered a set of features which could scarcely be called human; her eyes were red, piercing, and distorted, and, rolling horribly, glancing upon every object but the person by whom she was addressed, and, at intervals, they emitted a fiery disagreeable light; her hair, of a dirty grey, hung matted with filth in large masses upon her shoulders, and a few thin portions rushed abrupt and

horizontally from the upper part of her forehead, which was much wrinkled, and of a parchment hue; her cheeks were hollow, withered, and red with a quantity of acrid rheum; her nose was large, prominent, and sharp; her lips thin, skinny, and livid; her few teeth black, and her chin long and peaked, with a number of bushy hairs depending from its extremity; her nails also were acute, crooked, and bent over her fingers, and her garments ragged, and fluttering in the wind, displayed every possible variety of colour. The Knight was a little daunted, but the old woman having mentioned a dwelling at some distance, and offering to lead the way, the pleasure received from this piece of news effaced the former impression, and getting from his horse, he laid hold of the bridle, and they slowly moved over the heath.

The storm had now ceased, and the moon rising, gave presage of a fine night, just as the old woman, taking a sudden turn, plunged into the wood by a narrow path, and almost choaked up with a quantity of brier and thorn. The trees were thick, and save a few glimpses of the moon, which now and then poured light on the uncouth features of his companion, all was dark and dismal; the heart of Sir Gawen misgave him; neither spoke, and the knight pursued his guide merely by the noise she made in hurrying through the bushes, which was done with a celerity totally inconsistent with her former decrepitude.

At length, the path grew wider, and a faint blue light, which came from a building at some distance, glimmered before them: they now left the wood, and issued upon a rocky and uneven piece of ground; the moon struggling through a cloud, cast a doubtful and uncertain light, and the old woman with a leer, which made the very hair of Sir Gawen stand an end, told him that the dwelling was at hand. It was so; for a Gothic castle, placed on a considerable elevation, now came in view; it was a large massy structure, much decayed, and some parts of it in a totally ruinous condition; a portion,

however, of the keep, or great tower, was still entire, as was also the entrance to the court or inclosure, preserved, probably, by the ivy, whose fibres crept round with solicitous care. Large fragments of the ruin were scattered about, covered with moss, and half sunk in the ground, and a number of old elm-trees, through whose foliage the wind sighed with a sullen and melancholy sound, dropped a deep and settled gloom, that scarce permitted the moon to stream by fits upon the building. Sir Gawen drew near; ardent curiosity, mingled with awe, dilated his bosom, and he inwardly congratulated himself upon so singular an adventure, when turning round to question his companion, a glimpse of the moon poured full upon his eye so horrid a contexture of feature, so wild and preternatural a combination, that, smote with terror, and unable to move, a cold sweat trickled from every pore, and immediately this infernal being, seizing him by the arm, and hurrying him over the drawbridge to the great entrance of the keep, the portcullis fell with a tremendous sound, and the knight, starting as it were from a trance, drew his sword in [the] act to destroy his treacherous guide, when instantly a horrible and infernal laugh burst from her, and in a moment the whole castle was in an uproar, peal after peal issuing from every quarter, till at length, growing faint, they died away, and a dead silence ensued.

Sir Gawen, who, during this strange tumult, had collected all his scattered powers, now looked round him with determined resolution; his terrible companion had disappeared, and the moon shining full upon the portcullis, convinced him that any escape that way was impracticable; the wind sighed through the elms; the scared owl, uttering his discordant note, broke from the rustling bough, and a dim twinkling light beamed from a loop-hole near the summit of the great tower. Sir Gawen entered the keep, having previously reasoned himself into a state of cool fortitude, and bent up every power to the appalling enterprise. He extended his

sword before him, for it was dark, and proceeded carefully to search around, in hopes either of discovering some aperture which might lead to the vestibule or staircase, or of wreaking his vengeance on the wretch who had thus decoyed him. All was still as death ; but as he strode over the floor, a dull, hollow sound issued from beneath, and rendered him apprehensive of falling through into some dismal vault, from which he might never be able to extricate himself. In this situation, dreading the effect of each light footstep, a sound, as of many people whispering, struck his ear ; he bent forward, listening with eager attention, and as it seemed to proceed from a little distance before him, he determined to follow it : he did so, and instantly fell through the mouldering pavement, whilst at the same time peals of horrid laughter again burst with reiterated clamour from every chamber of the castle. Sir Gawen rose with considerable difficulty, and much stunned with the fall, although, fortunately, the spot he had dropped upon was covered with a quantity of damp and soft earth, which gave way to his weight.

He now found himself in a large vault, arched in the Gothic manner, and supported by eight massy pillars, down whose sides the damp moisture ran in cold and heavy drops, the moon shining with great lustre through three iron-grated windows, which, although rusty with age, were strong enough to resist the efforts of Sir Gawen, who, after having in vain tried to force them, looked around for his sword, which, during the fall, had started from his grasp, and in searching the ground with his fingers, he laid hold of, and drew forth, the fresh bones of an enormous skeleton, yet greasy and moist from the decaying fibres : he trembled with horror—a cold wind brushed violently along the surface of the vault, and a ponderous iron door, slowly grating on its hinges, opened at one corner, and disclosed to the wandering eye of Sir Gawen a broken staircase, down whose steps a blue and faint light flashed by fits, like the lightening of a summer's eve.

Appalled by these dreadful prodigies, Sir Gawen felt, in spite of all his resolution, a cold and death-like chill pervade his frame, and kneeling down, he prayed fervently to that Power, without whose mandate no being is let loose upon another, and feeling himself more calm and resolved, he again began to search for his sword, when a moonbeam falling on the blade, at once restored it to its owner. Sir Gawen, having thus resumed his wonted fortitude and resolution, held a parley with himself, and perceiving no other way by which he could escape, boldly resolved to brave all the terrors of the staircase, and, once more recommending himself to his Maker, began to ascend. The light still flashed, enabling him to climb those parts which were not broken or decayed.

He had proceeded in this manner a considerable way, mounting, as he supposed, to the summit of the keep, when suddenly a shrill and agonizing shriek issued from the upper part of it, and something rudely brushing down, grasped him with tremendous strength; in a moment he became motionless, cold as ice, and felt himself hurried back by some irresistible being; but just as he had reached the vault, a spectre of so dreadful a shape stalked by within it, that straining every muscle, he sprang from the deadly grasp; the iron door rushed in thunder upon its hinges, and a deep hollow groan resounded from beneath. No sooner had the door closed, than yelling screams, and sounds which almost suspended the very pulse of life, issued from the vault, as if a troop of hellish furies, with their chains untied, were dashing them in writhing frenzy, and howling to the uproar. Sir Gawen stood petrified with horror; a stony fear ran to his very heart, and dismayed every sense about him; he stared wide with his long locks upstanding stiffly, and the throbbing of his heart oppressed him.

The tumult at length subsiding, Sir Gawen recovered some portion of strength, which he immediately made use of to convey himself as far as possible from the iron door, and

presently reaching his former elevation on the staircase, which, after ascending a few more steps, terminated in a winding gallery. The light, which had hitherto flashed incessantly, now disappeared, and he was left in almost total darkness, except that now and then the moon threw a few cool rays through some broken loopholes, heightening the horror of the scene. He dreaded going forward, and fearfully looked back, lest some yelling fiend should again plunge him into the vault. He stood suspended with apprehension; a mournful wind howled through the apartments of the castle, and listening, he thought he heard the iron door grate upon its hinges; he started with terror, the sweat stood in big drops upon his forehead, his knees smote each other, and he rushed forward with desperate despair, till having suddenly turned a corner of the gallery, a taper, burning with a faint light, gleamed through a narrow dark passage.

Sir Gawen approached the light; it came from an extensive room, the folding-doors of which were wide open; he entered, a small taper in a massy silver candlestick stood upon a table in the middle of the room, but gave so inconsiderable an illumination, that the one end was wrapped in palpable darkness, and the other scarcely broken in upon by a dim light that streamed through a large ramified window, covered with thick ivy. An arm-chair, shattered and damp with age, was placed near the table, and the remains of a recent fire were still visible in the grate. The wainscot of black oak had formerly been hung with tapestry, and several portions still clung to those parts which were near the fire; they possessed some vivacity of tint, and with much gilding, yet apparent on the chimney-piece, and several mouldering reliques of costly frames and paintings, gave indisputable evidence of the ancient grandeur of the place. Sir Gawen closed the folding-doors, and, taking the taper, was about to survey the room, when a deep hollow groan from the dark end or it smote cold upon his heart; at the same time the sound,

as of something falling with a dead weight, echoed through the room.

Sir Gawen replaced the taper, the flame of which was agitated, now quivering, sunk, now streaming, flamed aloft, and as the last pale portion died away, the scarce distinguished form of some terrific being floated slowly by, and again another dreadful groan ran deepening through the gloom. Sir Gawen stood for some time incapable of motion. At length summoning all his fortitude, he advanced with his sword extended to the darkest part of the room: instantly burst forth in fierce irradiations a blue sulphurous splendor, and the mangled body of a man distorted with the agony of death, his very fibre racked with convulsion, his beard and hair stiff and matted with blood, his mouth open, and his eyes protruding from their marble sockets, rushed on the fixed and maddening senses of Sir Gawen, whose heart had beat no more, had not a hiss, as of ten thousand fiends, loud, horrible, roused him from the dreadful scene; he started, uttering a wild shriek, his brain turned round, and running he knew not whither, burst through the folding-doors.

Darkness again spread her sable pall over the unfortunate Sir Gawen, and he hurried along the narrow passage with a feeble and faltering step. His intellect shook, and, overwhelmed with the late appalling objects, had not yet recovered any degree of recollection, and as he wandered in a dream, a confused train of horrible ideas passing unconnected through his mind: at length, however, memory resumed her function, resumed it but to daunt him with harrowing suggestions; the direful horrors of the room behind, and of the vault below, were still present to his eyes, and as a man whom hellish fiends had frightened, he stood trembling, pale, and staring wild.

All was now silent and dark, and he determined to wait in this spot the dawn of day; but a few minutes had scarce elapsed, when the iron door, screaming on its hinges, bellowed

through the murmuring ruin. Sir Gawen nearly fainted at the sound, which pausing for some time, again swelled upon the wind, and at last died away in shrill melancholy shrieks ; again all was silent, and again the same fearful noise struck terror to his soul. Whilst he was thus agitated with horror and apprehension, a dim light streaming from behind, accompanied with a soft, quick and hollow tread, convinced Sir Gawen that something was pursuing him, and struck with wildering fear, he rushed unconscious down the steps ; the vault received him, and its portal swinging to their close, sounded as the sentence of death. A dun, fœtid smoke filled the place, in the centre of which arose a faint and bickering flame. Sir Gawen approached, and beheld a corse suspended over it by the neck, its fat dropped, and the flame flashing through the vault, gleamed on a throng of hideous and ghastly features, that now came forward through the smoke.

Sir Gawen, with the desperate valour of a man who sees destruction before him, ran furious forward ; an universal shriek burst forth ; the corse dropped into the fire, which rising with tenfold brilliance, placed full in view the dreadful form of his infernal guide, dilated into horror itself ; her face was pale as death, her eyes were wide open, dead and fixed, a horrible grin sat upon her features ; her lips black, and half putrid, were drawn back, disclosing a set of large blue teeth, and her hair, standing stiffly erect, was of a withered red.

Sir Gawen felt his blood freeze within him, his limbs forgot to move, the face, enlarging as it came, drew near, and, swooning, he fell forward on the ground. Slow passed the vital fluid through the bosom of Sir Gawen, scarce did the heart vibrate to its impulse ; on his pallid forehead sat a chilly sweat, and frequent spasms shook his limbs ; but at length returning warmth gave some vigour to his frame, the energy of life became more suffused, a soothing languor stole upon him, and on opening his eyes, rushed neither the images

of death, or the rites of witchcraft, but the soft, the sweet and tranquil scenery of a summer's moonlight night.

Enraptured with this sudden and unexpected change, Sir Gawen rose gently from off the ground, over his head towered a large and majestic oak, at whose foot, by some kind and compassionate being he concluded he had been laid. Delight and gratitude dilated his heart, and advancing from beneath the tree, whose gigantic branches spread a large extent of shade, a vale, beautiful and romantic, thro' which ran a clear and deep stream, came full in view; he walked to the edge of the water, the moon shone with mellow lustre on its surface, and its banks fringed with shrubs, breathed a perfume more delicate than the odours of the East. On one side, the ground, covered with a vivid, soft, and downy verdure, stretched for a considerable extent to the borders of a large forest, which sweeping round, finally closed up the valley; on the other, it was broken into abrupt and rocky masses swarded with moss, and from whose clefts grew thick and spreading trees, the roots of which, washed by many a fall of water, hung bare and matted from their craggy beds. Sir Gawen forgot, in this delicious vale, all his former sufferings, and giving up his mind to the pleasing influence of curiosity and wonder, he determined to explore the place by tracing the windings of the stream. Scarce had he entered upon this plan, when music of the most ravishing sweetness filled the air, sometimes it seemed to float along the valley, sometimes it stole along the surface of the water; now it died away among the woods, and now with deep and mellow symphony it swelled upon the gale.

Fixed in astonishment, Sir Gawen scarce ventured to breathe, every sense, save that of hearing, seemed quite absorbed, and when the last faint warblings melted on his ear, he started from the spot, solicitous to know from what being those more than human strains had parted; but nothing appeared in view; the moon full and unclouded, shone with

unusual lustre, the white rocks glittered in her beam, and, filled with hope, he again pursued the windings of the water, which conducting to the narrowest part of the valley, continued their course thro' the wood.

Sir Gawen entered by a path, smooth, but narrow and perplexed, where, although its branches were so numerous that no preference could be given, or any direct route long persisted in, yet every turn presented something to amuse, something to sharpen the edge of research. The beauty of the trees through whose interstices the moon gleamed in the most picturesque manner; the glimpses of the water, and the notes of the nightingale, who now began to fill the valley with her song, were more than sufficient to take off the sense of fatigue, and he wandered on still eager to explore, still panting for further discovery.

The wood now became more thick and obscure, and at length almost dark, when the path taking suddenly an oblique direction, Sir Gawen found himself on the edge of a circular lawn, whose tint and softness were beyond compare, and which seemed to have been lightly brushed by fairy feet. A number of fine old trees, around whose boles crept the ivy and the woodbine, rose at irregular distances, here they mingled into groves, and there separate, and emulous of each other, they shook their airy summits in disdain. The water, which had been for some time concealed, now murmured through a thousand beds, and visiting each little flower, added vigour to its vegetation, and poignancy to its fragrance. Along the edges of the wood and beneath the shadows of the trees, an innumerable host of glowworms lighted their innocuous fires, lustrous as the gems of Golconda, and Sir Gawen, desirous yet longer to enjoy the scene, went forward with light footsteps on the lawn; all was calm, and except the breeze of night, that sighed soft and sweetly through the world of leaves, a perfect silence prevailed. Not many minutes, however, had elapsed before the same enchanting music, to which

he had listened with so much rapture in the vale, again arrested his ear, and presently he discovered on the border of the lawn, just rising above the wood, and floating on the bosom of the air, a being of the most delicate form ; from his shoulders streamed a tunic of the tenderest blue, his wings and feet were clothed in downy silver, and in his grasp he had a wand, white as the mountain snow. He rose swiftly in the air, his brilliance became excessive from the lunar rays, his song echoed through the vault of night, but having quickly diminished to the size and appearance of the evening star, it died away, and the next moment he was lost in æther.

Sir Gawen still fixed his eye on that part of the heavens where the vision had disappeared, and shortly had the pleasure of again seeing the star-like radiance, which in an instant unfolded itself into the full and fine dimensions of the beauteous being, who having collected dew from the cold vales of Saturn, now descended rapidly towards the earth, and waving his wand, as he passed athwart the woods, a number of like form and garb flew round him, and all alighting on the lawn separated at equal distances on its circumference, and then shaking their wings which sprcad a perfume through the air, burst into one general song. Sir Gawen, who apprehensive of being discovered, had retreated within the shadow of some mossy oaks, now waited with eager expectation the event of so singular a scene. In a few moments a bevy of elegant nymphs, dancing two by two, issued from the wood on the right, and an equal number of warlike knights, accompanied by a band of minstrels, from that of the left. The knights were clothed in green ; on their bosoms shone a plate of burnished steel, and in their hands they grasped a golden targe and lance of beamy lustre. The nymphs, whose form and symmetry were beyond whatever poets dream, were dressed in robes of white, their zones were azure, dropt with diamonds, and their light brown hair decked with roses hung in ample ringlets. So quick, so light and airy. was their motion, that the turf, the flowers, shrunk not to the

gentle pressure, and each smiling on her favourite knight, he flung his brilliant arms aside and mingled in the dance.

Whilst thus they flew in rapid measures o'er the lawn, Sir Gawen, forgetting his situation, and impatient to salute the assembly, involuntarily stepped forward, and instantaneously a shrill and hollow gust of wind murmured through the woods, the moon dipt into a cloud, and the knights, the dames and aerial spirits vanished from the view, leaving the amazed Sir Gawen to repent at leisure of his precipitate intrusion ; scarce, however, had he time to determine what he should pursue, when a gleam of light flashed suddenly along the horizon, and the beauteous being, whom he first beheld in the air, stood before him ; he waved his snowy wand, and pointing to the wood, which now appeared sparkling with a thousand fires, moved gently on. Sir Gawen felt an irresistible impulse which compelled him to follow, and, having penetrated the wood, he perceived many bright rays of light, which, darting like the beams of the sun, through every part of it, most beautifully illuminated the shafts of the trees. As they advanced forwards, the radiance became more intense and converged towards the centre ; and the fairy being turning quickly round, commanded Sir Gawen to kneel down, and having squeezed the juice of an herb into his eyes, bade him now proceed, but that no mortal eye, unless its powers of vision were increased, could endure the glory that would shortly burst upon them.

Scarce had he uttered these words, when they entered an amphitheatre. In its centre was a throne of ivory inlaid with sapphires, on which sat a female form of exquisite beauty ; a plain coronet of gold obliquely crossed her flowing hair, and her robe of white satten hung negligent in ample folds. Around her stood five and twenty nymphs clothed in white and gold, and holding lighted tapers ; beyond these were fifty of the ærial beings, their wings of downy silver stretched for flight, and each a burning taper in his hand : and lastly, on the circumference of the amphitheatre shone one hundred

knights in mail of tempered steel ; in one hand they shook aloft a large targe of massy diamond, and in the other flashed a taper. So excessive was the reflection, that the targes had the lustre of an hundred suns, and when shaken sent forth streams of vivid lightning ; from the gold, the silver, and the sapphires, rushed a flood of tinted light, that, mingling, threw upon the eye a series of revolving hues.

Sir Gawen impressed with awe, with wonder and delight, fell prostrate on the ground, whilst the fairy spirit advancing knelt and presented to the queen a crystal vase. She rose, she waved her hand, and smiling, bade Sir Gawen to approach. "Gentle stranger," she exclaimed, "let not fear appal thine heart ; for to him whom courage, truth and piety have distinguished, our friendship and our love is given. Spirits of the blest we are, our sweet employment is to befriend the wretched and the weary, to lull the torture of anguish, and the horror of despair. Ah ! never shall the tear of innocence or the plaint of sorrow, the pang of injured merit or the sigh of hopeless love, implore our aid in vain. Upon the moonbeam do we float, and, light as air, pervade the habitations of men ; and hearken, O favoured mortal ! I tell thee spirits pure from vice are present to thy inmost thoughts ; when terror and when madness, when spectres and when death surrounded thee, our influence put to flight the ministers of darkness ; we placed thee in the moonlight vale, and now upon thy head I pour the planetary dew, from Hecate's dread agents, it will free thee from wildering fear and gloomy superstition."

She ended, and Sir Gawen, impatient to express his gratitude, was about to speak, when suddenly the light turned pale and died away, the spirits fled, and music soft and sweet was heard remotely in the air. Sir Gawen started, and in place of the refulgent scene of magic, he beheld a public road, his horse cropping the grass which grew upon its edge, and a village at a little distance, on whose spire the rising sun had shed his earliest beams.

V. HUON OF BOURDEAUX.

Shakespeare probably took the name of Oberon from this early French romance, which was translated into English in 1570 by Lord Berners, at the request of the Earl of Huntingdon. It is mentioned among Captain Cox's books, in Laneham's Letter, 1575, and in Markham's "Health to the gentlemanly profession of Serving-men," 1598; but the earliest edition of the English translation now known to exist bears date in 1601, "being now the third time imprinted, and the rude English corrected and amended." From this edition the following extracts are made, which are curious as being probably the work in which Shakespeare had read of Oberon and fairy land, and reconciled him to transporting his native fairy creed so far towards the magic regions of the East.

CHAP. 20.—*How Huon of Bourdeaux departed from Brandis, and Garyn his uncle with him; and how he came to Jerusalem, and from thence into the deserts, whereas he found Gerames, and of their conference.*

When Huon and Garyn were entred into their ship, they hoysed up their sailes, and sayled night and daye, so that at last they arrived safely at the port of Jaffe, where they tooke landing, and drew out their horses, and road foorth so the same day, that they came to Rames, and the next day to the citie of Jerusalem. That night they rested, and the next day they did their pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre, and there devoutly heard service, and offered according to their devotion.

When Huon came before the Holy Sepulchre, he kneeled downe upon his bare knecs, and all weeping made his prayers to our Lord God, requiring him to ayd and comfort him in his voyage, so that he might returne againe into Fraunce, and to

have peace with king Charlemaine. And when they all had made their prayers and offered, Huon and Garyn went into a little chapell upon the mount of Calverye, whereas nowe lyeth the bodies of Godfrey of Bullen, and Bauldwin his brother. There Huon called unto him all those that came with him out of France, and said, "Sirs, you that for the love of mee have left your fathers and mothers, wives and children, lands and signories, for this courtesie that you have shewed mee I thanke you. Now you may returne into Fraunce againe, and humbly recommend mee to the kinges good grace, and unto all the other barons: and when you come to Bourdeaux, do my dutie to the Duchesse my mother, and to Gerard my brother, and unto the lords of my countrey." Then Guicard and all the other knights answered Huon and said, "Sir, as yet we will not leave you, neither for death nor life, untill we have brought you unto the Red Sea."—"Why then," quoth Huon, "for the great service and curtesie that you offer mee I thanke you." Then Garyn called two of his servants, and commaunded them to returne unto his wife, and to desire her to be of good cheere, and that shortly he would returne; the which thing they did, and returned and did their message.

When Huon understood that his uncle Garyn was disposed to abide with him, he sayd, "Faire uncle, you shall not neede to travaile so much; I would counsell you to returne unto your wife and children."—"Sir," quoth Garyn, "and God will I shall not leave you no day untill you returne yourselfe."—"Uncle," quoth Huon, "I thanke you of your courtesie."

Then they went to their lodging and dined, and after dinner tooke their horses, and so road by hils and dales, so that if I should recount all the adventures that they found in their way, it should be too long a processe to shew it: but as the true historie witnesseth, they suffered much paine and travaile, for they passed such deserts, whereas they found but small sustenance, wherof Huon was right sorrowfull for the love of them that were with him, and began to weepe, and to remember his

owne countrey, saying, "Alas, noble king of Fraunce, great wrong and great sinne you have done me, thus to drive me out of my countrey, and to send mee into a strange land, to the entent to shorten my dayes : I pray God to pardon you therefore." Then Garyn and the other knights comforted him, and said, "Alas, sir, dismay you not for us ; God is puissant ynough to ayd us ; hee never fayleth them that loveth him."

Thus they road forth in the desert so long, untill at last they saw a little cottage, before the which sat an old ancient man with a long white beard, and his heare hanging over his shoulders. When Huon perceived him, he drew thether, and saluted the olde man in the name of God and of the blessed Virgin Marie. Then the ancient man lifted up his eyes and beheld Huon, and had great marvaile, for of a long season before, he had scene no man that spake of God. Then he beheld Huon in the face, and began sore to weepe, and stepping unto Huon, tooke him by the leg, and kissed it more then twentie times. "Freend," quoth Huon, "I desire you shew me why you make this sorrow."—"Sir," quoth he, "about thirtie yeares passed I came hether, and since that time, I never sawe man beleev- ing on the Christian faith, and now the regarding of your visage causeth me to remember a noble prince that I have seene in France, who was called Duke Sevin of Bourdeaux ; therefore I require you shew me if ever you saw him ; I pray you not hide it from me."—"Freend," quoth Huon, "I pray you shew me where you were borne, and of what lineage and countrey you be of."—"Nay, sir," quoth he, "that will I not doe ; first you shal shew me what you be, and where you were borne, and why you come hether."—"Freend," quoth Huon, "seeing it pleaseth you to know, I shall shew you." Then Huon and all his companie alighted, and tyed theyr horses to trees.

When Huon was alighted, he sat downe by the old man, and said, "Freend, since you will needes know my businesse, I shall shew you : know for truth I was borne in the citie of Bourdeaux, and am son to Duke Sevin." And Huon shewed

him all his whole case and enterprize, and of the death of Charlot, and how he discomfited Earle Amerie, and howe that Charlemaine hadde chased him out of Fraunce, and of the messuage that he was charged to say unto the admirall Gaudise, affirming alle to be for certaintie. When the ould man hadde well heard Huon, he began soore to weepe. "Sir," quoth Huon, "Since it pleaseth you to know of my sorrowe, Duke Sevin my father is dead seaven yeares past, my mother I trust be alive, and a brother of mine whome I have left with her. And now, sir, seeing you have heard of mine affaires, I require you give me your counsaile and advice, and also, if it please you, to shew me what you be, and of what countrey, and how you came into these parts. "Sir," quoth the old man, "know for troth I was borne in Geronvill, and am brother to the good provost Guyer; and when I departed thence, I was a young knight and haunted the justes and tourneys, so that on a daie it fortun'd at a tourney that was made at Poytiers, I slew a knight of a noble bloud, wherefore I was banished out of the realme of Fraunce. But my brother the provost made such a request to Duke Sevin your father, that by his meanes my peace was made with the king, and my land saved, upon condition that I should goe to the Holy Sepulchre to punish my bodie for the knight that I slew, and to forgive my faults. Thus I departed out of my countrey, and when I had done my voyage, I thought to have returned, but as I departed out of the citie of Jerusalem, to take the way to Acres, passing by a wood between Jerusalem and Naples, there came upon me ten Sarazins, who tooke me and brought me to the citie of Babilon, whereas I was in prison two yeares complet, whereas I suffered much povertie and miserie; but our Lord God, who never fayleth them that serveth him, and have in him full affiance, he sent me the grace, that by the meanes of a right noble ladie, I was brought out of prison in a night, and so I fled into this forrest, whereas I have beene this thirtie yeares, and in all this space I never saw nor heard

man beleeving in Jesus Christ : thus I have shewed you all mine affaires."

When Huon had heard the knights tale, he had great joy, and embraced him, and saide, "Howe often times he had seene Guyer his brother the Provost weepe for him, and when I departed from Bourdeaux," quoth he, "I delivered unto him all my lands to governe ; wherefore I require you shew mee your name." "Sir," quoth he, "I am called Gerames, and now I pray you shew me your name." "Sir," quoth he, "I am named Huon, and my younger brother is called Gerard. But, sir, I pray you shew me how you have so long lived heere, and what sustenance you have had." "Sir," quoth Gerames, "I have eaten none other thing but rootes and fruites that I have found in the wood." Then Huon demanded of him if he could speake the language Sarazin." "Yes, sir," quoth he, "as well or better then any Sarazin in the cuntry, nor there is no way but that I know it."

When Huon had heard Gerames, then he demanded further of him if he could goe to Babilon. "Yes, sir," quoth Gerames, "I can goe thether by two wayes ; the most surest way is hence about fortie days journey, and the other is but fiftene dayes journey : but I counsell you to take the longe way, for if you take the shorter way, you must passe thorow a wood about sixteene leagues of length, but the way is so full of the fayryes and strang things, that such as passe that way are lost, for in that wood abideth a king of the fayryes named Oberon ; he is of height but of thre foote, and crooked shouldered, but yet he hath an angell-like visage, so that there is no mortal man that seeth him, but that taketh great pleasure to behold his face ; and you shall no sooner be entred into that wood, if you go that way, but he wil find the meanes to speake with you, and if you speake unto him, you are lost for ever, and you shall ever find him before you, so that it shall be in manner impossible that you can scape from him

without speaking to him, for his words be so pleasant to heare, that there is no mortall man that can well scape without speaking unto him. And if he see that you will not speake a word unto him, then he will be sore displeased with you, and before you can get out of the wood, he will cause raine and wind, hayle and snowe, and will make marvelous tempests, with thunder and lightnings, so that it shall seeme unto you that all the world should perish, and he will make to sceme before you a great running river blacke and deepe, but you may passe it at your ease, and it shall not wet the feet of your horse, for all is but fantasie and enchauntments that the dwarfe shall make to the entent to have you with him, and if you can keepe yourselfe without speaking unto him, you may then well escape. But, sir, to eschew all perils, I counsell you to take the longer way, for I thinke you cannot escape from him, and then you be lost for ever."

When Huon had well heard Gerames, he had great marvaile, and he had great desire in himselfe to see that dwarfe king of the fayryes, and the strang adventures that were in that wood. Then he said unto Gerames that for feare of any death hee would not leave to passe that way, seeinge hee might come to Babilon in fifteene dayes, for in taking the longer way, hee might perchaunce find more adventures, and since he was advertised that with keeping his tongue from speaking he might abridge his journey he sayd that surely he would take that way whatsoever chaunce befell. "Sir," quoth Gerames, "you shall doe your own pleasure, for which way soever you take, it shall not be without me, I shall bring you to Babilon to the admirall Gaudise: I knowe him right well, and when you bee come thether, you shall see there a damsell, as I have heard say, the most fairest creature in all Inde, and the onely and most sweetest and most courteous that ever was borne, and it is shee that you seeke, for shee is daughter to the admirall Gaudise."

CHAP. 21.—*How Gerames went with Huon and his companie, and so came into the wood, whereas they found king Oberon, who conjured them to speake unto him.*

When Huon had well heard Gerames, how he was minded to goe along with him, hee was thereof right joyfull, and thanked him of his courtesie and service, and gave him a goodly horse, whereon he mounted, and so road forth together so long that they came into the wood whereas king Oberon haunted most. Then Huon, who was wearie of travaile, and what for famine and for heate, the which he and his companie had endured two dayes without bread or meat, so that he was so feeble that he could ride no further, and then he began pityously to weepe, and complayned of the great wronge that kinge Charlemaine had done unto him; and then Garyn and Gerames comforted him, and had great pitie of him, and they knew well by the reason of his youth, hunger oppressed him more then it did to them of greater age. Then they alighted under a great oake, to the entent to search for some fruit to eate. They glad thereof, let their horses goe to pasture.

When they were thus alighted, the dwarfe of the fayry kinge Oberon came ryding by, and had on a gowne so rich that it were marvaile to recount the riches and fashion thereof, and it was so garnished with precious stones, that the clearnesse of them shined like the sonne. Also he had a goodlie bow in his hand, so rich that it could not be esteemed, and his arrowes after the same sort; and they were of such a nature or qualitie, that any beast in the world that he would wish for, the arrowe would arrest him. Also he had about his necke a rich horne hanging by two laces of gold. The horne was so rich and faire that there was never scene any such. It was made by foure ladies of the fayries in the isle of Chafalons; one of them gave to the horne such a propertie, that whosoever heard the sound thereof, if he were in the greatest sicknesse in the world, he

should incontinent be whole and sound: the ladie that gave this gift to the horne was named Glorianda. The second ladie was named Translyna; she gave to this horne another propertie, and that was, whosoever heard this horne, if he were in the greatest famine of the worlde, he should be satisfied as well as though he had eaten al that he woulde wishe for, and so likewise for drinke as well as though he had droonke his fil of the best wine in al the world. The third ladie named Margala gave to this horne yet a greater gift, and that was, whosoever heard this horne, though he were never so poore or feeble by sicknesse, he should have such joy in his heart that he should singe and daunce. The fourth ladie named Lempatrix gave to this horne such a gift that whosoever heard it, if he were an hundred dayes journey of, he should come at the pleasure of him that blew it farre or ncare.

Then King Oberon, who knew well and had scene the fourteene companions, he set his horne to his mouth, and blew so melodious a blast that the fourteene companions, being under the tree, had so perfit a joy at their hearts, that they al rose up, and began to sing and daunce. "Ah, good Lord," quoth Huon, "what fortune is come unto us? Me thinke we be in Paradise; right now I could not sustaine myselfe for lacke of meat and drinke, and nowe I feele myselfe neither hungrie nor thirstie! From whence may this come?" "Sir," quoth Gerames, "knowe for troth this is done by the dwarfe of the fayrye, whome you shall soone see passe by you. But, sir, I require you on jeopardie of loosing of your life, that you speake to him no word, without you purpose to abide ever with him." "Sir," quoth Huon, "have no doubt of me, seeing I know the jeopardie." Therewith the dwarfe began to crie aloud, and saide, "Yee fourteene men that passe by my wood, God keepe you all! and I desire you speake with mee, and I conjure you thereto by God Almighty, and by the Christendome that you have received, and by all that God hath made, answere mee!"

CHAP. 22.—*How king Oberon was right sorrowfull and sore displeased, in that Huon would not speake: and of the great feare that he put Huon and his companie in.*

When that Huon and his companie heard the dwarfe speake, they mounted on their horses, and road away as fast as they might without speaking of any word; and the dwarfe seeing how that they road away and would not speake, hee was sorrowfull and angric. Then hee set one of his fingers on his horne, out of the which yssued such a winde and tempest so horrible to heare, that it bare downe trees, and therewith came such a raine and hayle, that it seemed that heaven and the earth had fought together, and that the world should have ended; the beasts in the woods brayed and cryed, and the foules of the ayre fell down dead for the feare that they were in; there was no creature but he would have been afraid of that tempest. Then suddainly appeared before them a great river that ran swifter then the birds did flye, and the water was so blacke and so perilous, and made such a noyse that it might be heard ten leagues of. "Alas!" quoth Huon, "I see well now we be all lost; wee shall heere be oppressed without God have pitie of us. I repent me that ever I entred into this wood. I had been better to have travailed a whole yeere then to have come hether." "Sir," quoth Gerames, "dismay you not, for all this is done by the dwarfe of the fayrye." "Well," quoth Huon, "I thinke it best to alight from our horses, for I thinke we shall never escape from hence, but that we shalbe all oppressed." Then Garyn and the other companions had great marvaile, and were in great feare. "Ah! Gerames," quoth Huon, "you shewed mee well that it was great perill to passe this wood. I repent mee nowe that I had not beleevd you."

Then they sawe on the other side of the river a faire castell, envyroned with fourteene great towers, and on everie tower a clocher of fine gould by seeming, the which they long regarded,

and by that time they had gone a little by the river side, they lost the sight of the castle, it was cleane vanished away, whereof Huon and his companie were sore abashed. "Huon," quoth Gerames, "of all this that you see dismay you not, for all this is done by the crooked dwarfe of the fayrye, and all to beguile you, but he cannot greeve you, so you speake no word : howbeit, ere we depart from him, he will make us all abashed, for anone he will come after us like a mad man, bicause you will not speake unto him : but, sir, I require you as in God's name, be nothing afrayd, but ride forth surely, and ever beware that you speake unto him no word." "Sir," quoth Huon, "have no doubt thereof, for I had rather he were destroyed then I should speake one word unto him." Then they road to passe the river, and they founde there nothing to let them, and so road about five leagues. "Sir," quoth Huon, "wee may well thanke God that wee bee thus escaped this dwarfe, who thought to have deceived us ; I was never in such feare during my life, God confound him !" Thus they road devising of the little dwarfe, who had done them so much trouble.

CHAP. 23.—*How kinge Oberon, dwarfe of the fayry, pursued so much Huon, that he constrained him to speake to him at last.*

When Gerames understood the companie, howe they thought they were escaped from the dwarfe, he began to smile, and said, "Sirs, make no bragging that you be out of this danger, for I beleeve you shall soone see him againe." And as soone as Gerames had spoke the same words, they sawe before them a bridge the which they must passe, and they sawe the dwarfe on the other part. Huon sawe him first and said, "I see that divell who hath done us so much trouble." Oberon heard him and saide, "Freend, thou doest me injurie without cause, for I was never divell nor ill creature : I am as other be ; but I conjure thee by the divine puissance, to speake unto me." Then Gerames said, "Sirs, for God's sake let him alone, nor speake

no word to him, for by his faire language he may deceive us all, as he hath done many other ; it is pity that he hath lived so long." Then they road forth a good pace, and left the dwarfe alone sore displeased in that they would not speake to him. Then he tooke his horne, and set it to his mouth, and blew it. When Huon and his companie hearde it, they had no power to ride any further, but they began all to sing. Then Oberon the dwarfe said, "Yonder company are fooles and proud, that for any salutation that I can give them, they disdaine to answeare mee : but by the God that made me, before they escape me, the refusall of my words shalbe deere bought." Then he tooke againe his horne, and strooke it three times on his bowe, and cryed out aloud, and said, "Yee, my men, come and appeare before me." Then there came to him aboute foure hundred men of armes, and demaunded of Oberon what was his pleasure, and who had displeased him. "Sirs," quoth Oberon, "I shall shew you : howbeit I am greeved to shewe it : heere in this woode there passed fourteene knights, who disdaine to speake unto me ; but to the entent that they shall not mocke me, they shall deereley buy the refusing of their answeare ; wherefore I will you goe after them, and slay them all : let none escape." Then one of his knights said, "Sir, for God's sake, have pitie of them." "Certainly," quoth Oberon, "mine honour saved, I cannot spare them, since they disdaine to speak unto me." "Sir," quoth Glorianda, "for God's sake doe not as you say ; but, Sir, worke by my counsaile, and after doe as it pleaseth you." "Sir, I counsaile you yet once againe goe after them : then, if they do not speake, we shall slay them all ; for surely, sir, if they see you returne againe to them so shortly, they will be in great feare." "Freend," quoth Oberon, "I shall do as you have counsailed mee."

Thus Huon and his company road forth a great pace, and Huon said, "Sirs, we are now from the dwarfe about five leagues ; I never sawe in my life so faire a creature in the visage ; I have great marvaile how he can speake of Almightye God, for I

thinke he be a devill of hell ; and since he speaketh of God, meethinkes we ought to speake to him, for I thinke such a creature can have no power to doe us any evill ; I thinke hee be not past the age of five yeares.” “ Sir,” quoth Gerames, “ as little as he seemeth, and that you take him for a child, he was borne fortie yeares before the nativitie of our Lord Jesus Crist.” “ Surely,” quoth Huon, “ I care not what age he be of, but if he come againe, ill hap come to me if I keepe my words and speach from him ; I pray you be not displeased.”

And thus as they road devising fifteene dayes, suddainly Oberon appeared unto them, and said, “ Sirs, are you not yet advised to speake unto mee ? Yet againe I am come to salute you in the name of the God that made and fourmed us, and I conjure you by the puissance that he hath given me, that you speake to me ; for I repute you for fooles to thinke thus to passe thorow my wood, and disdaine to speake to mee. Ah ! Huon, I know thee well ynough, and whether thou wouldst goe. I know all thy decedes, howe thou slewest Charlot, and after discomfited Amerie, and I knowe the messuage that Charlemaine hath charged thee to say to the admirall Gaudisc, the which thing is impossible to be done without mine ayd, for without me thou shalt never accomplish this enterprize. Speake to me, and I shall doe thee that courtesie that I shall cause thee to atchive thine enterprize, the which is else impossible without mee ; and when thou hast atchived thy messuage, I shall bring thee againe into Fraunce in safegard. I know the cause that thou wilt not speake to mee ; it is by reason of old Gerames, who is there with thee. Therefore, Huon, beware of thyselfe, go no further, for I know well it is three dayes passed since thou diddest eate any meate to profit thee. If thou wilt beleewe me, thou shalt have ynough of such sustenance as thou wilt wish for ; and as soone as thou hast dyned, I will give thee leave to depart, if it be thy pleasure ; of this have no doubt.” “ Sir,” quoth Huon, “ you bee welcome.” “ Ah ! ” quoth Oberon, “ thy salutation shalbe

well rewarded ; knowe for truth thou never diddest salutation so profitable for thyselfe. Thou mayest thanke God that he hath sent thee that grace.”

CHAP. 24.—*Of the great marvailles that Oberon shewed unto Huon, and of the adventures that fell.*

When Huon had well heard Oberon, he had great marvaile, and demanded if it were true that hee had saide. “ Yes, truly,” quoth Oberon, “ of that make no doubt.”—“ Sir,” quoth Huon, “ I have great marvaile for what cause you have alwayes pursued us.”—“ Huon,” quoth Oberon, “ know that I love thee well, bicause of the truth that is in thee, and therefore naturally I love thee, and if thou wilt knowe who I am, I shall shew thee. True it is Julius Cæsar engendred me on the Ladie of the secret Isle, who was sometime well beloved of the faire Florimont of Albania. But bicause that Florimont, who as then was young, and he had a mother who did so much that she saw my mother and Florimont together in a solitary place on the sea side. When my mother perceived that she was espied by Florimonts mother, she departed and left Florimont her lover in great weeping and lamentations, and never saw him after. And then shee returned into her owne countrey of the secret isle, the which now is named Chafalone, whereas she married after, and had a sonne who in his time after was king of Egipt, named Nactabanus. It was he, as it is said, that engendred Alexander the great, who after caused him to die. Then after a seaven yeaes, Cæsar passed by the sea as he went unto the place whereas he fought with Pompey. In his way hee passed by Chafalone, where my mother fetched him, and hee fell in love with her, bicause she shewed him that he should discomfite Pompey, as he did.

Thus I have shewed you who was my father. At my birth there was many princes and barons of the fairy, and many a noble ladie that came to see my mother whiles she travailed of

mee, and amonge them there was one was not content, bicause shee was not sent for as well as the other ; and when I was borne, shee gave mee a gift, the which was, that when I should passe three yeares of age, I should grow no more, but thus as you see mee nowc : and when she had thus done, and sawe that she had thus served me by her words, she repented herselfe, and would recompence mee another way. Then shee gave me another gift, and that was that I should be the fairest creature that ever nature fourmed, as thou mayest see mee now ; and another ladie of the fayry named Translyna gave me another gift, and that was all that ever any man can know or thinke good or ill I should knowe it. The third ladie, to doe more for me, and to please my mother the better, she gave me that there is not so farre a countrey but that if I wil wish myselfe there, I shal be there incontinent with what number of men as I list ; and moreover, if I will have a castle or a pallaice at mine owne device, incontinent it shall be made, and as soone gone againe when I list ; and what meat or wine that I would wish for, I should have it incontinent ; and also I am kinge of Momur, the whiche is about foure hundred leagues from henc ; and if I list, incontinent I can be there. Know for troth that thou art arrived at a good port ; I know well thou hast great neede of meat, for this three dayes thou hast had but small sustenance, but I shall cause thee to have ynough. I demaund of thee whether thou wilt have meat and drinke heere in this meadow, or in a pallaice, or in a hall ; commaund whereas thou wilt, and thou shalt have it for thee and thy companie.”—“ Sir,” quoth Huon, “ I will follow your pleasure, and never doe nor thinke the contrarie.”—“ Huon,” quoth he, “ as yet I have not shewed all the gifts that were given me at my birth. The fourth ladie gave me that there is no bird nor beast, be they never so cruell, but if I will have them, I may take them with my hande ; and also I shall never beseme elder then thou seest me now ; and when I shal depart out of this world, my place is appointed in Paradise, for I knowe that all things cre-

ated in this mortall world must needs have an end." — "Sir," quoth Huon, "such a gift ought to be well kept." — "Huon," quoth Oberon, "well you were counsailed when you spake to me, you had never before so faire adventure; shew me by thy faith if thou wilt eate, and what meate thou wilt have, and what wine thou wilt drinke." — "Sir," quoth Huon, "so that I had meate and drinke, I care not what it were, so that I and my company were filled and rid from our famine." Then Oberon laughed at him, and said, "Sirs, all you sit down here in the meadowe, and have no doubt but all that I will doe is done by the puissance of our Lord God." Then Oberon began to wish, and saide unto Huon and his companie, "Sirs, arise up quickly," the which they did. Then they looked before them, and sawe a faire and a rich pallaice garnished with chambers and halles, hanged and bedded with rich cloathes of silke beaten with gold, and tables ready set full of meat. When Huon and his company sawe the rich pallaice before them, they had great marvaile, and Oberon tooke Huon by the hand, and with him mounted up into the pallaice. When they came there, they found servants there readie, bringing unto them basons of gould garnished with precious stones. They gave water to Huon, and he sat down at the table, the which was furnished with all manner of meate and drinke that man could wish.

Oberon sat the tables end upon a bench of ivorie, richly garnished with gould and precious stones, the which seat had such vertue given unto it by the fayrie, that whosoever by any subtil means would poyson him that should sit thereon, as soone as he should approach neere to the seat, he should fall downe starke dead. King Oberon sat thereon richly apparelled, and Huon, who sat neere unto him, began to eate a great pacc, but Gerames had small appetite to eate, for he beleevved that they should never depart thence. When Oberon sawe him, he said, "Gerames, eate thy meat and drinke, for as soone as thou hast eaten, thou shalt have leave

to goe when thou list." When Gerames heard that, he was joyfull ; then he began to eate and drinke, for he knew well that Oberon would not doe against his assurance. All the companie did well eate and drinke ; they were served with all thinges that they could wish for. When Huon sawe how they were all satisfied and repleat, and had well dyned, he saide to kinge Oberon, " Sir, when it shall be your pleasure, I would you should give us leave to depart." " Huon," quoth Oberon, " I am right well content so to doe, but first I will shewe you my jewels." Then he called Clariand, a knight of the fayrey, and saide, " Freend, goe and fetch to me my cup." He did his commaundement, and when Oberon had the cup in his hand, he said unto Huon, " Sir, behold well, you see that this cup is nowe voyd and emptie." " That is true, sir," quoth Huon. Then Oberon set the cup on the table, and saide unto Huon, " Sir, behold the great power that God hath given mee, and that in the fayrie I may doe what is my pleasure." Then hee made over the cup the signe of a crosse three times, and incontinent the cup was full of wine ; and then he said, " Behold, sirs, you may well see that this is done by the g[r]ace of God ; yet I shall shewe you the great vertue that is in this cup, for if all the men in the world were heere assembled together, and that the cup were in the handes of any man, being out of deadly sinne, he might drinke thereof his fill : but whosoever offers his hand to take it, being in deadly sinne, the cuppe doth loose his vertue ; and if thou mayest drinke thereof, I offer to give thee the cup." " Sir," quoth Huon, " I thanke you, but I am in doubt that I am not worthy, nor of valour to drinke thereof, nor to touch the cup ; I never heard of such dignitie as this cup is of : but, sir, knowe for truth I have been confessed of all my sinnes, and I am repentant and sorrowfull for that I have done, and I doe pardon and forgive all the men in the world, whatsoever injurie hath beene done unto me, and I knowe not that I have done wronge to any creature, nor I hate no man."

And so hee tooke the cup in both his handes, and set it to his mouth, and droonke of the good wine that was therein at his pleasure.

CHAP. 25.—*Of the great gifts that Oberon gave unto Huon, as his horne of itorie, and his cup, the which were of great vertues; and how Huon after thought to proove the vertue of them, whereby he was in great perill of death.*

When Oberon sawe that, hee was right glad, and came and embraced Huon, saying that he was a noble man, “and I give thee,” quoth he, “this cup as it is, in the manner as I shall shewe, that in any wise for anything for the dignitie of the cup, be thou ever true and faithfull; for if thou wilt worke by my counsaile, I shall aide thee, and give thee succour in all thine affaires; but as soone as thou makest any lye, the vertue of the cup will be lost, and loose his bountie, and beside that, thou shalt loose my love and aide.” “Sir,” quoth Huon, “I shall right well beware thereof; and nowe, sir, I require you suffer us to depart.” “Abide yet,” quoth he to Huon, “yet I have another jewell, the which I will give thee, bicause I thinke there bee truth and noblenes in thee: I will give thee a rich horne of ivorie, the which is full of great vertue, and which thou shalt beare with thee; it is of so great virtue, that if thou be never so farre from me, as soone as thou blowest the horne, I shall heare thee, and shalbe incontinent with thee, with a hundred thousand men at armes for to succour and ayd thee. But one thinge I commaund thee on the payne of loosing of my love, and on jeopardie of thy life, that thou be not so hardy to sound the horne, without thou hast great neede thereof, for if thou doe otherwise, I vowe to God that created mee, I shall leave thee in as great povertie and miserie as ever man was, so that whosoever should see thee in that case, should have pitie of thee.” “Sir,” quoth Huon, “I shall right well beware thereof; now

I desire you let me depart." "I am content," quoth Oberon, "and God be thy guide." Then Huon tooke leave of the kinge Oberon, and trussed up all his baggage, and did put his cup into his bosome, and the horne about his necke. Thus they all tooke their leave of King Oberon, and all weeping embraced Huon, who had marvaile why he wept, and said, "Sir, why doe you weepe?" "Freend," quoth Oberon, "you may well know; you have with you two things that I love dearely. God ayd you! More I cannot speake to you."

Thus the fourteene knightes departed, and so they road forth about fiftene leagues or more; then they sawe before them a great deepe river, and they could finde no guide nor passage to passe over, and so they wist not what to doe. Then suddainly they sawe passe by them a servant of king Oberon, bearing a rod of gold in his hand; and so without speaking of any word, he entred into the river, and tooke his rod, and stroke the water therewith three times; then incontinent the water withdrew a both sides in such wise that there was a path that three men might ride afroont; and that done, he departed againe without speaking of any word. Then Huon and his companie entred into the water, and so passed thorowe without any danger; and when they were past, they looked behind them, and sawe the river close againe, and ran after his old course. "By my faith," quoth Huon, "I thinke we be enchaunted, I beleve surely king Oberon hath done this; but seeing we be thus scaped out of perill, I trust from henceforth we shall have no more doubt." Thus they roade forth together singing, and oftentimes spake of the great marvailles that they had seene king Oberon doe; and as they road, Huon beheld on his right hand, and sawe a faire meadowe well garnished with hearbes and flowers, and in the middest thereof a faire cleare fountaine. Then Huon roade thether, and alighted, and let their horses goe to pasture; then they spread a cloath on the greene grasse, and set thereon such meate as kinge Oberon had given them at their depart-

ing ; and there they did eat, and drinke such drinke as they found in the cup. "By my faith," quoth Huon, "it was a faire adventure for us, when we met Oberon, and that I spake to him ; he hath shewed me great tokens of love, when he gave me such a cup ; if I may return into Fraunce in savegard, I shall give it to Charlemaine, who will make great joy therewith ; and if he cannot drinke thereof, the barons of Fraunce will have great sport thereof." Then againe he repented him of his owne words, and said, "I am a foole to thinke or to say thus, for as yet I cannot tell what end I shall come to : the cup that I have is better worth then two cities, but as yet I cannot beleve the vertue to be in the horne as Oberon hath shewed, nor that he may heere it so farre off : but whatsoever fortune fall, I will assay it if it hath such vertue or not." "Alas ! sir," quoth Gerames, "Beware what you doe ; you knowe well when wee departed, what charge he gave you ; certainly you and we both are lost if you trespas against his commaundement." "Surely," quoth Huon, "whatsoever fortune fall, I will assay it ;" and so tooke the horne and set it to his mouth, and blewe it so loud that the wood rang. Then Gerames and all the other began to sing, and to make great joy. Then Garyn said, "Faire Nephewe, blowe still !" And so Huon blew still with such force, that Oberon, who was in his wood about fiftene leagues of, heard him clearely, and said :—"Alas ! my freends, I heare my freend blowe, whome I love best of all the world ! Alas ! what man is so hardy to doe him any ill ? I wishe myselfe with him with a hundred thousand men at armes." Incontinent he was nere to Huon with a hundred thousand men at armes.

When Huon and his companie heard the hoast comming, and saw Oberon come ryding on before them, they were affraid ; and it was no marvaile, seeing the commaundement that Oberon had given them before. Then Huon saide, "Alas ! sirs, I have done ill ! nowe I see well we cannot escape, but that we are likely all to die." "Certainly," quoth Gerames, "you

have well deserved it." "Houlde your peace," quoth Huon, "dismay you not; let me speake to him." Therewith Oberon came to them, and saide, "Huon, what meaneth this? Where are they that will doe thee any ill? Why hast thou broken my commaundement?" "Alas! sir," quoth Huon, "I shall shew you the truth; wee were sitting right now in this meadowe, and did eat of that you gave us; I beleewe I tooke too much drinke out of the cup that you gave me, the vertue of the which we well assayed; then I thought to trye also the vertue of the rich horne, to the entent that if I shoulde have any neede, that I might be sure thereof; now I know for troth that all is true that you have shewed me: wherefore, sir, in the honour of God, I require you to pardon my trespas; else, sir, heere is my sword, strike off my head at your pleasure, for I know well without your ayd, I shall never come to atchieve mine enterprise." "Huon," quoth Oberon, "the bountie and great troth that is in thee, constreyneth me to give thee pardon; but beware from hencefoorth, be not so hardy as to breake my commaundement." "Sir," quod Huron, "I thanke you." "Well," quoth Oberon, "I knowe surely that thou hast as yet much to suffer; for thou must passe by a citie named Tormont, wherein there is a tyrant called Macayr, and yet he is thine owne uncle, brother to thy father Duke Sevin: when he was in Fraunce, he had thought to have murdered King Charlemaine, but his treason was knowne, and he had been slaine if thy father Duke Sevin had not been: so he was sent to the holy Sepulchre, to do his penaunce for the ill that he had done, and so afterward there he renounced the faith of our Lord God, and tooke upon him the Paynims law, the which he hath kept ever since so strongly, that if he heare any man speake of our Lord God, he will pursue him to death; and looke what promise that hee maketh, he keepeth none. Therefore I advise thee trust not on him, for surely he will put thee to death if he may, and thou canst not escape if thou goest by that city: therefore I counsaile thee take not that

way if thou be wise." "Sir," quoth Huon, "of your courtesie, love and good counsell I thanke you ; but whatsoever fortune fall to me, I will go to mine uncle, and if he be such a one as you say, I shall make him to die an ill death, and if neede be I shall sound my horne, and I am sure at my neede you will ayd me." "Of that you may be sure," quoth Oberon, "but of one thing I forbid thee, be not so hardy to sound thy horne without thou bee hurt, for if thou doe the contrarie, I shall so martir thee, that thy bodie shall not endure it." "Sir," quoth Huon, "bee assured your commaundement I will not breake." Then Huon tooke leave of King Oberon, who was sorie when Huon departed. "Sir," quoth Huon, "I have marvaile why you weepe ; I pray you shew mee the cause why you doe it." "Huon," quoth Oberon, "the great love that I have to thee is that causeth me to doe it, for as yet hereafter thou shalt suffer so much ill and travaile that no human tongue can tell it." "Sir," quoth Huon, "ye shew me many things not greatly to my profite." "Sure," quoth Oberon, "and yet thou shalt suffer more than I have spoken of, and al by thine owne folly."

CHAP. 75. *How King Oberon caused to be hanged the foure traytours, Gerard, Gybonars, and the two monkes, for their false witnesse, and of the peace made betweene Huon and Charlemaine : and how King Oberon gave unto Huon his realme of the fayrie.*

When king Oberon had heard Gerard confesse the treason done to his brother, and heard howe Gerard had offered to goe and fetch the beard and great teeth, and how he had denied him to goe, then he sayd, "I wish them here upon this table." He had no sooner made his wish, but they were set on the table, whereof all such as were there hadde great marvaile. "Sir," quoth Huon to King Oberon, "humbly I require you that of your grace you will pardon my brother Gerard all the

ill that he hath done against me, for he did it by Gybovars, and as for me, heere, and before God I pardon him, and, sir, if you will doe thus, I shalbe content therewith : and to thentent that we may use our lives from henceforth in good peace and love, I will give him the halfe part of my lands and signiories, and, sir, in the honour of our Lord Jesus Christ, have pity of him." When the lords that were there present understood Huon, they all for pity began to weepe, and sayd among themselves that Huon was a noble knight, and that it had been pity if the matter had framed otherwise. "Sir Huon," quoth Oberon, "it is not necessarie to request this, for all the gold that is in the world shall not respite their deaths. I wish by the puissance that I have in the fayrie, that here beneath in the meadow there be a paire of gallows, and all iiij. thereon hanged. Incontinent it was don, and all iiij. hanged. Thus, as ye have hard, the traitors were paid their deserts."

When king Charlemaine had scene the great marvailles that were done by king Oberon, he sayd to his lords — "Sirs, I beleve this man be some God himselfe, for there is no mortall man can doe this that he hath done." When Oberon understood the emperour, he sayd, "Sir, know for truth I am no God, but I am a mortall man as you be, and was engendred on a woman, as you were, and my father was Julius Cesar, who engendred me on the ladie of the secret isle, who had beene before lover to Florymont, sonne to the Duke of Albany. She bare me nine moneths in her wombe, and I was begotten by Julius Cesar ; when he went into Thessaly after Pompey the great, he was amorous of my mother because she prophesied that my father Julius Cesar should winne the battaile as he did ; and when I was borne, there were with my mother many ladies of the fairye, and by them I had many gifts, and among other there was one that gave mee the gift to be such a one as you see I am ; whereof I am sorry, but I cannot be none otherwise, for when I came to the age of three yeeres, I grew no more. And when this ladie sawe that I was so little, to con-

tent againe my mother, shee gave me againe that I should be the fairest creature of the world ; and other ladyes of the fairie gave me divers other gifts, the which I overpasse at this time, and therefore, sir, know for truth, that above all things God loveth faith and troth, when it is in men, as it is here in Huon ; and because I know for certaine that he is true and faithfull, therefore I have alwaies loved him."

After that king Oberon had ended his words, and shewed the emperour Charlemaine of all his estate, he called Huon, and sayd, " Sir, arise up, and take the beard and the teeth, and beare them to King Charlemaine, and desire him to render you your landes as he promised." " Sir," quoth Huon, " I ought so to doe." Then Huon came to king Charlemaine, and sayd, " Sir, by your grace, and if it may please you, receive here the beard and teeth of the admirall Gaudis." " Huon," quoth the king, " I hold you quit, and I render to you all your lands and signiories, and pardon you of all mine ill will, and put all rancour from mee, and from hencefoorth I retaine you as one of my peeres." " Sir," quoth Huon, " of this I thanke God and your grace." Then the emperour Charlemaine clipped and kissed Huon, in token of peace and love.

When the lords saw that, they wept for joy, and thanked God that the peace was made, and especially Duke Naymes was joyfull : then within a while, divers of the lords departed from the court. Then king Oberon called Huon unto him, and sayd, " Sir, I commaund you as dearely as you love mee that this same day foure yeare to come, that you come into my citie of Momur, for I will give you my realme and all my dignitie, the which I may lawfully do, for at my birth it was given me that I might so doe, for it lyeth in mee to give it whereas I thinke best, and bicause I love you so entirely, I shall set the crowne upon your head, and you shalbe king of my realme. And also I will that you give unto Gerames all your landes and signiories in these parts, for he hath well de-

served it, for with you and for your love, hee hath suffered many great travailes." "Sir," quoth Huon, "seeing this is your pleasure, I ought well to be pleased therewith, and I shall accomplish all your commandements." "Huon," quoth Oberon, "know for troth I shall not abide longe in this world, for so is the pleasure of God, it behoveth me to go into Paradise, whereas my place is appointed in the fayrie, I shall bide no longer, but beware as dearly as you love your life, that yee faile not to be with me at the daie that I have appointed. Beware that yee forget it not, for if yee faile, I shall cause you to die an ill death; and therefore remember it well." When Huon heard king Oberon, he was right joyfull, and stooped downe to have kissed his feet; but then Gloriant and Malla-born tooke him up. Then said Huon, "Sir, for this great guift I thanke you."

CHAP. 146. *How the noble kinge Oberon crowned Huon and Escleremond, and gave them all his realme and dignitie that he hadde in the land of the fayrie, and made the peace betweene Huon and king Arthur.*

When the people of the fayrie, both knightes and ladies, had well heard and understood king Oberon, they were right sorrowfull in that hee should leave them, and sayd, "Sir, since it is your pleasure, and that it is your will, of reason wee must bee content to receive Huon of Bourdeaux for our kinge, and madame Escleremond his wife for our queene." When the king understood his lordes and people, then he caused to be brought thether two crownes; the one was set uppon Huons head, and the other uppon Esclermonds head. Then Oberon sent for his horne, napkin, and cup, and the good armour, and hee delivered them unto Huon, to doe with them his pleasure; great joy and feasting was made in the pallaice by the knights and ladies of the fayrie. Then king Huon looked out at a window, and sawe upon the mountaine that he passed over at

his comming thether, a great number of tents and pavillions : and hee sayd unto king Oberon, "Sir, uppon yonder mountaine I see a great number of men assembled, and many tentes and pavillions pitcht up." "Hyon," quoth king Oberon, "know for troth that it is kinge Arthur, who weeneth to have my realme and dignitie, but hee cometh too late, for the promise that you made unto me you have kept ; therefore he fayleth and commeth too late ; for if you hadde not come, I had given him my realme and dignity ; I know well that hee will be heere soone to see me, and hee will be sorrowfull and angrie of your comming hether ; but if I can, I shall doe so much that you shall bee both in peace and rest, for good reason it is that he doe obey you."

Therewith kinge Arthur and all his chivalrie entred into the cite of Momur, and came and alighted at the pallaice, and with him his sister, Queene Morgue le Fay, and Transeline their neece, they came and saluted king Oberon, who received them with great joye, and sayde,—“Great kinge Arthur, you are welcome, and Morgue your sister, and Transeline your neece ; and, sir, I pray you to shewe mee what faire childe is that I see there before your sister Morgue?” “Sir,” quoth Arthur, “hee is called Marlyn, and is sonne to Ogier the Dane, who hath wedded my sister Morgue, and I have left him in my countrey to rule it untill I returne.” “Sir,” quoth king Oberon, “the child shall have good fortune ; hee shall bee in his time feared and redoubted, for Ogier his father is a good and a valiant knight : and noble king Arthur, you are welcome, and of your comming I am right joyfull ; I have sent for you to shewe you the pleasure of our Lord God that I shall depart out of this world ; and to the entent that you should be content, in that I have given you heretofore in the fayrie so much dignitie and puissance, wherewith I desire you to be contented, for behold here Duke Hyon of Bourdeaux, and his wife the Duchesse Escleremond, unto whome I have given my realme and my dignity, to use it as I have done

heeretofore : and therefore I pray and commaund you that you will obay him as kinge and soveraigne of all the fayrie, and you to live together with good love and peace."

When king Arthur heard king Oberon, he answered fiercely and sayd, " Sir, I have well heard you, and you know well that your realme and dignity you gave me after your decease, and now I see well that you have given it to Duke Huon : Sir, lette him goe into his owne countrey, and unto his citie of Bourdeaux, whercas hee hath left his daughter Clariet, and let him goe and marrie her, for as heere he hath nothing to doe, I hadde rather to bee cleane exiled for ever and chaced out of my realme, then I should obay him or doe unto him any homage, for he shall have nothing to doe over mee, without hee winne it with the point of the sworde. When kinge Huon hadde well heard king Arthur of Brittainne, he answered fiercely, and said, " King Arthur, knowe for troth, for all your wordes and threatninges I will not spare to say unto you that whether you will or not, it must behoove you to obay and to be under me, since it is the pleasure of my lord kinge Oberon heere present ; or else you may depart, and go and dwell in the countrey of Brittainne." Then king Oberon seeing appearance of great war to bee mooved betweene these two kinges, hee spake and sayde that hee would have their evill will layd downe, and never to have war between them, and sayd unto king Arthur, " Sir, I will that you hould your peace, for if you speake one worde more against Huon the soveraigne king of the fayrie, that hee would condemne him perpetually to be a warre-wolfe in those parts, and there to end his dayes in paine and miserie ; but if hee will beleeve him, hee wouldc agree them together." Then kinge Arthur stood still, and would speake no word. Then Morgue and Transeline fell downe upon their knees, and desired king Oberon to have pitie of king Arthur, and to pardon him of all his ill will ; and after that Morgue had spoken, then kinge Arthur kneeled downe, and sayd, " Right

deere Sir, I pray you to pardon mee, in that I have spoken so much against your pleasure." "Arthur," quoth kinge Oberon, "I will that you well knowe, that if it were not for the love of your sister, who hath desired mee to pardon you, I would have shewed you the power that I have in the fayrie, the which from hencefoorth I give unto Duke Huon of Bourdeaux, and all the dignitie and puissance that I have used in all my life." Then Duke Huon thanked kinge Oberon right humbly of his courtesie.

CHAP. 147.—*Of the ordinances that the noble king Oberon made before he dyed.*

When king Oberon had deposed himselfe of his realme and dignitie, and that he had put all his puissance into the hands of Huon, then he sayd unto king Arthur, "Sir, because I desire with all my heart that after my decease Huon and you shoulde live together in good peace and love, I give you all my realme of Boulquant, and all the realme that Sibilla holdeth of me, to do therewith at your pleasure; and of all the fayries that bee in the plaine of Tartary, I will that you have so much puissance there, as Huon hath heere; provided that heere before me you make homage unto him, and that good peace and love may be betweene you." Then Arthur, Morgue, and Transeline, and all the other lordes and ladies that were there, thanked king Oberon, and sayd how that they never heard nor saw so rich a giift given before as that kinge Oberon had given unto kinge Arthur. Then king Arthur, in the presence of king Oberon, came and made homage, and kissed duke Huon. Then kinge Oberon and all the other hadde thereof great joy because of the peace made betweene those two kinges, and great feasting and joy was made in the pallaice; for all the most noble lordes and ladies of the fayrie were there assembled, there was great solemnitie made.

Thus as they were in this great joy, kinge Oberon feeling that his last end approached, for hee knewe the day and houre ; then, seeing that in his life time he had provided a king for his realme, he humbly thanked our Lord God of the graces that he had given him in this world. Then hee called before him Huon of Bourdeaux, and kinge Arthur, Gloriand, and Mallabron, and sayd, “Sirs, I advertise you that longe I shall not abide among you ; therefore, Huon, for your bountie and noblenesse wherewith you have beene alwayes indued, I have chosen you among other to have the keeping and signiorie, and the ministration of all the fayrie, as well of the countrey of warre-wolves, as of other thinges secret reserved, and not to bee shewed to any mortall men ; and also I have given you my dignitie and puissance, to doe therewith as I have done in my time ; and because I have thus chosen you, therefore I will that when I depart out of this world that you doe make a newe abbey of monkes, the which I will bee set in the meadowe heere before this citie, because all my dayes I have loved this citie, and I will that in the church of the same abbey you doe burie my bodie as richly as you shall thinke convenient ; and I recomment unto you all such as have well served me, and I will that you retaine them into your service.” When king Oberon had sayd as much as pleased him, Huon answered and sayd, “Deere sir, of the great goodnesse and honour that you have done unto me, I thanke you, and all that you have ordained or will do, by the grace of God it shall be done in such wise that my soule shall beare no charge for it at the day of judgement.” When the lordes and ladies that were there assembled heard the words of king Oberon, and saw well that his last end approached neere, the cryes and clamours that were there made was great marvaile to heare, and especially there was such weepings and lamentations in the citie, that great pittie it was to heare it, for they were advertized that kinge Oberon drewe neere unto his last end, who lay in his rich couch in the middest of his pallaice, making his prayers unto our Lord God, and holding

Huon by the hand, and at the last hee sayd, "My right deere freend Huon, pray for mee." And then hee made the signe of the crosse, and recommending his soule unto God, the which incontinent was borne into Paradise by a great multitude of angels sent from God, who at their departing, made such shining and clearnesse in the pallaice, that there was never none such seene before, and therewith there was so sweet a smell, that everie man thought that they had been ravished into Paradise ; whereby they knewe surely that king Oberons soule was saved.

When king Huon, and king Arthur, and Queene Escleremond, Morgue le Fay, and Transeline, and king Carahew, Gloriand, and Mallabron, and all other knightes and ladies, knew that king Oberon was dead, there is no humane tong can tell the cries, weepings, and complaints that were made there for the death of king Oberon : then his bodie was taken, and borne to the place where his sepulcher was devised, the which king Huon caused to be made right richly, and founded there an abbey as Oberon had devised. After the buriall, they returned to the pallaice, whereas the tables were set, and there sat three crowned kinges, and two excellent queens, full of great beautie. At the upper end of the table sat king Huon, and next unto him king Arthur ; and then king Carahew and the two queens, and the other ladies departed, and went and dyled in their chambers, and they were all served of everie thinge that was necessarie. And after dinner and grace sayd, king Arthur and king Carahew tooke their leave of king Huon, and of queene Escleremond, and so departed everie man into his owne countrey ; and Morgue and Transeline tarried a certaine space with qucene Escleremond in great joy and solace. Now let us leave speaking of kinge Huon : and Queene Escleremond, who tarried still in the fayrie, and shall do untill the day of judgment, and let us retorne unto our former matter, and speake of faire Clariet, daughter unto king Huon, who was at the noble citie of Bourdeaux.

VI. LIFE OF ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

This most important, indeed the most valuable illustration we have of the *Midsummer's Night's Dream*, is reprinted from a black-letter tract of the utmost rarity, published at London in 1628, under the title of "*Robin Goodfellow; his mad pranks, and merry Jests, full of honest mirth, and is a fit medicine for melancholy.*" Mr. Collier has previously made an excellent reprint of this curious production for the Percy Society, but he has kindly permitted me to include it in this collection. Mr. Collier's preface, and the bibliographical particulars there mentioned, are here omitted; the latter purposely, that the members of the Percy Society might not have to complain that one of their publications had suffered in value. The commentators on Shakespeare were unacquainted with it, and not more than two copies, and these with different dates, are known to exist. One of them is in the possession of Lord Francis Egerton, the other in the library of Mr. Daniel, of Islington. The tract is dated 1628, but it is in all probability a much earlier production, and although we have no proof of the fact, had most likely been seen by Shakespeare in some form or other.

The First Part.

Not omitting that antient forme of beginning tales, *Once upon a time*, it was my chance to travaile into that noble county of Kent. The weather beeing wet, and my two-leg'd horse being almost tyred (for indeede my owne leggs were all the supporters that my body had), I went dropping into an alehouse: there found I, first a kinde wellcome, next good lyquor, then kinde strangers (which made good company), then an honest hoast, whose love to good liquor was written in

red characters both in his nose, cheekes and forehead: an hoastesse I found there too, a woman of very good carriage; and though she had not so much colour (for what she had done) as her rich husband had, yet all beholders might perceive by the roundness of her belly, that she was able to draw a pot dry at a draught, and ne're unlace for the matter.

Well, to the fire I went, where I dried my outside and wet my inside. The ale being good, and I in good company, I lapt in so much of this nappy liquor, that it begot in mee a boldnesse to talke, and desire of them to know what was the reason that the people of that country were called Long-tayles.¹ The hoast sayd, all the reason that ever he could heare was, because the people of that country formerly did use to goe in side skirted coates. There is (sayd an old man that sat by) another reason that I have heard: that is this. In the time of the Saxons conquest of England there were divers of our countrymen slaine by treachery, which made those that survived more carefull in dealing with their enemies, as you shall heare.

After many overthrowes that our countrymen had received by the Saxons, they dispersed themselves into divers companies into the woods, and so did much damage by their suddaine assaults to the Saxons, that Hengist, their king, hearing the damage that they did (and not knowing how to subdue them by force), used this policy. Hee sent to a company of them, and gave them his word for their liberty and safe returne, if they would come unarmed and speake with him. This they seemed to grant unto, but for their more security (knowing how little hee esteemed oathes or promises) they went every one of them armed with a shorte sword, hanging just behind under their garments, so that the Saxons thought not of any weapons they had: but it proved otherwise; for when

¹ An old nick-name for Kentishmen. Lambarde mentions it in his "Perambulation," 4to., Lond., 1596.

Hengist his men (that were placed to cut them off) fell all upon them, they found such unlooked a resistance, that most of the Saxons were slaine, and they that escaped, wond'ring how they could doe that hurt, having no weapons (as they saw), reported that they stricke downe men like lyons with their tayles; and so they ever after were called Kentish Long-tayles.

I told him this was strange, if true, and that their countries honor bound them more to beleve in this then it did me.

Truly, sir, sayd my hoastesse, I thinke we are called Long-tayles, by reason our tales are long, that we use to passe the time withall, and make our selves merry. Now, good hoastesse, sayd I, let me entreat from you one of those tales. You shall (sayd shee), and that shall not be a common one neither, for it is a long tale, a merry tale, and a sweete tale; and thus it beginsnes.

The Hoastesse tale of the birth of Robin Goodfellow.

Once upon a time, a great while agoe, when men did eate more and drinke lesse,—then men were more honest, that knew no knavery then some now are, that confesse the knowledge and deny the practise—about that time (when so ere it was) there was wont to walke many harmlesse spirits called fayries, dancing in brave order in fayry rings on greene hills with sweete musicke (sometime invisible) in divers shapes: many mad pranks would they play, as pinching of sluts black and blue, and misplacing things in ill-ordered houses; but lovingly would they use wonches that cleauly were, giving them silver and other pretty toyes, which they would leave for them. sometimes in their shooes, other times in their pockets, sometimes in bright basons and other cleane vessels.

Amongst these fayries was there a hee fayrie; whether he was their king or no I know not, but surely he had great government and commaund in that country, as you shall heare.

This same hee fayry did love a proper young wench, for every night would hee with other fayries come to the house, and there dance in her chamber ; and oftentimes shee was forced to dance with him, and at his departure would hee leave her silver and jewels, to expresse his love unto her. At last this mayde was with childe, and being asked who was the father of it, she answered a man that nightly came to visit her, but earely in the morning he would go his way, whither she knew not, he went so suddainly.

Many old women, that then had more wit than those that are now living and have lesse, sayd that a fayry had gotten her with childe ; and they bid her be of good comfort, for the childe must needes be fortunate that had so noble a father as a fayry was, and should worke many strange wonders. To be short, her time grew on, and she was delivered of a man childe, who (it should seeme) so rejoyced his father's heart, that every night his mother was supplied with necessary things that are befitting a woman in child-birth, so that in no meane manner neither ; for there had shee rich imbroidered cushions, stooles, carpits, coverlets, delicate linnen : then for meate shee had capons, chickens, mutton, lambe, phesant, snite, woodcocke, partridge, quaille. The gossips liked this fare so well, that she never wanted company : wine had shee of all sorts, as muskadine, sacke, malmsie, clarret, white and bastard : this pleased her neighbours well so that few that came to see her, but they had home with them a medicine for the fleaes. Sweet meates too had they in such abundance, that some of their teeth are rotten to this day ; and for musicke shee wanted not, or any other thing she desired.

All praysed this honest fayry for his care, and the childe for his beauty, and the mother for a happy woman. In brieft, christened hee was, at the which all this good cheare was doubled, which made most of the women so wise, that they forgot to make themselves unready, and so lay in their cloathes ; and none of them next day could remember the child's name.

but the clarke, and hee may thanke his booke for it, or else it had been utterly lost. So much for the birth of little Robin.

Of Robin Good-fellow's behaiour when he was young.

When Robin was growne to sixe yeares of age, hee was so knavish that all the neighbours did complaine of him; for no sooner was his mother's backe turned, but hee was in one knavish action or other, so that his mother was constrayned (to avoyde the complaints) to take him with her to market, or wheresoever shee went or rid. But this helped little or nothing, for if hee rid before her, then would he make mouthes and ill-favoured faces at those hee met: if he rid behind her, then would hee clap his hand on his tayle; so that his mother was weary of the many complaints that came against him, yet knew she not how to beat him justly for it, because she never saw him doe that which was worthy blowes. The complaints were daily so renewed that his mother promised him a whipping. Robin did not like that cheere, and therefore, to avoyde it, hee ranne away, and left his mother a heavy woman for him.

How Robin Good-fellow dwelt with a taylor.

After that Robin Good-fellow had gone a great way from his mother's house hee began to bee a-hungry, and going to a taylor's house, hee asked something for God's sake. The taylor gave him meate, and understanding that he was masterlesse, hee tooke him for his man, and Robin so plyed his worke that he got his master's love.

On a time his master had a gowne to make for a woman, and it was to bee done that night: they both sate up late so that they had done all but setting on the sleeves by twelve a clocke. This master then being sleepy sayd, ~ Robin, whip thou on the sleeves, and then come thou to bed: I will goe to

bed before." "I will," sayd Robin. So soone as his master was gone, Robin hung up the gowne, and taking both sleeves in his handes, hee whipt and lashed them on the gowne. So stood he till the morning that his master came downe: his master seeing him stand in that fashion, asked him what he did. "Why," quoth hee, "as you bid mee, whip on the sleeves." "Thou rogue," sayd his master, "I did meane that thou shouldest have set them on quickly and slightly." "I would you had sayd so," sayd Robin, "for then had I not lost all this sleepe." To bee shorte, his master was faine to do the worke, but ere hee had made an end of it, the woman came for it, and with a loud voyce chafed for her gowne. The taylor, thinking to please her, bid Robin fetch the remnants that they left yesterday (meaning thereby meate that was left); but Robin, to crosse his master the more, brought downe the remnants of the cloath that was left of the gowne. At the sight of this, his master looked pale, but the woman was glad, saying, "I like this breakefast so well, that I will give you a pint of wine to it." She sent Robin for the wine, but he never returned againe to his master.

What hapned to Robin Good-fellow after he went from the taylor.

After Robin had travailed a good dayes journey from his masters house hee sate downe, and beeing weary hee fell a sleepe. No sooner had slumber tooke full possession of him, and closed his long opened eye-lids, but hee thought he saw many goodly proper personages in anticke measures tripping about him, and withall hee heard such musicke, as he thought that Orpheus, that famous Greeke fidler (had hee beene alive), compared to one of these had beene as infamous as a Welch-harper that playes for cheese and onions. As delights commonly last not long, so did those end sooner then hee would willingly they should have done; and for very grieffe he

awaked, and found by him lying a scroule, wherein was written these lines following in golden letters.

Robin, my only sonne and heire,
How to live take thou no care :
By nature thou hast cunning shifts.
Which Ile increase with other gifts.
Wish what thou wilt, thou shalt it have ;
And for to vex both foole and knave,
Thou hast the power to change thy shape.
To horse, to hog, to dog, to ape.
Transformed thus, by any meanes
Seen none thou harm'st but knaves and queanes :
But love thou those that honest be,
And helpe them in necessity.
Doe thus, and all the world shall know
The pranks of Robin Good-fellow ;
For by that name thou cald shalt be
To ages last posterity.
If thou observe my just command.
One day thou shalt see Fayry Land !
This more I give : who tels thy pranks
From those that heare them shall have thanks.

Robin, having read this, was very joyfull, yet longed he to know whether he had this power or not, and to try it he wished for some meate : presently it was before him. Then wished hee for beere and wine : he straightway had it. This liked him well, and because he was weary, he wished himself a horse : no sooner was his wish ended, but he was transformed, and seemed a horse of twenty pound price, and leaped and curveted as nimble as if he had bene in stable at racke and manger a full moneth. Then wished he himself a dog, and was so. then a tree, and was so : so from one thing to

another, till hee was certaine and well assured that hee could change himselfe to any thing whatsoever.

How Robin Good-fellow served a clownish fellow.

Robin Good-fellow going over a field met with a clownish fellow, to whom he spake in this manner: "Friend," quoth he, "what is a clocke?" "A thing," answered the clowne, "that shewes the time of the day." "Why thou," sayd Robin Good-fellow, "bee thou a clocke, and tell me what time of the day it is." "I owe thee not so much service," answered hee againe, "but because thou shalt thinke thyselfe beholding to mee, know that it is the same time of the day, as it was yesterday at this time."

These crosse answers vext Robin Good-fellow, so that in himselfe hee vowed to be revenged of him, which he did in this manner.

— Robin Good-fellow turned himselfe into a bird, and followed this fellow, who was going into a field a little from that place to catch a horse that was at grasse. The horse being wilde ran over dike and hedge, and the fellow after, but to little purpose, for the horse was too swift for him. Robin was glad of this occasion, for now or never was the time to put his revenge in action.

Presently Robin shaped himselfe like to the horse that the fellow followed, and so stood before the fellow: presently the fellow tooke hold of him and got on his backe, but long had he not rid, but with a stumble he hurld this churlish clowne to the ground, that he almost broke his necke; yet tooke he not this for a sufficient revenge for the crosse answers he had received, but stood still and let the fellow mount him once more.

In the way the fellow was to ride was a great plash of water of a good depth; thorow this must he of necessity ride. No sooner was hee in the midst of it, but Robin Good-fellow

left him with nothing but a pack-saddle betwixt his leggs, and in the shape of a fish swomme to the shore, and ran away laughing, *ho, ho, hoh!* leaving the poore fellow almost drowned.

How Robin Good-fellow helped two lovers, and deceived an old man.

Robin going by a woode heard two lovers make great lamentation, because they were hindred from injoying each other by a cruell old leacher, who would not suffer this loving couple to marry. Robin, pittying them, went to them and sayd: "I have heard your complaints, and do pitty you: be ruled by me, and I will see that you shall have both your hearts content, and that suddainly if you please." After some amazement the maiden sayd, "Alas! sir, how can that be? my uncle, because I will not grant to his lust, is so streight over me, and so oppresseth me with worke night and day, that I have not so much time as to drinke or speake with this young man, whom I love above all men living." "If your worke bee all that hindreth you," sayd Robin, "I will see that done: aske mee not how, nor make any doubt of the performance; I will doe it. Go you with your love: for twenty-four houres I will free you. In that time marry or doe what you will. If you refuse my proffered kindnesse never looke to enjoy your wished for happinesse. I love true lovers, honest men, good fellowes, good huswives, good meate, good drinke, and all things that good is, but nothing that is ill; for my name is Robin Good-fellow, and that you shall see that I have power to performe what I have undertooke, see what I can do." Presently he turned himselfe into a horse, and away he ran: at the sight of which they were both amazed. but better considering with themselves, they both determined to make good use of their time, and presently they went to an old fryer, who presently married them. They payd him, and

went their way. Where they supped and lay I know not, but surely they liked their lodging well the next day.

Robin, when that he came neare the old man's house, turned himselfe into the shape of the young maide, and entred the house, where, after much chiding, he fell to the worke that the mayde had to do, which hee did in halfe the time that another could do it in. The old man, seeing the speede he made, thought that she had some meeting that night, for he tooke Robin Good-fellow for his neece: therefore he gave him order for other worke, that was too much for any one to do in one night. Robin did that in a trise, and playd many mad prankes beside ere the day appeared.

In the morning hee went to the two lovers to their bedside and bid God give them joy, and told them all things went well, and that ere night he would bring them ten pounds of her uncles to beginne the world with. They both thanked him, which was all the requital that he looked for, and becing therewith well contented, hee went his way laughing.

Home went he to the old man, who then was by, and marvelled how the worke was done so soone. Robin, seeing that, sayd: "Sir, I pray marvaile not, for a greater wonder then that this night hath happened to me." "Good neece, what is that?" sayd the old man. "This, Sir; but I shame to speake it, yet I will: weary with worke, I slept, and did dreame that I consented to that which you have so often desired of me, you know what it is I meane, and me thought you gave me as a reward ten pounds, with your consent to marry that young man that I have loved so long." "Diddest thou dreame so? thy dreame I will make good, for under my hand wrighting I give my free consent to marry him, or whom thou doest please to marry (and withall writ) and for the ten pounds, goe but into the out barne, and I will bring it thee presently. How sayst thou (sayd the old leacher), wilt thou?"

Robin with silence did seeme to grant, and went toward the barne. The old man made haste, told out his money, and followed.

Being come thither, he hurled the money on the ground, saying, "This is the most pleasing bargaine that ever I made;" and going to embrace Robin, Robin tooke him up in his armes and carried him forth; first drew him thorow a pond to coole his hot blood, then did he carry him where the young married couple were, and said, "Here is your uncle's consent under his hand; then, here is the ten pounds he gave you, and there is your uncle; let him deny it if hee can."

The old man, for feare of worse usage, said all was true. "Then am I as good as my word," said Robin, and so went away laughing. The old man knew himselfe duly punished, and turned his hatred into love, and thought afterward as well of them, as if shee had beene his owne. The second part shall shew many incredible things done by Robin Good-fellow, or otherwise called Hob-goblin, and his companions, by turning himselfe into divers sundry shapes.

The Second Part.

How Robin Good-fellow helped a mayde to wecke.

Robin Good-fellow oftentimes would in the night visite farmers houses, and helpe the maydes to breake hempe, to bowle, to dresse flaxe, and to spin and do other workes, for hee was excellent in every thing. One night hee comes to a farmers house, where there was a goode handsome mayde. This mayde

having much worke to do, Robin one night did helpe her, and in sixe houres did bowlt more than she could have done in twelve houres. The mayde wondred the next day how her worke came, and to know the doer, shee watched the next night that did follow. About twelve of the clocke in came Robin, and fell to breaking of hempe, and for to delight himselfe he sung this mad song.

And can the physitian make sieke men well,
And can the magician a fortune devine,
Without lilly, germander, and sops in wine?
 With sweet-bryer
 And bon-fire,
 And straw-berry wyer,
 And collumbine.

Within and out, in and out, round as a ball,
With hither and thither, as straight as a line,
With lilly, germander, and sops in wine.
 With sweet-bryer,
 And bon-fire,
 And straw-berry wyer,
 And collumbine.

When Saturne did live, there lived no poore,
The king and the beggar with rootes did dine,
With lilly, germander, and sops in wine.
 With sweet-bryer,
 And bon-fire,
 And straw-berry wyer,
 And collumbine.

The mayde seeing him bare in clothes, pittied him, and against the next night provided him a wast-coate. Robin com-

ming the next night to worke, as he did before, espied the wast-coate, whereat he started and said :—

Because thou lay'st me himpen, hampen,¹
 I will neither bolt nor stampen :
 'Tis not your garments new or old
 That Robin loves : I feele no cold.
 Had you left me milke or creame,
 You should have had a pleasing dreame :
 Because you left no drop or crum,
 Robin never more will come.

So went hee away laughing *ho, ho, hoh!* The mayde was much grieved and discontented at his anger : for ever after she was faine to do her worke herselfe without the helpe of Robin Good-fellow.

*How Robin Good-fellow led a company of fellowes out of
 their way.*

A company of young men having beene making merry with their sweet hearts, were at their comming home to come over a heath. Robin Good-fellow, knowing of it, met them, and to make some pastime, hee led them up and downe the heath a whole night, so that they could not get out of it ; for hee went before them in the shape of a walking fire, which they all saw and followed till the day did appeare : then Robin left them, and at his departure spake these words :—

Get you home, you merry lads :
 Tell your mammies and your dads,

¹ These words, and two very similar lines, are given in Scot's "Discoverie of Witchcraft," as what Robin Goodfellow said if any one gave him clothes instead of milk or cream. Reginald Scot says that he would in that case "chafe exceedingly."

And all those that newes desire,
 How you saw a walking fire.
 Wenches, that doe smile and lispe
 Use to call me Willy Wispe.
 If that you but weary be,
 It is sport alone for me.
 Away : unto your houses goe,
 And I'll goe laughing *ho, ho, hoh !*

The fellowes were glad that he was gone, for they were all in a great feare that hee would have done them some mischief.

How Robin Good-fellow served a leacherous gallant.

Robin alwayes did helpe those that suffered wrong, and never would hurt any but those that did wrong to others. It was his chance one day to goe thorow a field where he heard one call for helpe : hee, going neere where he heard the cry, saw a lusty gallant that would have forced a young maiden to his lust ; but the mayden in no wise would yeelde, which made her cry for helpe. Robin Good-fellow, seeing of this, turned himselfe into the shape of a hare, and so ranne betweene the lustfull gallants legges. This gallant, thinking to have taken him, hee presently turned himselfe into a horse, and so perforce carried away this gallant on his backe. The gentleman cryed out for helpe, for he thought that the devill had bin come to fetch him for his wickednesse ; but his crying was in vaine, for Robin did carry him into a thicke hedge, and there left him so priekt and scratched, that hee more desired a playster for his paine, then a wench for his pleasure. Thus the poore mayde was freed from this ruffin, and Robin Good-fellow, to see this gallant so tame, went away laughing, *ho, ho, hoh !*

How Robin Good-fellow turned a miserable usurer to a good house-keeper.

In this country of ours there was a rich man dwelled, who

to get wealth together was so sparing that hee could not find in his heart to give his belly foode enough. In the winter hee never would make so much fire as would roast a blacke-pudding, for hee found it more profitable to sit by other means. His apparell was of the fashion that none did weare ; for it was such as did hang at a brokers stall, till it was as weather-beaten as an old signe. This man for his covetousnesse was so hated of all his neighbours, that there was not one that gave him a good word. Robin Good-fellow grieved to see a man of such wealth doe so little good, and therefore practised to better him in this manner.

One night the usurer being in bed, Robin in the shape of a night-raven came to the window, and there did beate with his wings, and croaked in such manner that this old usurer thought hee should have presently dyed for feare. This was but a preparation to what he did intend ; for presently after hee appeared before him at his bed's feete, in the shape of a ghost, with a torch in his hand. At the sight of this the old usurer would have risen out of his bed, and have leaped out of the window, but he was stayed by Robin Good-fellow, who spake to him thus :—

If thou dost stirre out of thy bed,
I doo vow to strike thee dead.
I doe come to doe thee good ;
Recall thy wits and starkled blood.
The mony which thou up dost store
In soule and body makes thee poore.
Doe good with mony while you may ;
Thou hast not long on earth to stay.
Doe good, I say, or day and night
I hourelly thus will thee afright.
Thinke on my words, and so farewell,
For being bad I live in hell.

Having said thus he vanished away and left this usurer in great terror of mind ; and for feare of being frighted againe

with this ghost, hee turned very liberall, and lived amongst his neighbours as an honest man should doe.

How Robin Good-fellow loved a weavers wife, and how the weaver would have drowned him.

One day Robin Good-fellow walking thorow the streete found at a doore sitting a pretty woman : this woman was wife to the weaver, and was a winding of quilts for her husband. Robin liked her so well, that for her sake he became servant to her husband, and did daily worke at the loome ; but all the kinnesse that hee shewed was but lost, for his mistres would shew him no favour, which made him many times to exclaime against the whole sex in satyricall songs ; and one day being at worke he sung this, to the tune of *Rejoyce Bag-pipes*.

Why should my love now waxe
 Unconstant, wavering, fickle, unstayd ?
 With nought can she me taxe :
 I ne're recanted what I once said.
 I now doe see, as nature fades,
 And all her workes decay,
 So women all, wives, widdowes, maydes,
 From bad to worse doe stray.

As hearbs, trees, rootes, and plants
 In strength and growth are daily lesse,
 So all things have their wants :
 The heavenly signes moove and digresse.
 And honesty in womens hearts
 Hath not her former being :
 Their thoughts are ill, like other parts,
 Nought else in them's agreeing.

I sooner thought thunder
 Had power o're the laurell wreath,
 Then shee, women's wonder,
 Such perjur'd thoughts should live to breathe.
 They all hyena-like will weepe,
 When that they would deceive :
 Deceit in them doth lurke and sleepe.
 Which makes me thus to grieve.

Young mans delight, farewell ;
 Wine, women, game, pleasure, adieu :
 Content with me shall dwell ;
 I'le nothing trust but what is true.
 Though she were false, for her I'le pray :
 Her false-hood made me blest :
 I will renew from this good day
 My life by sinne opprest.

Moved with this song and other complaints of his, shee at last did fancy him, so that the weaver did not like that Robin should bee so saucy with his wife, and therefore gave him warning to be gone, for hee would keepe him no longer. This grieved this loving couple to parte one from the other, which made them to make use of the time that they had. The weaver one day comming in, found them a-kissing : at this hee said [nothing], but vowed in himselfe to bee revenged of his man that night following. Night being come, the weaver went to Robin's bed, and tooke him out of it (as hee then thought) and ran apace to the river side to hurle Robin in ; but the weaver was deceived, for Robin, instead of himselfe, had laid in his bed a sack full of yarne : it was that that the weaver carried to drowne. The weaver standing by the river side said :—" Now will I coole your hot blood, Master Robert, and if you cannot swimme the better, you shall sincke and drowne." With that

he hurled the sack in, thinking that it had bin Robin Good-fellow. Robin, standing behind him, said :—

For this your kindnesse, master, I you thanke :
Go swimme yourselfe, I'le stay upon the banke !

With that Robin pushed him in, and went laughing away,
ho, ho, hoh !

*How Robin Good-fellow went in the shape of a fidler to a wedding,
and of the sport that he had there.*

On a time there was a great wedding, to which there went many young lusty lads and pretty lasses. Robin Good-fellow longing not to be out of action, shaped himselfe like unto a fidler, and with his crowd under his arme went amongst them, and was a very welcome man. There played hee whilst they danced, and tooke as much delight in seeing them, as they did in hearing him. At dinner he was desired to sing a song, which hee did, to the tune of *Watton Towne's End*.

The Song.

It was a country lad
That fashions strange would see,
And he came to a valting schoole,
Where tumblers use to be :
He lik't his sport so well,
That from it he'd not part :
His doxey to him still did cry,
Come, busse thine owne sweet heart.

They lik't his gold so well,
That they were both content,
That he that night with his sweet heart
Should passe in merry-ment.

To bed they then did goe ;
Full well he knew his part,
Where he with words, and eke with deedes,
Did busse his owne sweet heart.

Long were they not in bed,
But one knockt at the doore,
And said, Up, rise, and let me in :
This vext both knave and whore.
He being sore perplext
From bed did lightly start ;
No longer then could he indure
To busse his owne sweet heart.

With tender steps he trod,
To see if he could spye
The man that did him so molest ;
Which he with heavy eye
Had soone beheld, and said,
Alas ! my owne sweet heart,
I now doe doubt, if e're we busse.
It must be in a cart.

At last the bawd arose,
And opened the doore,
And saw Discretion cloth'd in rug.
Whose office hates a whore.
He mounted up the stayres,
Being cunning in his arte :
With little search at last he found
My youth and his sweete heart.

He having wit at will,
Unto them both did say,
I will not heare them speake one word :
Watchmen, with them away !

And cause they lov'd so well,
'Tis pittie they should part.
Away with them to New Bride-well ;
There busse your own sweet heart.

His will it was fulfild,
And there they had the law ;
And whilst that they did nimbly spin,
The hempe he needs must taw.
He grownd, he thump't, he grew
So cunning in his arte,
He learnt the trade of beating hempe
By bussing his sweet heart.

But yet, he still would say,
If I could get release
To see strange fashions I'll give o're,
And henceforth live in peace,
The towne where I was bred,
And thinke by my desert
To come no more into this place
For bussing my sweet heart.

They all liked his song very well, and said that the young man had but ill lucke. Thus continued hee playing and singing songs till candle-light : then hee beganne to play his merry trickes in this manner. First, hee put out the candles, and then heeing darke, hee stricke the men good boxes on the eares : they, thinking it had beene those that did sit next them, fell a-fighting one with the other ; so that there was not one of them but had either a broken head or a bloody nose. At this Robin laughed heartily. The women did not scape him, for the handsomest he kissed ; the other he pinched, and made them scratch one the other, as if they had beene cats. Candles being lighted againe, they all were friends, and fell againe to dancing, and after to supper.

Supper beeing ended, a great posset was brought forth : at this Robin Good-fellowes teeth did water, for it looked so lovely that hee could not keepe from it. To attaine to his wish, he did turne himselfe into a beare : both men and women (seeing a beare amongst them) ranne away, and left the whole posset to Robin Good-fellow. He quickly made an end of it, and went away without his money ; for the sport hee had was better to him then any money whatsoever. The feare that the guests were in did cause such a smell, that the bride-groome did call for perfumes ; and in stead of a posset, he was faine to make use of cold beere.

*How Robin Good-fellow serued a tapster for nicking
his pots.*

There was a tapster, that with his pots smalnesse, and with frothing of his drinke, had got a good summe of money together. This nicking of the pots he would never leave, yet divers times he had been under the hand of authority, but what money soever hee had [to pay] for his abuses, hee would be sure (as they all doe) to get it out of the poore mans pot againe. Robin Good-fellow, hating such knavery, put a trick upon him in this manner.

Robin shaped himselfe like to the tapsters brewer, and came and demaunded twenty pounds which was due to him from the tapster. The tapster, thinking it had benee his brewer, payd him the money, which money Robin gave to the poore of that parish before the tapster's face. The tapster praysed his charity very much, and sayd that God would blesse him the better for such good deedes : so, after they had drank one with the other, they parted.

Some foure dayes after the brewer himselfe came for his money : the tapster told him that it was payd, and that he had a quittance from him to shew. Hereat the brewer did wonder, and desired to see the quittance. The tapster fetched him a writing, which Robin Good-fellow had given him in

stead of a quittance, wherein was written as followeth, which the brewer read to him.

I, Robin Good-fellow, true man and honest man, doe acknowledge to have received of Nicke and Froth, the cheating tapster, the summe of twenty pound, which money I have bestowed (to the tapsters content) amongst the poore of the parish, out of whose pockets this afore-sayd tapster had picked the aforesaid summe, not after the manner of foisting, but after his excellent skill of bombasting, or a pint for a peny.

If now thou wilt goe hang thy selfe,

Then take thy apron-strings.

It doth me good when such foule birds

Upon the gallowes sings.

Per me ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW.

At this the tapster swore Walsingham;¹ but for all his swearing, the brewer made him pay him his twenty pound.

How King Obreon called Robin Good-fellow to dance.

King Obreon, seeing Robin Good-fellow doe so many honest and merry trickes, called him one night out of his bed with these words, saying :

Robin, my sonne, come quickly rise :

First stretch, then yawne, and rub your eyes ;

For thou must goe with me to night,

To see, and taste of my delight.

Quickly come, my wanton sonne ;

Twere time our sports were now begonne.

¹ The Shrine of the Virgin of Walsingham was formerly much frequented, and our Lady of Walsingham was thought a proper person to swear by. See Nares, in v

Robin, hearing this, rose and went to him. There were with King Obreon a many fayries, all attyred in greene silke: all these, with King Obreon, did welcome Robin Good-fellow into their company. Obreon tooke Robin by the hand and led him a dance: their musician was little Tom Thumb; for hee had an excellent bag-pipe made of a wrens quill, and the skin of a Greenland louse: this pipe was so shrill, and so sweete, that a Scottish pipe compared to it, it would no more come neere it, then a Jewes-trump doth to an Irish harpe. After they had danced, King Obreon spake to his sonne, Robin Good-fellow, in this manner:

When ere you heare my piper blow,
From thy bed see that thou goe;
For nightly you must with us dance,
When we in circles round doe prance.
I love thee, sonne, and by the hand
I carry thee to Fairy Land,
Where thou shalt see what no man knowes:
Such love thee King Obreon owes.

So marched they in good manner, with their piper before, to the Fairy Land: there did King Obreon shew Robin Good-fellow many secrets, which hee never did open to the world.

How Robin Good-fellow was wont to walke in the night.

Robin Good-fellow would many times walke in the night with a broome on his shoulder, and cry chimney sweepe, but when any one did call him, then would he runne away laughing *ho, ho, hoh!* Sometime hee would counterfeite a begger, begging very pitifully, but when they came to give him an almes, he would runne away, laughing as his manner was. Sometimes would hee knocke at mens doores, and when the servants came, he would blow out the candle, if they were men; but if they

were women, hee would not onely put out their light, but kisse them full sweetly, and then go away as his fashion was, *ho, ho, hoh !* Oftentimes would he sing at a doore like a singing man, and when they did come to give him his reward, he would turne his backe and laugh. In these humors of his hee had many pretty songs, which I will sing as perfect as I can. For his chimney-sweepers humors he had these songs : the first is to the tune of, *I have beene a fiddler these fifteene yeeres.*

Blacke I am from head to foote,
And all doth come by chimney soote :
Then, maydens, come and cherrish him
That makes your chimnies neat and trim.

Hornes have I store, but all at my backe ;
My head no ornament doth lacke :
I give my hornes to other men,
And ne're require them againe.

Then come away, you wanton wives,
That love your pleasures as your lives :
To each good woman Ile give two,
Or more, if she thinke them too few.

Then would he change his note and sing this following, to the tune of *What care I how faire she be ?*

Be she blacker than the stocke,
If that thou wilt make her faire,
Put her in a cambricke smoeke,
Buy her painte and flaxen haire.

One your carrier brings to towne
Will put downe your city bred ;
Put her on a brokers gowne,
That will sell her mayden-head.

Comes your Spaniard, proud in minde,
 Heele have the first cut, or else none :
 The meeke Italian comes behind,
 And your French-man pickes the bone.

Still she trades with Dutch and Scot,
 Irish, and the Germaine tall,
 Till she get the thing you wot ;
 Then her ends an hospitall.

song to the tune of *The Spanish Parin*.

When Vertue was a country maide,
 And had no skill to set up trade,
 She came up with a carriers jade,
 And lay at racke and manger.
 She whift her pipe, she drunke her can,
 The pot was nere out of her span ;
 She married a tobacco man,
 A stranger, a stranger.

They set up shop in Hunney Lane,
 And thither flyes did swarme amaine,
 Some from France, some from Spaine,
 Traind in by scurvy panders.
 At last this hunney pot grew dry,
 Then both were forced for to fly
 To Flanders, to Flanders.

Another to the tune of *The Coranto*.

I peeped in at the Wool-sacke,
 O, what a goodly sight did I
 Behold at mid-night chyme !
 The wenches were drinking of muld sacke ;

Each youth on his knee, that then did want
A yeere and a halfe of his time.

They leaped and skipped,
They kissed and they clipped,
And yet it was counted no crime.

The grocers chiefe servant brought sugar,
And out of his leather pocket he puld,
And kuld some pound and a halfe ;
For which he was sufferd to smacke her
That was his sweet-heart, and would not depart,
But turn'd and lickt the calfe.

He rung her, and he flung her,
He kist her, and he swung her,
And yet she did nothing but laugh.

Thus would he sing about cities and townes, and when any
one called him, he would change his shape, and go laughing
ho, ho, hoh ! For his humors of begging he used this song, to
the tune of *The Joriel Tinker* .

Good people of this mansion,
Unto the poore be pleased
To doe some good, and give some food,
That hunger may be eased.
My limbes with fire are burned,
My goods and lands defaced ;
Of wife and child I am beguild,
So much am I debased.
Oh, give the poore some bread, cheese, or butter,
Bacon, hempe, or flaxe ;
Some pudding bring, or other thing :
My need doth make me aske.

I am no common begger,
Nor am I skild in canting :

You nere shall see a wench with me,
 Such trickes in me are wanting.
 I curse not if you give not,
 But still I pray and blesse you,
 Still wishing joy, and that annoy
 May never more possesse you.
 Oh, give the poore some bread, cheese or butter,
 Bacon, hempe or flaxe ;
 Some pudding bring, or other thing,
 My neede doth make me aske.

When any came to releve him, then would he change him-
 selfe into some other shape, and runne laughing, *ho, ho, hoh !*
 Then would hee shape himselfe like to a singing man ; and at
 mens windowes and doores sing civil and vertuous songs, one
 of which I will sing to the tune of *Broome*.

If thou wilt lead a blest and happy life,
 I will describe the perfect way :
 First must thou shun all cause of mortall strife,
 Against thy lusts continually to pray.
 Attend unto Gods word :
 Great comfort 'twill afford ;
 'Twill keepe thee from discord.
 Then trust in God, the Lord,
 for ever,
 for ever ;
 And see in this thou persever.

So soone as day appeareth in the east
 Give thanks to him, and mercy crave ;
 So in this life thou shalt be surely blest.
 And mercy shalt thou find in grave.
 The conscience that is cleere
 No horror doth it feare ;

'Tis voyd of mortall care,
 And never doth despaire ;
 but ever,
 but ever
 Doth in the word of God persever.

Thus living, when thou drawest to thy end
 Thy joyes they shall much more encrease,
 For then thy soule, thy true and loving friend,
 By death shall find a wisht release
 From all that caused sinne,
 In which it lived in ;
 For then it doth beginne
 Those blessed joyes to win,
 for ever,
 for ever,
 For there is nothing can them sever.

Those blessed joyes which then thou shalt possesse,
 No mortall tongue can them declare :
 All earthly joyes, compar'd with this, are lesse
 Then smallest mote to the world so faire.
 Then is not that man blest
 That must injoy this rest ?
 Full happy is that guest
 Invited to this feast,
 that ever,
 that ever
 Indureth, and is ended never.

When they opened the window or doore, then would he
 runne away laughing *ho, ho, hoh !* Sometimes would he goo
 like a Belman in the night, and with many pretty verses de-

light the eares of those that waked at his bell ringing : his verses were these.

Maydes in your smockes,
Looke well to your lockes,
And your tinder boxe,
Your wheeles and your rockes,
Your hens and your cockes,
Your cowes and your oxe,
And beware of the foxe.
When the bell-man knockes,
Put out your fire and candle light,
So they shall not you affright :
May you dreame of your delights,
In your sleeps see pleasing sights.
Good rest to all, both old and young :
The bell-man now hath done his song.

Then would he goe laughing *ho, ho, hoh!* as his use was. Thus would he continually practise himselfe in honest mirth, never doing hurt to any that were cleanly and honest minded.

*How the fairyes called Robin Good-fellow to dance with them,
and how they shewed him their severall conditions.*

Robin Good-fellow being walking one night heard the excellent musicke of Tom Thumbs brave bag-pipe : he, remembering the sound (according to the command of King Olbreon) went toward them. They, for joy that he was come, did circle him in, and in a ring did dance round about him. Robin Good-fellow, seeing their love to him, danced in the midst of them, and sung them this song to the tune of *To him Bun.*

THE SONG.

Round about, little ones, quick and nimble,
 In and out wheele about, run, hop, or amble.
 Joyne your hands lovingly : well done, musition !
 Mirth keepeth man in health like a phisition.
 Elves, urchins, goblins all, and little fairyces
 That doe filch, blacke, and pinch mayds of the dairyes ;
 Make a ring on the grasse with your quicke measures,
 Tom shall play, and Ile sing for all your pleasures.

Pinch and Patch, Gull and Grim,
 Goe you together,
 For you can change your shapes
 Like to the weather.
 Sib and Tib, Licke and Lull,
 You all have trickes, too ;
 Little Tom Thumb that pipes
 Shall goe betwixt you.
 Tom, tickle up thy pipes
 Till they be weary :
 I will laugh, *ho, ho, hoh !*
 And make me merry.
 Make a ring on this grasse
 With your quicko measures :
 Tom shall play, I will sing
 For all your pleasures.

The moone shines faire and bright,¹
 And the owle hollows,

¹ If this work is really anterior to the "Midsummer Night's Dream," this perhaps suggested to Shakespeare the beautiful lines of Puck, commencing,

"Now the hungry lion roars."

See further observations on the similarity in my Introduction to that play, p. 331.

Mortals now take their rests
 Upon their pillows :
 The bats abroad likewise,
 And the night raven,
 Which doth use for to call
 Men to Deaths haven.
 Now the mice peepe abroad,
 And the cats take them,
 Now doe young wenches sleepe,
 Till their dreames wake them.
 Make a ring on the grasse
 With your quicke measures :
 Tom shall play, I will sing
 For all your pleasures.

Thus danced they a good space : at last they left and sat downe upon the grasse ; and to requite Robin Good-fellowes kindnesse, they promised to tell to him all the exploits that they were accustomed to doe : Robin thanked them and listned to them, and one begun to tell his trickes in this manner.

The trickes of the fayry called Pinch.

After that wee have danced in this manner as you have beheld, I, that am called Pinch, do goe about from house to house : sometimes I find the dores of the house open ; that negligent servant that left them so, I doe so nip him or her, that with my pinches their bodyes are as many colors as a mackrels backe. Then take I them, and lay I them in the doore, naked or unnaked I care not whether : there they lye, many times till broad day, ere they waken ; and many times, against their wills, they shew some parts about them, that they would not have openly scene.

Sometimes I find a slut sleeping in the chimney corner, when she should be washing of her dishes, or doing something else which she hath left undone : her I pinch about the armes, for

not laying her armes to her labor. Some I find in their bed snorting and sleeping, and their houses lying as cleane as a nasty doggs kennell ; in one corner bones, in another eg-shells, behind the doore a heap of dust, the dishes under feet, and the cat in the cubbord : all these sluttish trickes I doe reward with blue legges, and blue armes. I find some slovens too, as well as sluts : they pay for their beastlinesse too, as well as the women-kind ; for if they uncase a sloven and not unty their points, I so pay their armes that they cannot sometimes untye them, if they would. Those that leave foule shooes, or goe into their beds with their stockings on, I use them as I did the former, and never leave them till they have left their beastlinesse.

But to the good I doe no harme,
 But cover them, and keepe them warme :
 Sluts and slovens I doe pinch,
 And make them in their beds to winch.
 This is my practice, and my trade ;
 Many have I cleanly made.

The trickes of the fayry called Puck.

About mid-night do I walke, and for the trickes I play they call me Puck. When I find a slut asleepe, I smuch her face if it be cleane ; but if it be durty, I wash it in the next pisse-pot that I can finde : the balls I use to wash such sluts withal is a sows pan-cake, or a pilgrimes salve. Those that I find with their heads nitty and scabby, for want of combing, I am their barbers, and cut their hayre as close as an apes tayle ; or else clap so much pitch on it, that they must cut it off themselves to their great shame. Slovens also that neglect their masters businesse, they doe not escape. Some I find that spoyle their masters horses for want of currying : those I doe daube with grease and soote, and they are faine to curry themselves

ere they can get cleane. Others that for laysinesse will give the poore beasts no meate, I oftentimes so punish them with blowes, that they cannot feed themselves they are so sore.

Thus many trickes, I, Pach, can doe,
But to the good I ne'ere was foe :
The bad I hate and will doe ever,
Till they from ill themselves doe sever.
To helpe the good Ile run and goe,
The bad no good from me shall know.

The tricks of the fairy called Gull.

When mortals keep their beds I walke abroad, and for my pranks am called by the name of Gull. I with a fayned voyce doe often deceive many men, to their great amazement. Many times I get on men and women, and so lye on their stomackes, that I cause their great paine, for which they call me by the name of Hagge, or Night-mare. Tis I that doe steale children, and in the place of them leave changelings. Sometime I also steale milke and creame, and then with my brothers Patch, Pinch, and Grim, and sisters Sib, Tib, Licke, and Lull, I feast with my stolne goods : our little piper hath his share in all our spoyles, but hee nor our women fayries doe ever put themselves in danger to doe any great exploit.

What Gull can doe, I have you showne ;
I am inferior unto none.
Command me, Robin, thou shalt know,
That I for thee will ride or goe :
I can doe greater things than these
Upon the land, and on the seas.

The trickes of the fairy call'd Grim.

I walke with the owle, and make many to cry as loud as she

doth hollow. Sometimes I doe affright many simple people, for which some have termed me the Blacke Dog of New-gate. At the meetings of young men and maydes I many times am, and when they are in the midst of all their good cheare, I come in, in some feareful shape, and affright them, and then carry away their good cheare, and eate it with my fellow fayries. Tis I that do, like a skritch-owle, cry at sicke mens windowes, which makes the hearers so fearefull, that they say, that the sicke person cannot live. Many other wayes have I to fright the simple, but the understanding man I cannot moove to feare, because he knowes I have no power to do hurt.

My nightly businesse I have told,
 To play these trickes I use of old :
 When candles burne both blue and dim,
 Old folkes will say, Here's fairy Grim.
 More trickes then these I use to doe :
 Hercat cry'd Robin, *No, ho, hoh !*

The trickes of the women fayries told by Sib.

To walke nightly, as do the men fayries, we use not ; but now and then we goe together, and at good huswives fires we warme and dresse our fayry children. If wee find cleane water and cleane towels, wee leave them money, either in their basons or in their shooes ; but if wee find no cleane water in their houses, we wash our children in their pottage, milke or beere, or what-ere we finde : for the sluts that leave not such things fitting, wee wash their faces and hands with a gilded child's clout, or els carry them to some river, and duche them over head and eares. We often use to dwell in some great hill, and from thence we doe lend money to any poore man, or woman that hath need ; but if they bring it not againe at the day appointed, we doe not only punish them with pinching, but also in their goods, so that they never thrive till they have payd us

Tib and I the chiefest are,
 And for all things doe take care.
 Licke is cooke and dresseth meate,
 And fetcheth all things that we eat :
 Lull is nurse and tends the cradle,
 And the babes doth dresse and swaddle.
 This little fellow, cald Tom Thumb,
 That is no bigger then a plumb,
 He is the porter to our gate,
 For he doth let all in thereat,
 And makes us merry with his play,
 And merrily we spend the day.

Shee having spoken, Tom Thumb stood up on tip-toe. and shewed himselfe, saying,

My actions all in volumes two are wrote.
 The least of which will never be forgot.

He had no sooner ended his two lines, but a shepheard (that was watching in the field all night) blew up a bag-pipe : this so frighted Tom, that he could not tell what to doe for the present time. The fayries seeing Tom Thumbe in such a feare, punisht the shepheard with his pipes losse, so that the shepherds pipe presently brake in his hand, to his great amazement. Hereat did Robin Good-fellow laugh, *ho, ho, hob !* Morning beeing come, they all hasted to Fayry Land, where I thinke they yet remaine.

My hostesse asked me how I liked this tale ? I said, it was long enough, and good enough to passe time that might be worser spent. I, seeing her dry, called for two pots : she emptied one of them at a draught, and never breathed for the matter : I emptied the other at leasure ; and being late I went to bed, and did dreame of this which I had heard.

VII. BALLAD OF ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

This ballad is printed from an unique copy in Mr. Collier's possession, and is evidently founded upon the preceding work. It was originally illustrated by a woodcut upon the title-page, but this has disappeared, rendering part of the letter-press imperfect. The *lacunæ* have been supplied by Mr. Collier from conjecture, and will be found inserted between brackets.

The merry pranks of Robin Good-fellow : very pleasant
and witty.

CHAPTER I.—*Shewing his birth, and whose sonne he was.*

Here doe begin the merry iests
of Robin Good-fellow ;
I'de wish you for to reade this booke,
if you his pranks would know.
But first I will declare his birth,
and what his mother was,
And then how Robin merrily
did bring his knacks to passe.

In time of old, when fayries us'd
to wander in the night,
And through key-holes swiftly glide,
Now marke my story right,
Among these pretty fairy elves
Was Oberon, their king,
Who us'd to keepe them company
still at their revelling.

And sundry houses they did use,
but one, above the rest,
Wherein a comely lasse did dwell,
that pleas'd King Oberon best.
This lovely damsell, neat and faire,
so courteous, meek, and mild,
As sayes my booke, by Oberon
she was begot with child.

She knew not who the father was.
but thus to all would say—
In night time he to her still came,
and went away ere day.
The midwife having better skill
than had this new made mother,
Quoth she, " Surely some fairy 'twas.
for it can be no other."

And so the old wife rightly judg'd,
For it was so indeed.
This fairy shew'd himself most kind,
and helpt his love at need ;
For store of linnen he provides,
and brings her for her baby ;
With dainty cates and choised fare.
he serv'd her like a lady.

The Christening time then being [come,
most merry they [did pass ;
The Gossips dra[ined a cheerful cup
as then provided was.
And Robin was [the infant call'd,
so named the [gossips by :
What prauks [he played both day and night
I'll tell you cer[tainly.

CHAPTER II.—*Shewing how Robin Good-fellow carried himselfe, and how he run away from his mother.*

[While yet he was a little la]d
[and of a tender age,]
He us'd much waggish tricks to men,
as they at him would rage.
Unto his mother they complain'd,
which griev'd her to heare,
And for these pranks she threatned him
he should have whipping cheare,

If that he did not leave his tricks,
his jeering mocks and mowes :
Quoth she, "Thou vile untutor'd youth,
these pranks no breeding shewes :
I cannot to the market goe,
but ere I backe returne,
Thou scofst my neighbours in such sort,
which makes my heart to mourne.

"But I will make you to repent
these things, ere I have done :
I will no favour have on thee,
although thou beest my sonne."
Robin was griev'd to heare these words,
which she to him did say,
But to prevent his punishment,
from her he run away.

And travelling long upon the way,
his hunger being great,
Unto a taylor's house he came,
and did entreat some meat :

The taylor tooke compassion then
upon this pretty youth,
And tooke him for his prentice straight,
as I have heard in truth.

CHAPTER III.—*How Robin Good-fellow left his master,
and also how Oberon told him he should be turned into
what shape he could wish or desire.*

Now Robin Good-fellow, being plac't
with a taylor, as you heare,
He grew a workman in short space,
so well he ply'd his geare.
He had a gowne which must be made,
even with all haste and speed ;
The maid must have't against next day
to be her wedding weed.

The taylor he did labour hard
till twelve a clock at night ;
Betweene him and his servant then
they finished aright
The gowne, but putting on the sleeves :
quoth he unto his man,
“ He goe to bed : whip on the sleeves
as fast as ere you can.”

So Robin straightway takes the gowne
and hangs it on a pin,
Then takes the sleeves and whips the gowne ;
till day he nere did lin.
His master rising in the morne,
and seeing what he did,
Begun to chide ; quoth Robin then,
“ I doe as I was bid.”

His Master then the gowne did take,
and to his worke did fall :

By that time he had done the same,
The maid for it did call.

Quoth he to Robin, "Goe thy wayes
and fetch the remnants hither,
That yesterday we left," said he,
"wee'l breake our fasts together."

Then Robin lies him up the staires
and brings the remnants downe,
Which he did know his master sav'd
out of the woman's gowne.

The taylor he was vext at this ;
he meant remnants of meat,
That this good woman, ere she went,
might there her breakfast eate.

Quoth she, "This is a breakfast good
I tell you, friend, indeed ;
And to requite your love I will
send for some drinke with speed."
And Robin he must goe for it
with all the speed he may :
He takes the pot and money too,
and runnes from thence away.

When he had wandred all the day,
a good way from the towne,
Unto a forest then he came :
to sleepe he laid him downe.
Then Oberon came, with all his elves,
and danc'd about his sonne,
With musick pleasing to the eare ;
and, when that it was done,

King Oberon layes a scroule by him,
that he might understand
Whose sonne he was, and how hee'd grant
whate'er he did demand :
To any forme that he did please
himselſe he would translate ;
And how one day hee'd send for him
to see his fairy state.

Then Robin longs to know the truth
Of this mysterious skill,
And turnes himselſe into what shape
he thinks upon or will.
Sometimes a neighing horse was he,
sometimes a gruntling hog,
Sometimes a bird, sometimes a crow,
sometimes a snarling dog.

CHAPTER IV.—*How Robin Good-fellow was merry at the
bridehouse.*

Now Robin having got this art,
he oft would make good sport,¹
And hearing of a wedding day,
he makes him ready for't.
Most like a joviall fidler then
he drest himselſe most gay,
And goes unto the wedding house,
there on his crowd to play.

¹ So in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, act iii., sc. 2—

“I with the morning's love have oft made sport.”

He welcome was unto this feast,
and merry they were all ;
He play'd and sung sweet songs all day,
at night to sports did fall.
He first did put the candles out,
and being in the dark,
Some would he strike, and some would pinch.
and then sing like a lark.

The candles being light againe,
and things well and quiet,
A goodly posset was brought in
To mend their former diet.
Then Robin for to have the same
did turne him to a beare :
Straight at that sight the people all
did run away for feare.

Then Robin did the posset cate,
and having serv'd them so,
Away goes Robin with all haste,
then laughing hoe, hoe, hoe !

CHAPTER V.—*Declaring how Robin Good-fellow serv'd an
old lecherous man.*

There was an old man had a neece,
a very beauteous maid ;
To wicked lust her unkle sought
This faire one to perswade.

But she a young man lov'd too deare
to give consent thereto ;
'Twas Robin's chance upon a time
to heare their grievous woe.

“Content your selfe,” then Robin saies,
“and I will ease your grieffe,
I have found out an excellent way
that will yeeld you reliefe.”

He sends them to be married straight,
and he, in her disguise,
Hies home with all the speed he may
to blind her uncle’s eyes :
And there he plyes his work amaine,
doing more in one houre,
Such was his skill and workmanship,
than she could doe in foure.

The old man wondred for to see
the worke goe on so fast,
And there withall more worke doth he
unto good Robin cast.
Then Robin said to his old man,
“good uncle, if you please
To grant me but one ten pound,
I’le yeeld your love-suit ease.”

“Ten pounds,” quoth he, “I will give thee,
sweet Necce, with all my heart,
So thou wilt grant to me thy love,
to ease my troubled heart.”
“Then let me a writing have,” quoth he,
“from your owne hand with speed.
That I may marry my sweet-heart
when I have done this deed.”

The old man he did give consent
that he these things should have,
Thinking that it had bin his necce
that did this bargain crave ;

And unto Robin then quoth he,
 “ my gentle n[eece, behold,
 Goe thou into [thy chamber soone,
 and I’le goe [bring the gold.”

When he into [the chamber came,
 thinking in[deed to play,
 Straight Robin [upon him doth fall,
 and carries h[im away
 Into the chamb[er where the two
 faire lovers [did abide,
 And gives to th[em their unkle old,
 I, and the g[old beside.

The old man [vainly Robin sought,
 so man[y shapes he tries ;
 Someti[m]es he was a hare or hound,
 someti[m]es like bird he flies.
 The [more he strove the less he sped.
 th[e lovers all did see ;
 And [thus did Robin favour them
 full [kind and merrilie.

[Thus Robin lived a merry life
 as any could enjoy,
 ’Mongst countrie farms he did resort,
 and oft would folks annoy :]
 But if the maids doe call to him,
 he still away will goe
 In knavish sort, and to himselfe
 he’d laugh out hoe, hoe, hoe !

He oft would beg and crave an almes,
 but take nought that they’d give :
 In severall shapes he’d gull the world,
 thus madly did he live.

Sometimes a cripple he would seeme,
sometimes a souldier brave :
Sometimes a fox, sometimes a hare ;
brave pastimes would he have.

Sometimes an owle he'd seeme to be,
sometimes a skipping frog ;
Sometimes a kirne, in Irish shape,
to leape ore mire or bog :
Sometime he'd counterfeit a voyce,
and travellers call astray,
Sometimes a walking fire he'd be,
and lead them from their way.

Some call him Robin Good-fellow,
Hob-goblin or mad Crisp,
And some againe doe tearme him oft
by name of Will the Wispe ;
But call him by what name you list.
I have studied on my pillow,
I think the best name he deserves
is Robin the Good Fellow.

At last upon a summer's night
King Oberon found him out,
And with his elves in dancing wise
straight circled him about.
The fairies danc't, and little Tom Thumb
on his bag-pipe did play,
And thus they danc't their fairy round
till almost break of day.

Then Phebus he most gloriously
begins to grace the aire,
When Oberon with his fairy traine
begins to make repaire.

With speed unto the fairy land,
 they swiftly tooke their way,
 And I out of my dreame awak't,
 and so 'twas perfect day.

Thus having told my dreame at full
 I'le bid you all farewell.
 If you applaud mad Robin's prankes,
 may be ere long I'le tell
 Some other stories to your cares,
 which shall contentment give :
 To gaine your favours I will seeke
 The longest day I live.

VIII. THE PRANKS OF PUCK.

This well-known song is attributed by Peck to Ben Jonson, and Mr. Collier possesses a very early MS. copy of it, where the initials of that poet are found at the end. Mr. Collier's MS. possesses many variations, some of which I have noted, and an additional stanza, also here given. In the old black-letter copies, it is directed to be sung to the tune of *Dulcina*.

From Oberon, in fairy-land,
 The king of ghosts and shadows there,
 Mad Robin I, at his command,
 Am sent to view the night-sports here ;
 What revel-rout
 Is kept about
 In every corner where I go,
 I will o'ersee,
 And merry be,
 And make good sport, with ho, ho, ho !

More swift than lightning do I fly
 About this airy welkin soon,
 And, in a minutes space, descry
 What things are done beneath the moon :
 There's not a hag,
 Nor ghost shall wag,
 Nor cry, ware Goblin ! where I go ;
 But Robin I
 His feats will spy,
 And send him home, with ho, ho, ho !

If any wanderers I meet,
 That from their night-sport do trudge home.
 With counterfeited voice I greet,
 And call them on with me to roam :
 Through woods, through lakes,
 Through bogs, through brakes,
 O'er bush and brier with them I go ;
 I call upon
 Them to come on,²
 And slide out laughing, ho, ho, ho !

Sometimes I meet them like a man,
 Sometimes an ox,³ sometimes a hound ;
 And to a horse I turn me can,
 To trip and trot about them round ;
 But if, to ride,
 My back they stride,
 More swift than wind away I go ;
 O'er hedge, o'er lands,

¹ "Nor any friend where ere I goe."—Mr. Collier's MS.

² "All in the nicke

To play some tricke."—*Percy*.

³ "A harte."—Mr. Collier's MS.

Through pools, through ponds.
I hurry laughing, ho, ho, ho !

When lads and lasses merry be,
With possets, and with junkets fine,
Unseen of all the company,
I eat their cakes, and sip their wine ;
And to make sport,
I puff and snort,
And out the candles I do blow ;
The maids I kiss ;
They shriek—Who's this ?
I answer nought, but ho, ho, ho !

Yet, now and then, the maids to please,
I card, at midnight, up their wool ;
And, while they sleep, and take their ease,
With wheel to thread their flax I pull ;
I grind at mill
Their malt up still,
I dress their hemp, I spin their tow ;
If any wake,
And would me take,
I wend me laughing, ho, ho, ho !

When house or hearth doth sluttish lie,
I pinch the maidens black and blue ;
The bed-clothes from the bed pull I,
And lay them naked all to view ;
’Twixt sleep and wake,
I do them take,
And on the key-cold floor them throw ;
If out they cry,
Then forth I fly,¹
And loudly laugh I, ho, ho, ho !

¹ “ And would me spie.”—Mr. Collier’s MS

Whenas my fellow elves and I
 In circled ring do trip a round ;
 If that our sports by any eye
 Do happen to be seen or found ;
 If that they
 No words do say,
 But *mum* continue as they go,
 Each night I do
 Put groat in shoe,
 And wind out laughing, ho, ho, ho !¹

When any need to borrow ought,
 We lend them what they do require ;
 And for the use demand we nought ;
 Our own is all we do desire :
 If to repay
 They make delay,
 Abroad amongst them then I go ;
 And night by night
 I them affright,
 With pinches, dreams, and ho, ho, ho

When lazy queans have nought to do,
 But study how to cog and lie,
 To make debate, and mischief too,
 'Twixt one another secretly,
 I mark their glose,
 And it disclose
 To them that they have wronged so ;
 When I have done
 I get me gone,
 And leave them scolding, ho, ho, ho !

¹ This stanza is peculiar to Mr. Collier's MS.

When men do traps and engines set
 In loop-holes, where the vermin creep,
 Who from their folds and houses fet
 Their ducks and geese, and lambs and sheep,
 I spy the gin,
 And enter in,
 And seem a vermin taken so ;
 But, when they there
 Approach me near,
 I leap out laughing, ho, ho, ho !

By wells, and rills, in meadows green,
 We nightly dance our hey-day guise ;
 And, to our fairy king and queen,
 We chant our moonlight minstrelsies :¹
 When larks 'gin sing
 Away we fling,
 And babes new-born steal as we go,
 An elf instead
 We leave in bed,
 And wind out laughing, ho, ho, ho !

Since hag-bred Merlins time have I
 Thus nightly revell'd to and fro ;
 And for my pranks men call me by
 The name of Robin Good-fellow :
 Fiends ghosts and sprites,
 That haunt the nights,

¹ Instead of these four lines, Mr. Collier's MS. reads :—

“ Thus do we pass, and see unseen
 The actions of mortality ;
 When to our fairy king and queen
 We chant our moonlight harmony.”

The hags and goblins do me know ;
 And beldames old
 My feats have told ;
 So *vale, vale!* ho, ho, ho !

IX. ROWLANDS ON GOBLINS.

From a curious tract by Rowlands, called "More Knaves yet? The Knaves of Spades and Diamonds," 4to. Lond. n.d. It has been reprinted entire by the Percy Society, under the care of Dr. Rimbault. The following is entitled, "Of Ghosts and Goblins."

In old wives daies, that in old time did live
 (To whose odde tales much credit men did give)
 Great store of goblins, fairies, bugs, night-mares,
 Urchins, and elves, to many a house repaires.
 Yea far more sprites did haunt in divers places
 Then there be women now weare devils faces.
 Amongst the rest was a Good Fellow devill,
 So cal'd in kindnes, cause he did no evill,
 Knowne by the name of Robin (as we heare),
 And that his eyes as broad as sawcers were.
 Who came a-nights, and would make kitchins cleane,
 And in the bed bepinch a lazie queane.
 Was much in mills about the grinding meale,
 (And sure, I take it, taught the miller steale);
 Amongst the creame-bowles and milke-pans would be,
 And with the country wenches, who but he
 To wash their dishes for some fresh cheese hire,
 Or set their pots and kettles 'bout the fire.
 'Twas a mad Robin that did divers prauces,
 For which with some good cheare they gave him thanks.

And that was all the kindnes he expected,
 With gaine (it seemes) he was not much infected.
 But as that time is past, that Robin's gone,
 He and his night-mates are to us unknowne,
 And in the stode of such good-fellow sprites
 We meet with Robin Bad-Fellow a-nights,
 That enters houses secret in the darke,
 And only comes to pilfer, steale, and sharke,
 And as the one made dishes cleane (they say),
 The other takes them quite and cleane away,
 What'ere it be that is within his reach,
 The filching tricke he doth his fingers teach.
 But as Good-Fellow Robin had reward
 With milke and creame that friends for him prepar'd,
 For being busie all the night in vaine,
 (Though in the morning all things safe remaine),
 Robin Bad-Fellow wanting such a supper,
 Shall have his breakfast with a rope and butter,
 To which let all his fellowes be invited,
 That with such deeds of darknesse are delighted.

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X. THE SHEPHERD'S DREAM.

From Warner's Albions England, 4to. Lond. 1612, Chap.
 91. The copy in the British Museum has a fictitious auto-
 graph of Shakespeare on the title-page. This piece has
 been reprinted by Ritson, in his "Fairy Tales."

A shepheard, whilst his flock did feedo,
 him in his cloke did wrap,
 Bids Patch his dog stand sentenell,
 both to secure a nap,

And, lest his bagpipe, sheephooke, skrip,
and bottell (most his wealth)
By vagrants (more then, many now)
might suffer of their stealth.
As he twixt sleepe and waking lay,
against a greene banks side,
A round of fairie-elves, and larrs
of other kind, he spide :
Who, in their dancing, him so charm'd,
that though he wakt he slept,
Now pincht they him, antickt about,
and on and off him lept.
Mongst them, of bigger bulke and voyce.
a bare-breecht goblin was,
That at their gamboles laughed, like
the braying of an asse.
At once the shepherds bagpipe (for
they also used it)
Was husht, and round about him they.
as if in counsell, sit.
Upon whose face the breechlesse larr
did set his buttocks bare,
Bespeaking thus his beau-compeers,
like Caiphas in his chaire.
Poore Robin Good-fellow, sweet elfs.
much thanks you for this glee,
Since last I came into this land,
A raritie to see :
When nunnes, monks, friers, and votaries.
were here of every sort,
We were accustomed, ye wot,
to this and merrier sport.
Wo worth (may our great Pan. and we
his puples say) that frier,
That by revealing Christ obscur'd
to Christ did soules retire.

For since great Pans great vicar on
the earth was disobaid,
In England, I, beyond the seas,
a mal-content have staid.
. Whence, by a brute of pouder that
should blow to heaven or hell
The protestants, I hither came,
where all I found too well :
And in the catholick maine cause,
small hope or rather none ;
No sooner, therefore, was I come,
but that I wisht me gone.
Was then a merrie world with us,
when Mary wore the crowne,
And holy-water-sprinkle was
belcevd to put us downe.
Ho ! ho ! ho ! ho ! Needs must I laugh
such fooleries to name :
And at my crummed messe of milke,
each night, from maid or dame
To do their chares, as they supposd,
when in their deadeest sleepe
I fild them out their beds, and made
themselves their houses sweepe.
How clattered I amongst their pots
and paus, as dreamed they !
My *hempen hampen* sentence,¹ when
some tender foole would lay
Me shirt or slop, thom greeved, for
I then would go away.
Yee fairies too made mothers, if
weake faith, to sweare that ye
Into their beds did foist your babes,
and theirs exchang'd to be.

When yee (that elvish manners did
 from elvish shapcs observe)
 By pinching her that beat that child,
 made child and mother swerve,
 This in that erd believe, That, not
 corrected, bad that grew.
 Thus yee, I, pope, and cloysterers,
 all in one teame then drew.
 But all things have gone crosse with us,
 since here the gspell shind,
 Nor helps it aught that she that it
 unclowded is inshrind.¹
 Well, though our Romish exorcists
 and regulars be outcd,
 No lesse hypocrisie mongst some
 their contraries is doubted :
 And may they so persever and
 so perish Robin prayes,
 But too-too zealous people are
 too many cloy my wayes.
 For that this realme is in the right,
 Rome in the wrong for-loore,
 I must confesse, though much is else
 as faultie as before.
 To farmers came I, that, at least,
 their lofe and cheese once freed,
 For all would cate, but found themselves
 the parings now to need :
 So do their landlords rack their rents :
 though in the mannor-place
 Scarce smoakt a chimney : yet did smoke
 perplex me in strange cace.
 I saw the chimnoys cleerd of fire,
 where nerthelesso it smokt

¹ Queen Elizabeth.

So bitterly, as one not used
 to like, it might have chokt.
 But when I saw it did proceed
 from nostrels¹, and from throtes
 Of ladies, lords, and sillie groomes,
 not burning skins nor cotes,
 Great Belsabub, thought I, can all
 spit fier as well as thine?
 Or where am I? it cannot be
 under the torred line.
 My fellow *Incubus* (who heere
 still residence did keepe,
 Witnes so many dadlesse babes
 begot on girles asleepe)
 Did put me by that feare, and said
 it was an Indian weede,
 That feun'd away more wealth than would
 a many thousands feed.
 Freed of that feare, the noveltie
 of cooches seath'd me so,
 As from their drifts and cluttering²
 I knew not where to go.
 These also worke, quoth *Incubus*,
 to our availe, for why?
 They tend to idle pride, and to
 inhospitalitie.
 With that I, comforted, did then
 peepe into every one,
 And of mine old acquaintances
 spide many a countrie Jone,

¹ A somewhat amusing satire on the use of tobacco, which had only been recently introduced, and was received with much prejudice.

² In 1601, a bill was introduced into Parliament, "to restrain the excessive use of coaches."

Whose fathers drove the dung-cart though
the daughters now will none.
I knew when prelates and the peeres
had faire attendance on,
By gentlemen and yeomandrie,
but that faire world is gone :
For most, like Jehu, hurrie with
pedantries two or three,
Yet all go downe the winde, save those
that hospitaious bee.
Great'st ladies with their women, on
their palfries mounted faire
Rode through the streets, well waited on,
their artlesse faces bare,
Which now in coches scorne to be
salued of the aire.
I knew when men-judiciall rode
on sober mules, whereby
They might of suters, these, and they,
aske, answer, and replie.
I knew when more was thriv'd abroad
by war than now by peace,
And English feard where they be frumpt,
since hostile tearmes did cease :
But by occasion, all things are
produced, be, decrease.
Times were when practize also precht,
and well-said was well-done,
When courtiors cleerd the old before
they on the new would run.
When no judicall place was bought,
lest justice might be sould.
When quirts, nor quillets, overthrew,
or long did causes hold,
When lawyers more deservd their fees,
and fatted lesse with gold.

When to the fifteenth psalme, sometimes,
 had citizens recourse,
When lords of farmers, farmers of
 the poore had more remorse.
When Povertie had patience more :
 when none, as some of late,
Illiterate, ridiculous,
 might on the altar wate.
When canons, rubrick, liturgie,
 and discipline throughout
One shiftlesse practise had, not to
 indifferencie a flout.
More than be convocations now,
 Diocessors were stout.
Although in clarks pluralities
 were tolerated then,
Of lemmens (livings should I say)
 are now of chergie-men.
Pluralitie that huddle, have
 also their brace of wives :
But all the better, all that while
 hells heer-employment thrives.
That thus and worse hold, and increase,
 sith Rome may not returne,
Pray, fairies, graunt, infernals, that
 in fire of envie burne.
I have, faire fairie-elfes, besides
 large catalogue of sinne,
Observed in this land, in this
 short time I heere have bin,
The which at my departure, when
 Elizabeth first reign'd,
Were not in beeing, or were then
 religiously refrain'd.

Howbeit, hence for Ireland at
 the least I must transfreat :
 Where Rome hath roome there riot I :
 somes faith is heere too great.
 Yet largelier than most statesmen know,
 heere could I sport long while ;
 Insociable is not, ywis,
 for catholicks this ile.
 Suppose the shepheard all this while
 to have a troubled sleepe :
 Well might he heare the preachment, by
 the pulpit could not peepe :
 Till merrie Robin, gerding out
 a scape or twaine, did rise,
 And, with the wind therof, might seeme,
 were cleerd the shepherds eyes :
 Who glad he was deliverd so
 of them, then vanisht cleene.
 Told some, I know not whom, what ye
 have heard was said and scene.

XI. AN EPISODE OF FAIRIES.

[From the *Maydes Metamorphosis*, lto. Lond. 1600, a play
 attributed by Kirkman to Lilly.]

Enter the faeries, singing and dancing.

By the moon we sport and play,
 With the night begins our day :¹

¹ So Milton,—

“Come, let us our rites begin ;
 ’Tis only daylight that makes sin.”

As we dance the dew doth fall ;
 Trip it, little urchins all,
 Lightly as the little bee,
 Two by two, and three by three,
 And about go we, and about go we.¹

Jo. What mawmets are these ?

Fris. O, they be the fairies that haunt these woods.

Mop. O, we shall be pinch'd most cruelly.

1 *Fay.* Will you have any music, sir ?

2 *Fay.* Will you have any fine music ?

3 *Fay.* Most dainty music ?

Mop. (aside.) We must set a face on't now, there's no flying.
 No, sir, we are very merry, I thank you.

1 *Fay.* O, but you shall, sir.

Fris. No, I pray you save your labour.

2 *Fay.* O, sir, it shall not cost you a penny.

Jo. Where be your fiddles ?

3 *Fay.* You shall have most dainty instruments, sir.

Mop. I pray you, what might I call you ?

1 *Fay.* My name is Penny.

Mop. I am sorry I cannot purse you.

Fris. I pray you, sir, what might I call you ?

1 *Fay.* My name is Cricket.

Mop. I would I were a chimney for your sake.²

Jo. I pray you, you pretty little fellow, what's your name ?

3 *Fay.* My name is Little-little Prick.

Jo. Little-little Prick ! O, you are a dangerous fairy, and
 fright all the little wenches in the country out of their beds.
 I care not whose hand I were in, so I were out of yours.

1 *Fay.* I do come about the cops,
 Leaping upon flowers' tops.

¹ This song is set to music in an old collection by Ravenscroft and others, and is quoted in Douce's *Illustrations*, vol. i., p. 11.

² All this is so similar to the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, iii. 1, that one must have been taken from the other.

Then I get upon a fly,
 She carries me above the sky,
 And trip and go.

2 *Fay*. When a dew-drop falleth down,
 And doth light upon my crown,
 Then I shake my head and skip,
 And about I trip.

3 *Fay*. When I feel a girl asleep,
 Underneath her frock I peep,
 There to sport, and there I play.
 Then I bite her like a flea,
 And about I skip.

Jo. Ay, I thought where I should have you

1 *Fay*. Wilt please you dance, sir?

Jo. Indeed, sir, I cannot handle my legs.

2 *Fay*. O, you must needs dance and sing,
 Which if you refuse to do,
 We will punch you black and blue,
 And about we go.

They all dance in a ring, and sing as follows:

Round about, round about, in a fine ring-a ;
 Thus we dance, thus we dance, and thus we sing-
 Trip and go, to and fro, over this green-a,
 All about, in and out, for our brave queen-a.

Round about, round about, in a fine ring-a ;
 Thus we dance, thus we dance, and thus we sing-a
 Trip and go, to and fro, over this green-a,
 All about, in and out, for our brave queen-a.

We have dane'd round about in a fine ring-a ;
 We have dane'd lustily, and thus we sing-a.—
 All about, in and out, over this green-a,
 To and fro, trip and go, to our brave queen-a.

XII. THE COZENAGES OF THE WESTS.

The following is reprinted from a very scarce tract, published at London in 1613, with a rough but curious print on the title, illustrating one of the incidents here related. It is principally valuable for our purpose, as showing the popular belief in the existence of fairies, and also for the mention of the Queen of Fairies falling in love with a mortal; but anything of the kind is so rarely met with, that its subject alone would sanction its introduction into this collection.

The severall notorious and lewd Cousonages of John West, and Alice West, falsely called the King and Queene of Fayries, practised verie lately both in this citie and many places neere adjoyning: to the impoverishing of many simple people, as well men as women: who were arraigned and convicted for the same at the Sessions house in the Old Bailey, the 14. of January, this present yeare, 1613.

CHAP. I.—*The lewd cousonages of JOHN WEST, and ALICE WEST, falsely called the King and Queene of Fayries.*

The hot sunne after the overflow of Nilus, engendred not more straunge and ugly imperfect monsters in Egypt, then this age doth impostures, in and about the citie of London: no cousonage is left unpractised, no cheat unattempted, no meanes to deceive unaffected, insomuch that the suburbs in some places may be compared to a schoole of cousonages, and a mart of unheard of abuses, of which every succeeding month begets sundrie of the newest and last edition, every one striving to exceed another in craft and subtlety.

What straine of invention stretcht to the highest key of subornation, what almost incredible forgerie, without bound, limit or dimension, what degree of juggling, counterfetting, what fraud or fallacies have not bene practised in that height of cunning; able, as it were, to foole the simplicity of the

former times, to gull the present ages, and to give precedents to the succeeding seasons, scarce to be equald or paraleld?

The innocency of the first world strived to excell in vertue, but the poyson of this infected age strives to exceed in vice. Happy was that man, that in the nonage of the golden world could leave behinde him any presedent worthy to imitate. but they hold themselves in this dotage of the iron age most remarkable, that can put upon these times any imputation which deservedly can undergoe the scandall of reproofe. Why should also such new impostures be continually hateht, of which the first and most innocent seasons were not so much guilty as to know how to entitle them? To these new abuses, we had therefore need of Callepine to devise new names, for as there is no Latine, Greeke, or Hebrew word for Tobacco, but Tobacco, the reason is, it was an herbe not knowne by our granfathers, nor that customary habit which the world hath lately entertained it: so I may speake of these cousemages now in use, which till now not knowne. I know not how to stile them by any name borrowed from antiquitie, since such new fraudulencies have but of late daies beene put in execution. but ouely by the generall names of cousemages, which shall comprehend the roote and manifold branches. I will not stand now to distinguish their severall kindes, which for their commonnesse are not worthie my remembrance. neither is my purpose to trouble you with any long discourse of practises in another kinde, as to kneele downe to prayer in Pauls, and leave a handbasket carelesly by, with capons legs hanging out, which when a cheater hath cunningly come behinde the Orisant and stolne away, when he hath ransackt for goodme, he hath found a child to call him father! Neither being myselfe no gamester, is it my purpose to lay open the cousemages at cards, and cheating at dice, in which hee is hold no compleat gallant, that is not most dishonestly expert.

These and infinite others of the like nature I advisedly passe, as coniecturings almost quite worne out of breath, and

come to circumstances of riper, newer, and fresher invention, and as I may truly say, now in fashion.

CHAP. 2.—*Alice West her first cousenage at Fulham.*

There were arraigned at Newgate this last Sessions, two notorious and infamous practisers of this new devised legerdemaine. One Jolm West, and Alice his wife, who dwelt at Fulham, some foure miles from London; these understanding that one Thomas Moore of Hammersmith was well possest, sought by some strange fraudulent meanes to cheat him of such money and goods as they know certainly hee had in his use and custodie: and because they knew common cousonages had for the most part common discovery, and so consequently a common and ordinary punishment denounced against offenders in that kinde, they therefore devised a new forme, in which for the strangenesse and varietie they could hardly be traced.

This woman takes upon her to bee familiarly acquainted with the king and queene of fayries, two that had in their power the command of inestimable treasure; and growing inward with a maid servant that belonged to this Thomas Moore, communicates to her a strange revelation, how that the fayrie king and queene had appeared to her in a vision, saying they had a purpose to bestow great summes of gold upon this man and this woman, which by her meanes and directions, was undoubtedly to be compassed: in which atchievement, there was nothing so necessary as secrecy, for if it were revealed to any save them three whom it did essentially concerne, they should not onely hazard their good fortune, but incurre the danger of the fayries, and so consequently be open to great mishapes, and fearefull disaster. This being by the maid acquainted to the simple man and his wife, after conjuration of secrecy, they were as greedily willing to receive the benefit, as fearefull loath to entertaine the punishment, and so their simplicitie begat an

easier way to their juggling ; which, she perceiving, prosecutes to her first devised purpose, and first entreats for money to performe the due rites of sacrifice to his great patron, the king of fayries. After them, she sends for more to furnish other ceremonies before forgot, still pretending that something or other was eyther neglected, or wanting to the attayning of so inestimable a masse. And the first rites that must be performed, was a very great banquet, which must be prepared for this royall king and queene of fayries ; then all the chamber must be hung with the richest linnen that they had in their possession, which according to their estate was very sufficient. The banker cost a prettie summe of money, but all this was no charges in regard it should be returned tenfold ; therefore the more they bestowed, the more would be their gaires, in so much that their covetous simplicity so over-swayed their understanding, that at several times this Circe had enchanted from them the sum of 40 pounds : and to encourage them the further, they brought him into a vault, where they shewed him two attired like the king and queene of fayries, and by them little elves and goblins, and in the same place an infinite company of bags, and upon them written, -- "This is for Thomas Moore," "This is for his wife," but would not let him touch any thing, which gave him some encouragement to his almost despairing hope ; but still he received no profit.

Yet at last beginning to looke into his estate, and what impossibility there was, he began to doubt some imposture, and thought to acquaint these proceedings to some friend, to whom he might communicate the busines. He was as some think, and as by the sequel it appeared, strooke lame by her sorceries, after which she presently repaired to him, told him his purpose to blab the secrets of the fayries was come to the ears of Oberon, for which he enraged, had inflicted this punishment upon him, but at the intercession of the fayrie queene, and in hope of his future seeresie, she had provided him an ope, with which being bathed, he should instantly recover ; and

accordingly hapned, and gave no greater strength to his limbs then it did growth to his opinion. She therefore upon disbursing of more money, caused them to buy chests, trunks, nay sacks, halfe tubs and barrells, which she promised the fairies wold fill with treasure. But though they were carefully provided, yet they stood empty, and he almost as void of hope, as his vessels of mony, till at length she drue the maid into a dark celler, and by some strong illusion shewed two in strange habits, whom she termed the K. and Q. of fayries, and by them, so much imagined treasure, that the maid justified before the bench there could not be so litle as seventeen hundred thousand pound, al which this cheatresse affirmed was for her master, but she was not suffred to beare any part of it away, because the time was not come, and the ceremonies not yet ended, after performance of which the treasure was to be tendred. To compasse which, she demanded so much money to provide her necessaries, as she imagined the poore man had of his own, or upon his credit could borow : which she received, to the summe of foure score pound.

And having drawn him thus dry, she and her husband fled the town by night, and after lived privately in S. Katherineus, where she practised many such cosonages as shal be declared hereafter.

This was against her proved the 14. of January, at the Sessions, for which she was convicted with her husband, and judged to bee whipt through London, and certain daies to stand on the pillory, which according to her judgement, hath to the example of all such practisers bene performed, and she yet till further evidence can be brought against her, kept still a prisoner in Newgate.

CHAP. II.—*Her second cosonage of a man and his wife, which of them should die first.*

Many other of good reputation and quality hath she brought

within the compasse of these gulleries; some for their credits sake I forbore to name, others, because they would not call their wits in publike question, have forborne to justifie manifest truthes against her. One gentleman amongst the rest, whom by circumstance she gathered did not affect his wife, she so farre perswaded with him, that hee constantly presumed to lay in her power to tell him which of them should die first. She humoured him so long, and with such cunning tricks and shifts deluded him, that at sundry times, upon his owne protestation, she had of him at least three score pound, putting him in hope that she should not outlive this day nor that: but he being urgent to know what to trust to, because he had alreadye bespoken his second wife, she assured him she should die as the last Christmas Eve, yet upon Christmas day she was able to sup as hote plumbe pottage, and eat as hard brawne as the youngest wife betwene East and West Cheap.

CHAP. 4.—*How she made a maid in the Strand sit all a cold night in a garden naked, with a pot of earth in her lap, promising her it should be turned to gold in the morning.*

Another simple maid, whom she knew had hoarded the best part of seven yeares wages of her good huswifery together upon promise of the greatest part she had, she perswaded to sit naked in a garden a whole cold frostie winters night, with a pot of earth in her lap, promising that ere morning the queene of fayries should turne it into gold: and in the meane time that this poore maid sate there, this cunning queene ranne away with her money and her clothes; and others she hath cousend in the like kinde.

CHAP. 5.—*How a young man came to her to know when his master should die.*

A young man came to this cunning woman to know when

his master should die, for he had more then a monthes minde to marry with his mistresse. Shee held him long in hand with trifles and delayes, and stil fetcht him off from time to time, now with a crowne, then with an angell, till shee had left his purse as barren as his braine, and so giving him the slip, left him as meere an asse as she found him.

CHAP. 6.—*ſaylers wives that came to her, to know when their husbands should come home.*

And saylers wives came ordinarily to her whilest shee lived in Saint Katherines, to know when their husbands would come, that they might freely play the good fellowes with their friends: and shee would answere, not of long time, and yet many of them returned, and tooke their wives napping with other womens husbands, yet many of these shee deluded, and got from them as much monie as they were able to make or to borrow, and yet could she cunningly, when they were most suspitious of her, put them off with some evasion or other, shadowing all her craft with a kind of simplicitie.

Poore farmers in the countrie have paid for her subtletie. When monie was scarce, shee would not refuse pigges, capons, geese, or corne, but except of any these countrie commodities, for which she would promise that all the fayries, like so many court-pages, should be at their service.

But to give the greater grace to these fraudulencies, she hath the opinion to be halfe or the greatest part of a witch: without which, it were impossible that by any outward managment, shee could goe through so many things as shee hath done, but especially in and so neere London, where the people for the most part assume to understand most things, nay to know all: nor hath shee laid traines for prentises, maides, and the simple sort of people, but shee hath fetcht off u-surers and misers, as finely as they fetch off young heires that are newly come to their lands. As for example.

CHAP. 7.—*How she cousened a gentlewoman of much gold and silver.*

A gentlewoman ancient of great fortunes, and therefore should be wise, but assuredly wealthy, and therefore commonly covetous, to her shee brings a smooth compacted tale from the queene of fayries, who went to bestow on her a large quantity of coyne, which to the gentlewoman appearing at the first little better then ridiculous, shee told her shee would for her better satisfaction shew her apparantly that there was no impossibilitie in anything that she had before suggested, and for instance, quoth she, lend me from you a faire white diaper napkin, and two new shillings, and you shall see what, by the helpe of the fayrie queene, I can make of them. The gentlewoman did so. She presently making her beleve she had tyed the two shillings in the corners of the napkin, by a cunning juggling slight conveighed into their places two twentie shilling peeeces, unknowne to the gentlewoman, who took them to be no other then those shillings she had before delivered her: she perswades her to locke them safe in a chest, of which shee herselfe would keepe the key, confirming to her that within sixe dayes, or there abouts, by the power of the fayrie queene, they should turne to double soveraignes. The six dayes expired, and according as shee had promised, when they came to open the diaper napkin, they found instead of two King James his shillings, two fine Elizabeth sovereignes.

This put the gentlewoman in some hope, and therefore sixe times after the same fashion shee had debuted to her selfe, had jugged from her some foure score pound in money, thinking unto her, that within such a time every shilling in silver should be made twentie in gold. But when she could no longer extract more from her, without palpable discovery of her continuall cheating, shee tooke away the napkin and went away with it.

to a solitarie repentance of her late greedie avarice. Infinite cosonages of lesse nature she hath becne tainted with.

CHAP. 8.—*How the same Alice West used to tell prentises, maides, and such ignorant people, their fortunes.*

Shee had by the porch and doore to her house a little closet, where she might heare every word spoken at the doore. When a young fellow came to know what success hee should have, at what trade hee should best thrive, or when any maid came to know where any thing was lost, or when any woman came to know whether her husband should burie her, or shee him, or in the like kind, shee would send one to the doore by sundrie interrogatories to understand their businesse, as whether they had lost a spoone, or come to use her advise in physicke, or if a maid came to know who should be her husband, or a batcheler whether hee should have such a maid, or such a widdow. Which no sooner in her closet she heard, but she would straight come to the doore, give them entertainment, bid them welcome, and tell them that the queene of fayries had told her their businesse, and so recite to them particularly every thing that shee had evesedropt in her closet: which gave such credit to her profession that the simple people did simply beleve that it should happen, which out of the invention of her braine she did extemporally devise for them, by which subtletie shee purchast to herselfe great opinion of her skill, and many large summes of monie.

CHAP. 9.—*How two men came to know where a spoone was lost, and how they spared their monie.*

It happened, that a silver spoone being lost in a gentlemen house of good worship, and the butler, because it was through his negligence, was enjoyned to pay for it, hee called to one of his fellows, and early in the morning, came to this womans

house, purposing for his better satisfaction to know a private theefe, and for his owne better justification, to give her ten groats, but to shew him the fellow or to helpe him to his spoone againe. And comming betimes in the morning, they found her scolding and clamouring with her neighbours, because some rude fellow had in knaverie plaid the beast just upon the threshold of the doore; and amongst other exclamations, quoth shee, "If I did but know, what man, woman, or child, had done me this wrong, I would bee severely revenged for so grosse an injurie." The butler, apprehending her wordes, "Come," saith he to his fellow, "wee will goe backe, and save this monie." — "Why?" quoth his fellow. — "Because," saith hee, "if this wise woman cannot tell who hath plaid the beast upon the threshold of the doore, which is so neare her, how can shee tell who hath my spoone, which was stolne so farre off?" and so returned the same way they came, without adding losse to losse, or shooting a second arrow after the first, which they assuredly knew was lost.

CHAP. 10.—*How this woman changed with a grocer a bastard for a sugar-loafe.*

It is well knowne, in a populous place about the city, and not farre from Smithfield, that this woman, attired like a maid-servant, came into a grocers shop with a handbasket, to cheape a sugar-loafe. The grocer, being a bachelor and without a wife, it was her purpose belike to helpe him to an heire. She tells him that her mistresse, being a youthwoman of good account that dwelt by, would bestow such a quantity in Barbarie sugar, and after some colourable circumstances, and long beating the price, they grew to a conclusion: when "Stay," quoth she, "Ile leave my handbasket, till I have stop over the way to know whether my mistresse like the price and sugar.

¹ A kind of proverbial expression, which Shakespeare has adopted, and made so good use of in the "Merchant of Venice," act i., l. 1.

and returne instantly:" the grocer, suspecting nothing, lets her goe quite away with the sugar-loafe, and takes his lute, for hee much delighted in that instrument, and playes to a yong bastard that shee had left in her handbasket, which bastard the grocer was glad to keepe.

CHAP. 11.—*How one of her companions served a gentleman.*

A gentleman, a tearmer that came to the citie to receive monie, being a good companion and having good store of crownes, shee grieving hee should spend any of his monie abroad, and not in her friends house, thought to take a speedy order for it.

It happened the gentleman, being a little troubled with a corne upon his toe, she perswaded him to have it cut, and brought one of her owne devilish consorts, whome shee pretended to have extraordinarie skill in that art, who at the first cut, cut him to the bone, so that the gentleman was not able to goe or stand: shee then tooke upon her to play the surgeon, but she so ordered the matter, that in two tearmes hee was not able to pull on a boot, nor stir from his lodging, till his monie was almost quite wasted.

CHAP. 12.—*How shee cousoned another woman of many rings and jewels.*

There dwelt in one of the best parts of the citie a woman of no meane substance, if her wit had been answerable to her wealth, or her understanding to her yeares. This cousoner, meaning to lay a pit-fall to entrap her, inquires secretly what country woman shee was, how educated, what was the name of her first and second husband, where she had dwelt, how long in a place, how many children she had, how many were living, how many sonnes, how many daughters, with a particular of their names, and how they were bestowed; how

many suters she had then, and whom she best respected. All which she had privately learned of an old char-woman that frequented the house much, and whom she had corrupted to her purpose. This done, and many other instructions learned, she cunningly gets a letter to be drawne from a deere friend of this gentlewomans in the country, whom she much respected, and attiring herselfe like a plaine countriwoman, inquires for such a gentlewoman, knocks at her dore, and with many a counterfoit courtesie, delivers it to her. Which when that gentlewoman had read, and understood the contents, she intreats her to sit downe, sends for wine, and desires her of further conference. For that letter contained a particular character of this counterfeit, that she was extraordinarily skilled in magick, could tell fortunes, could tell where any treasure was hid, and obtaine it; besides could advise her in many other things that were for her future good. of which the letter said the gentleman her friend had made perfect and sound triall. After some discourse afar off, shee began to tell her shee was never in London till then, yet could she discoure of many things that had privatly hapned to her. tel her what rooms she had in her house. and how they were furnished, what chests, what rings, what stones in them, and how fashioned, for al these things and more she had privately learned before, which put the gentlewoman in an unbedoubt belief of her cunning. She next desired to see her hand, and at sight of it smilingly said she was borne to many good fortunes, and much beloved of the king of fayries. Then he asked her if she was not borne in such a place, had not had so many husbandes, and had not so many children bestowed. To which the simple gentlewoman answered yea, with great admiration how she that never saw her till then, and was never in the citie before, could make such a true relation. And now she begins in her heart to esteeme the care and love of her friend, and so to give way to this womans purpose. Then she told her what suters she had, and smilingly said, and in

sooth, and tell me true, doe you not love such a man best? She answered yes, still more and more amazed at her cunning. True saith she, your seller is vaued thus and thus, and there is such a corner in it, is there not? To all which she answered yea. Undoubtedly then, quoth she, but I must sweare you to secreteie, there is much gold and silver hid in that place, but unlesse you protest to keepe it close to yourselfe, and never to call my name in question, I will not undertake the taking of it up. Protestations past on both sides, the one for the undertaking, the other for concealing; she bad her then shew her two such rings of such a fashion, and a chaine which lay in such a casket, for with them she must present the king of fayries, whom she must of necessity use in this busines. The gentlewoman said she had such jewels indeed, and in such a place, and greatly admired at her skill that could know so much. And to be briefe, after many cunning gloses and private wispering in her care of such passages as had before hapned her, this cunning quean so far perswaded her, that for that time she only tooke survey of the place where the gold was hid. The second time she cleanly carried away the chaine, rings, and certaine money which was to provide things necessary to such ceremonies: but the third time till she was publikly arraigned for many other cosonages, she could never set eye of her. Many ridiculous and frivolous impositiōs in this busines she put upon this gentlewoman, which for modesty sake I am willing to conceale, as to sit looking so many houres crosse legd towards the East, and so long another way: that her predecessor so famous for cheating the tripewife in Newgate market could never equall, much lesse exceed her in these new devised tricks of legerdemaine.

CHAP. 13.—*Another done by one of her companions.*

This companion comes to a young shopkeeper, a goldsmith's prentise, one that had the charge of more wealth then wit, and

desires to speake with him, and in smooth language so insinuated, that she made him beleieve the queene of fayries did most ardently doat upon him ;* the fellow liking the motion, askt how he might see or speak with her. Why thus, quoth she, bring foure of the fairest silver and guilt peeeces of plate in thy masters shop into such a close by S. Giles, and place them at the foure corners of the close, and they shal not onely be turned to perfect gold, but there thou shalt confer with the amorous queen of fayries. The young man the next morning got up early according to his houre, went to the close, and placed the plate at the foure corners, still expecting the queen of fayries, and then this Alice West had plast in a ducat foure of her consorts, who came forth, and with scapes and brickbats, so beat the poore premise, that he ran home, and forgot to take his plate with him. His courage was cold for meeting the Q. of fayries.

There remains many other that are not yet revealed, but at their next araimment, when they come to light, we will acquaint you with the projects which appeare to me as things necessary to be divulged, because that such as have no feloe in these pitfalls, may by this means avoid them. And as daily presedents before their eyes of honorable escape, wishing withall, that the ancient proverb is the more true, may in such hereafter be verified. *Beaucoup de gens se font de bons hommes par malice.*

* This may be considered an illustration of the legend of the Top and Bottom the Weaver.

XIII. DRAYTON'S NYMPHIDIA.

This beautiful poem, without which our collection could not be complete, is not so popularly known as to preclude its insertion. The text is chiefly taken from an early edition, without date, in the editor's possession. There is no doubt that it was a posterior production to the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, as Drayton himself calls it one of his "latest poems." See Malone's *Shakespeare*, ed. 1821, v. 206.

Old Chaucer doth of Thopas tell,
 Mad Rabelais of Pantagruel,
 A latter third of Dowsabel,

With such poor trifles playing :
 Others the like have labour'd at,
 Some of this thing, and some of that,
 And many of they know not what,
 But that they must be saying.

Another sort there be, that will
 Be talking of the fairies still,
 Nor never¹ can they have their fill,
 As they were wedded to them :
 No tales of them their thirst can slake,
 So much delight in them they take,
 And some strange thing they fain would make,
 Knew they the way to do them !

¹ Ritson alters this to *ever*. I prefer the ancient duplication of the negative, although of course not grammatically correct. Other instances occur in the course of the poem.

Then since no muse hath been so bold,
Or of the later, or the old,
Those elvish secrets to unfold,
Which lie from others reading ;
My active muse to light shall bring
The court of that proud fairy king,
And tell there of the revelling :
Jove prosper my proceeding !

And thou, Nymphidia, gentle fay,
Which, meeting me upon the way,
These secrets didst to me bewray,
Which now I am in telling :
My pretty, light, fantastic maid,
I here invoke thee to my aid.
That I may speak what thou hast said.
In numbers smoothly swelling.

This palace standeth in the air,
By necromancy placed there,
That it no tempests needs to fear,
Which way so'er it bloweth :
And somewhat southward tow'rd the moon.
Whence lies a way up to the moon.
And thence the fairy can as soon
Pass to the earth below it.

The walls of spiders legs are made,
Well morticed and finely laid :
He was the master of his trade
It curiously that builded :
The windows of the eyes of cats.
And for the roof, instead of slates,
Is cover'd with the skins of bats.
With moonshine that are gilded

Hence Oberon, him sport to make,
(Their rest when weary mortals take,
And none but only fairies wake)

Descendeth for his pleasure :
And Mab, his merry queen, by night
Bestrides young folks that lie upright,
(In elder times the mare that hight)
Which plagues them out of measure.

Hence shadows, seeming idle shapes
Of little frisking elves and apes,
To earth do make their wanton scapes,
As hope of pastime hastes them :
Which maids think on the hearth they see,
When fires well-near consumed be,
There dancing hayes by two and three,
Just as their fancy casts them.

These make our girls their slutt'ry rue,
By pinching them both black and blue,
And put a penny in their shoe,
The house for cleanly sweeping :
And in their courses make that round,
In meadows and in marshes found,
Of them so call'd the fairy-ground,
Of which they have the keeping.

These, when a child haps to be got,
Which after proves an idiot,
When folks perceive it thriveth not,
The fault therein to smother,
Some silly doating brainless calf,
That understands things by the half,
Says that the fairy left this aulf,
And took away the other.

But listen, and I shall you tell,
 A chance in Fairy that befell,
 Which, certainly, may please you well.
 In love and arms delighting,
 Of Oberon, that jealous grew,
 Of one of his own fairy crew,
 Too well (he fear'd) his queen that knew
 His love but ill requiting.

Pigwiggen was this fairy knight,
 One wond'rous gracious in the sight
 Of fair queen Mab, which day and night
 He amorously observed :
 Which made king Oberon suspect
 His service took too good effect.
 His sauciness and often cheek'd.
 And could have wish'd him starv'd.

Pigwiggen gladly would commend
 Some token to queen Mab to send,
 If sea or land him aught could lend
 Were worthy of her wearing.
 At length this lover doth devise
 A bracelet made of emmets eyes.
 A thing he thought that she would prize.
 No whit her state impairing.

And to the queen a letter writes,
 Which he most curiously indites.
 Conjuring her by all the rites
 Of love, she would be pleas'd
 To meet him, her true servant, when
 They might without suspect or fear
 Themselves to one another cheer.
 And have their poor hearts ease'd

“ At midnight the appointed hour,
And for the queen a fitting bow’r,
(Quoth he) is that fair cowslip-flow’r,

On Hipcut-hill that groweth ;
In all your train there’s not a fay,
That ever went to gather May,
But she hath made it in her way,
The tallest there that groweth.”

When by Tom Thum, a fairy page,
He sent it, and doth him engage,
By promise of a mighty wage,

It secretly to carry.
Which done, the queen her maids doth call,
And bids them to be ready all,
She would go see her summer-hall,
She would no longer tarry.

Her chariot ready straight is made,
Each thing therein is fitting laid,
That she by nothing might be stay’d,

For naught must her be letting :
Four nimble gnats the horses were,
Their harnesses of gossamero,
Fly Granion, her charioteer,
Upon the coach-box getting.

Her chariot of a snails fine shell,
Which for the colours did excell ;
The fair queen Mab becoming well,

So lively was the linning :
The seat the soft wool of the bee,
The cover (gallantly to see)
The wing of a py’d butterfly,
I trow ’twas simple trimming.

The wheels compos'd of crickets bones.
And daintily made for the nonce ;
For fear of rattling on the stones,
 With thistle-down they shod it :
For all her maidens much did fear,
If Oberon had chanc'd to hear,
That Mab his queen should have been there,
 He would not have abode it.

She mounts her chariot with a trice.
Nor would she stay for no advice,
Until her maids, that were so nice,
 To wait on her were fitted,
But ran herself away alone ;
Which when they heard, there was not one,
But hasted after to be gone.
 As she had been diswitted.

Hop, and Mop, and Dryp so clear,
Pip, and Trip, and Skip that were
To Mab, their sovereign ever dear.
 Her special maids of honour ;
Fib, and Tib, and Pinck, and Pin,
Tick, and Quick, and Jil, and Jin,
Tit, and Nit, and Wap, and Win,
 The train that wait upon her.

Upon a grasshopper they got.
And, what with amble and with trot,
For hedge nor ditch they spared not,
 But after her they hye them.
A cobweb over them they throw.
To shield the wind if it should blow.
Themselves they wisely could bestow.
 Lest any should espy them.

But let us leave queen Mab a while,
 Through many a gate, o'er many a stile,
 That now had gotten by this wile,
 Her dear Pigwiggen kissing ;
 And tell how Oberon doth fare,
 Who grew as mad as any hare,
 When he had sought each place with care,
 And found his queen was missing.

By griesly Pluto he doth swear,
 He rent his clothes, and tore his hair !
 And as he runneth here and there,
 An acorn-cup he getteth ;
 Which soon he taketh by the stalk,
 About his head he lets it walk,
 Nor doth he any creature baulk,
 But lays on all he meeteth.

The Tuscan poet doth advance
 The frantic Paladine of France,
 And those more ancient do inhance
 Alcides in his fury ;
 And others Ajax Telamon.
 But to this time there hath been none
 So bedlam as our Oberon,
 Of which I dare assure ye.

And first encount'ring with a wasp,
 He in his arms the fly doth clasp,
 As tho' his breath he forth would grasp,
 Him for Pigwiggen taking.
 " Where is my wife, thou rogue ?" (quoeth he).
 " Pigwiggen, she is come to thee ;
 Restore her, or thou dy'st by me !"
 Whereat the poor wasp quaking,

Cries, "Oberon, great fairy king,
Content thee, I am no such thing;
I am a wasp, behold my sting!"

At which the fairy started.

When soon away the wasp doth go,
Poor wretch was never frightened so,
He thought his wings were much too slow.

O'erjoy'd they so were parted.

He next upon a glow-worm light,
(You must suppose it now was night)
Which, for her hinder part was bright,

He took to be a devil;
And furiously doth her assail
For carrying fire in her tail;
He thrash'd her rough coat with his flail.

The mad king fear'd no evil.

"Oh!" quoth the glow-worm, "hold thy land
Thou puissant king of Fairy-land,
Thy mighty strokes who may withstand?

Hold, or of life despair I."
Together then herself doth roll,
And tumbling down into a hole,
She seem'd as black as any coal.

Which vex'd away the fairy.

From thence he ran into a hive,
Amongst the bees he let to drive,
And down their combs begins to rive.

All likely to have spoil'd:
Which with their wax his face bespread,
And with their honey daub'd his beard:
It would have made a man affraid.

To see how he was mail'd.

A new adventure him betides :
He met an ant, which he bestrides,
And post thereon away he rides,
Which with his haste doth stumble,
And came full over on her snout ;
Her heels so threw the dirt about,
For she by no means could get out,
But over him doth tumble.

And being in this piteous case,
And all beslurried head and face,
On runs he in this wild-goose chase,
As here and there he rambles,
Half blind, against a mole-hill hit,
And for a mountain taking it,
For all he was out of his wit,
Yet to the top he scrambles.

And being gotten to the top,
Yet there himself he could not stop,
But down on th'other side doth chop,
And to the foot came rumbling :
So that the grubs therein that bred,
Hearing such turmoil over head,
Thought surely they had all been dead,
So fearful was the jumbling.

And falling down into a lake,
Which him up to the neck doth take,
His fury somewhat it doth slake,
He calleth for a ferry :
Where you may some recovery note,
What was his club he made his boat,
And in his oaken cup doth float.
As safe as in a wherry.

Men talk of the adventures strange
Of Don Quishot, and of their change,
Through which he armed oft did range.

Of Sancha Panchas travel :
But should a man tell every thing
Done by this frantic fairy king,
And them in lofty numbers sing,
It well his wits might gravel.

Scarce set on shore, but therewithal
He meeteth Puck, which most men call
Hob-goblin, and on him doth fall

With words from frenzy spoken :
"Hoh, hoh," quoth Hob, "God save thy grace"
Who dress'd thee in this piteous case?
He thus that spoil'd my sov'reigns face.
I would his neck were broken."

This Puck seems but a dreaming dolt,
Still walking like a ragged colt,
And oft out of a bush doth bolt.

Of purpose to deceive us ;
And, leading us, makes us to stray,
Long winters nights out of the way,
And when we stick in mire and clay,
He doth with laughter leave us.

"Dear Puck," quoth he, "my wife is gone"
As e'er thou lov'st king Oberon,
Let every thing but this alone.

With vengeance and pursue her :
Bring her to me, alive or dead,
Or that vile thief Pigwiggins head !
That villain hath defil'd my bed.
He to this folly drew her."

Quoth Puck, " My liege, I'll never lin,
But I will thorough thick and thin,
Until at length I bring her in ;

My dearest lord, ne'er doubt it.
Thorough brake, thorough brier,
Thorough muck, thorough mier,
Thorough water, thorough fier !"¹
And thus goes Puck about it.

This thing Nymphidia overheard,
That on this mad king had a guard,
Not doubting of a great reward,

For first this bus'ness broaching :
And through the air away doth go,
Swift as an arrow from the bow,²
To let her sovereign Mab to know
What peril was approaching.

The queen, bound with loves pow'rful'st charm,
Sate with Pigwiggen arm in arm ;
Her merry maids, that thought no harm,

About the room were skipping :
A humble-bee, their minstrel, play'd
Upon his hobby ; ev'ry maid
Fit for this revel was arrayd,
The hornpipe neatly tripping.

¹ Compare *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, act ii., sc. 1.—

" Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough briar ;
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire."

² So in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, act iii., sc. 2 :—

" I go, I go ; look how I go !
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow."

In comes Nymphidia, and doth cry,
 " My sovereign, for your safety fly,
 For there is danger but too nigh,

I posted to forewarn you :
 The king hath sent Hob-goblin out,
 To seek you all the fields about,
 And of your safety you may doubt,
 If he but once discern you."

When, like an uproar in a town,
 Before them every thing went down ;
 Some tore a ruff, and some a gown,
 'Gainst one another justling.
 They flew about like chaff i' th' wind ;
 For haste some left their masks behind.
 Some could not stay their gloves to find ;
 There never was such bustling !

Forth ran they, by a secret way,
 Into a brake that near them lay.
 Yet much they doubted there to stay.
 Lest Hob should hap to find them
 He had a sharp and piercing sight,
 All one to him the day and night,
 And therefore were resolv'd by right,
 To leave this place behind them.

At length one chanc'd to find a nut,
 In th'end of which a hole was cut,
 Which lay upon a hazel root.

There scatter'd by a squirrel,
 Which out the kernel gotten had :
 When quoth this fay, " Dear queen, be not afraid,
 Let Oberon be ne'er so mad,
 I'll set you safe from peril."

“Come all into this nut,” quoth she,
 “Come closely in, be rul’d by me ;
 Each one may here a chuser be,

For room ye need not wrestle,
 Nor need ye be together heapt.”
 So one by one therein they creapt,
 And lying down, they soundly slept,
 And safe as in a castle.

Nymphidia, that this while doth watch,
 Perceiv’d if Puck the queen should catch,
 That he would be her over-match,

Of which she well bethought her ;
 Found it must be some pow’rful charm,
 The queen against him that must arm,
 Or surely he would do her harm,
 For throughly he had sought her.

And list’ning if she aught could hear,
 What her might hinder, or might fear ;
 But finding still the coast was clear,

Nor creature had desery’d her :
 Each circumstance and having seamm’d,
 She came thereby to understand,
 Puck would be with them out of hand,
 When to her charms she hy’d her.

And first her fern-seed doth bestow,
 The kernel of the missletow ;
 And here and there as Puck should go,

With terror to affright him,
 She night-shade straws to work him ill,
 Therewith her vervain, and her dill,
 That hind’rcth witches of their will,
 Of purpose to despight him.

Then sprinkles she the juice of rue,
 That groweth underneath the yew,
 With nine drops of the midnight dew
 From lunary distilling ;
 The molewarps brain mixt therewithall,
 And with the same the pismires gall :
 For she in nothing short would fall,
 The fairy was so willing.

Then thrice under a bricr doth creep,
 Which at both ends was rooted deep,
 And over it thrce times she leap,
 Her magick much availing :
 Then on Proserpina doth call,
 And so upon her spell doth fall,
 Which here to you repeat I shall,
 Not in one tittle failing.

“ By the croaking of the frog,
 By the howling of the dog,
 By the crying of the hog
 Against the storm arising ;
 By the evening curfew-bell,
 By the doleful dying knell,
 O let this my direfull spell,
 Hob, hinder thy surprising !

“ By the mandrakes dreadful groans
 By the lubricans sad moans,
 By the noise of dead mens bones
 In charnel-houses rattling ;
 By the hissing of the snake,
 The rustling of the fire-drake,
 I charge thee this place forsake,
 Nor of Queen Mab be prattling !

“ By the whirlwinds hollow sound,
By the thunders dreadful stound,
Yells of spirits under ground,
I charge thee not to fear us :
By the scritch-owl's dismal note,
By the black night-raven's throat,
I charge thee, Hob, to tear thy coat
With thorns, if thou come near us !”

Her spell thus spoke, she stept aside,
And in a chink herself doth hide,
To see thereof what would betide,
For she doth only mind him :
When, presently, she Puck espies,
And well she markt his gloating eyes,
How under every leaf he pries,
In seeking still to find them.

But once the circle got within,
The charms to work do straight begin,
And he was caught as in a gin :
For as he thus was busy,
A pain he in his head-piece feels,
Against a stubbed tree he reels,
And up went poor Hob-goblins heels :
Alas ! his brain was dizzy !

At length upon his feet he gets,
Hobgoblin fumes, Hobgoblin frets,
And as again he forward sets,
And through the bushes scrambles,
A stump doth trip him in his pace,
Down comes poor Hob upon his face,
And lamentably tore his case,
Amongst the briars and brambles.

“A plague upon queen Mab,” quoth he
 “And all her maids, where’er they be :
 I think the devil guided me.

To seek her, so provoked !”
 When stumbling at a piece of wood;
 He fell into a ditch of mud,
 Where to the very chin he stood.
 In danger to be choked.

Now worse than e’er he was before.
 Poor Puck doth yell, poor Puck doth roar.
 That wak’d queen Mab, who doubted sore
 Some treason had been wrought her -
 Until Nymphidia told the queen
 What she had done, what she had seen
 Who then had well-near crack’d her spleen
 With very extreme laughter.

But leave we Hob to clamber out,
 Queen Mab, and all her fairy rout
 And come again to have a bout
 With Oberon yet madding :
 And with Pigwiggen now distraught,
 Who much was troubled in his thought,
 That he so long the queen had sought.
 And through the fields was gabbling.

And, as he runs, he still doth cry.
 “King Oberon, I thee defy,
 And dare thee here in arms to try.
 For my dear lady’s honour :
 For that she is a queen right good.
 In whose defence I’ll shed my blood
 And that thou in this jealous mood
 Hast laid this slander on her.”

And quickly arms him for the field,
A little cockle-shell his shield,
Which he could very bravely wield,
Yet could it not be pierced ;
His spear a bent both stiff and strong,
And well near of two inches long :
The pile was of a horse-flies tongue,
Whose sharpness naught reversed.

And puts him on a coat of mail,
Which was of a fishes scale,
That, when his foe should him assail,
No point should be prevailing :
His rapier was a hornet's sting ;
It was a very dangerous thing,
For if he chanc'd to hurt the king,
It would be long in healing.

His helmet was a beetles head,
Most horrible and full of dread,
That able was to strike one dead,
Yet it did well become him :
And, for a plume, a horses hair,
Which, being tossed with the air,
Had force to strike his foe with fear
And turn his weapon from him.

Himself he on an ear-wig set,
Yet scarce he on his back could get,
So oft and high he did curvet,
Ere he himself could settle :
He made him turn, and stop, and bound,
To gallop, and to trot the round,
He scarce could stand on any ground,
He was so full of mettle.

When soon he met with Tomalin,
 One that a valiant knight had been.
 And to great Oberon of kin :

Quoth he, " Thou manly fairy,
 Tell Oberon I come prepar'd,
 Then bid him stand upon his guard ;
 This hand his baseness shall reward.

Let him be ne'er so wary.

" Say to him thus, that I defy
 His slanders and his infamy,
 And as a mortal enemy

Do publicly proclaim him :
 Withal, that if I had mine own.
 He should not wear the fairy crown.
 But with a vengeance should come down :
 Nor we a king should name him !"

This Tomalin could not abide.
 To hear his sovereign vilify'd,
 But to the fairy court him hy'd.

Full furiously he posted,
 With every thing Pigwiggen said.
 How title to the crown he laid.
 And in what arms he was array'd.
 As how himself he boasted.

'Twixt head and foot, from point to point
 He told the arming of each joint.
 In every piece how neat and quaint :

For Tomalin could do it :
 How fair he sat, how sure he rid.
 As of the courser he be-rid,
 How manag'd, and how well he did.
 The king, which listen'd to it.

• Quoth he, "Go, Tomalin, with speed,
Provide me arms, provide my steed,
And every thing that I shall need,
By thee I will be guided :
To strait account call thou thy wit,
See there be wanting not a whit,
In every thing see thou me fit,
Just as my foe's provided."

Soon flew this news through fairy-land,
Which gave queen Mab to understand
The combate that was then at hand

 Betwixt those men so mighty :
Which greatly she began to rue,
Perceiving that all Fairy knew
The first occasion from her grew
 Of these affairs so weighty.

Wherefore, attended with her maids,
Through fogs, and mists, and damps, she wades,
To Proserpine the queen of shades,

 To treat, that it would please her
The cause into her hands to take,
For ancient love and friendships sake,
And soon thereof an end to make,
 Which of much care would ease her.

A while there let we Mab alone,
And come we to king Oberon,
Who arm'd to meet his foe is gone,

 For proud Pigwiggen crying :
Who sought the fairy king as fast,
And had so well his journies cast,
That he arrived at the last,

 His puissant foe espying.

Stout Tomalin came with the king,
 Tom Thum doth on Pigwiggen bring,
 That perfect were in every thing
 To single fights belonging :
 And therefore they themselves engage,
 To see them exercise their rage,
 With fair and comely equipage,
 Not one the other wronging.

So like in arms these champions were,
 As they had been a very pair,
 So that a man would almost swear
 That either had been either :
 Their furious steeds began to neigh,
 That they were heard a mighty way :
 Their staves upon their rests they lay :
 Yet, ere they flew together.

Their seconds minister an oath,
 Which was indifferent to them both,
 That on their knightly faith and troth,
 No magicl them supplied ;
 And sought them that they had no charms
 Wherewith to work each others harms,
 But came with simple open arms,
 To have their causes tried.

Together furiously they ran,
 That to the ground came horse and man ;
 The blood out of their helmets ran,
 So sharp were their encounters :
 And though they to the earth were thrust,
 Yet quickly they regain'd their post :
 Such nimbleness was never shew'd,
 They were two gallant men and good.

When in a second course again,
 They forward came with might and main,
 Yet which had better of the twain,
 The seconds could not judge it : ¹
 Their shields were into pieces cleft,
 Their helmets from their heads were reft,
 And to defend them nothing left,
 These champions would not budge yet.

Away from them their staves they threw,
 Their cruel swords they quickly drew,
 And freshly they the fight renew,
 They every stroke redoubled ;
 Which made Proserpina take heed,
 And make to them the greater speed,
 For fear lest they too much should bleed,
 Which wond'rously her troubled.

When to th'infernal Styx she goes,
 She takes the fogs from thence that rose,
 And in a bag doth them enclose,
 When well she had them blended :
 She lies her then to Lethe spring,
 A bottle and thereof doth bring,
 Wherewith she meant to work the thing
 Which only she intended.

Now Proserpine with Mab is gone
 Unto the place where Oberon
 And proud Pigwiggen, one to one,
 Both to be slain were likely :

¹ Ritson reads *yet*. Our reading is from an early edition in 12mo. n. d

And there themselves they closely hide,
 Because they would not be espy'd ;
 For Proserpine meant to decide
 The matter very quickly.

And suddenly unites the poke,
 Which out of it sent such a smoke,¹
 As ready was them all to choke,
 So grievous was the pother :
 So that the knights each other lost,
 And stood as still as any post,
 Tom Thum nor Tomalin could boast
 Themselves of any other.

But, when the mist 'gan somewhat cease,
 Proserpina commandeth peace,
 And that a while they should release
 Each other of their peril :
 " Which here," quoth she, " I do proclaim
 To all, in dreadful Plutos name.
 That, as ye will eschew his blame,
 You let me hear the quarrel.

" But here yourselves you must engage
 Somewhat to cool your spleenish rage,
 Your grievous thirst and to assuage
 That first you drink this liquor ;

¹ With this may be compared the artifice of Oberon to prevent
 Lysander and Demetrius from fighting:—

"Thou seest these lovers seek a place to fight ;
 Hie, therefore, Robin! overcast the night ;
 The starry welkin cover thou anon
 With drooping fog as black as Acheron,
 And lead these testy rivals so astray,
 As one come not within another's way

Which shall your understandings clear,
As plainly shall to you appear,
Those things from me that you shall hear,
Conceiving much the quicker.

“ This Lethe water, you must know,
The memory destroyeth so,
That of our weal, or of our woe,
It all remembrance blotted,¹
Of it nor can you ever think :
For they no sooner took this drink,
But nought into their brains could sink,
Of what had them besotted.”

King Oberon forgotten had
That he for jealousy ran mad ;
But of his queen was wond'rous glad,
And ask'd how they came thither.²
Pigwiggen, likewise, doth forget
That he queen Mab had ever met,
Or that they were so hard beset,
When they were found together.

Nor neither of them both had thought,
That e'er they had each other sought,
Much less that they a combat fought,
But such a dream were loathing ;

¹ A similar artifice, though not so fully explained, occurs in
A Midsummer Night's Dream :—

“ And think no more of this night's accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.”

² So Lysander, after his fairy adventures.—

“ I cannot truly say how I came here.”

Tom Thum had got a little sup,
 And Tomalin scarce kiss'd the cup,
 Yet had their brains so sure lock'd up,
 That they remember'd nothing.

Queen Mab and her light maids the while
 Amongst themselves do closely smile,
 To see the king caught with this wile,
 With one another jesting :
 And to the fairy-court they went,
 With mickle joy and merriment,
 Which thing was done with good intent,
 And thus I left them feasting.

XIV. A FAIRY WEDDING

This is another piece by the same author, and is not so generally known as the *Nymphidia*. It is the old nymphal of "The Muses Elizium, lately discovered by a new way over the Parnassus, &c., by Michael Drayton, Esq., 1630." 4to. Lond. 1630. The speakers are Mercutio, Titia, and Cloris.

*A nymph is married to a prince,
 Great preparations for it being;
 All rites of nuptials they observe,
 To the bride and her friends.*

Mert. But will our Titia wed this day ?

Clait. Yea, and to-morrow is the day.

Mert. But why should she bestow herself
 Upon this dwarfish fairy elf ?

Clara. Why, by her smallness you may find
That she is of the fairy kind,
And therefore apt to choose her make
Whence she did her beginning take.
Besides ! he's deft and wondrous airy,
And of the noblest of the fairy !
Chief of the Crickets of much fame,
In fairy a most ancient name :
But to be brief, 'tis clearly done,
The pretty wench is woo'd and won.

Clor. If this be so, let us provide
The ornaments to fit our bride,
For they knowing she doth come
From us in Elizium,
Queen Mab will look she should be drest
In those attires we think our best ;
Therefore some curious things let's give her,
Ere to her spouse we her deliver.

Mort. I'll have a jewel for her ear,
Which for my sake I'll have her wear ;
'T shall be a dewdrop, and therein
Of Cupids I will have a twin,
Which struggling with their wings, shall break
The bubble, out of which shall leak
So sweet a liquor, as shall move
Each thing that smells to be in love.

Clara. Believe me, girl, this will be fine,
And to this pendant then take mine ;
A cup in fashion of a fly,
Of the lynx's piercing eye,
Wherein there sticks a sunny ray,
Shot in through the clearest day ;
Whose brightness Venus' self did move
Therein to put her drink of love,

Which for more strength she did distill,
 The limbeck was a phœnix quill !
 At this cup's delicious brink,
 A fly approaching but to drink,
 Like amber or some precious gum
 It transparent doth become.

Cloris. For jewels for her ears she's sped
 But for a dressing for her head
 I think for her I have a tire,
 That all fairies shall admire ;
 The yellows in the full-blown rose,
 Which in the top it doth enclose,
 Like drops of gold ore shall be hung
 Upon her tresses, and among
 Those scattered seeds, the eye to please.
 The wings of the cantharides ;
 With some o' th' rainbow, that doth rail
 Those moons in, in the peacock's tail ;
 Whose dainty colours, being mixt
 With th'other beauties, and so fixt,
 Her lovely tresses shall appear.
 As though upon a flame they were !
 And to be sure she shall be gay,
 We'll take those feathers from the jay.
 About her eyes in circlets set.
 To be our Tita's coronet.

Mert. Then, dainty girls, I make no doubt
 But we shall neatly send her out ;
 But let's amongst ourselves agree
 Of what her wedding gown shall be.

Clara. Of pansy,¹ pink, and primrose leaves
 Most curiously laid on in threaves,
 And all embroidery to supply,
 Powder'd with flowers of rosemary :

¹ The original reads *panfre*, which is evidently a corruption.

A trail about the skirt shall run,
The silk-worm's finest, newly spun,
And every seam the nymphs shall sew
With th' smallest of the spinner's clue,
And having done their work, again
These to the church shall bear her train,
Which of our Tita we will make
Of the cast slough of a snake,
Which quivering as the wind doth blow,
The sun shall it like tinsel show.

Cloris. And being led to meet her mate,
To make sure that she want no state,
Moons from the peacock's tail we'll shred,
With feathers from the pheasant's head,
Mix'd with the plume of so high price,
The precious bird of Paradise ;
Which to make up, our nymphs shall ply
Into a curious canopy
Borne o'er her head, by our enquiry,
By elves, the fittest of the faery.

Mert. But all this while, we have forgot
Her buskins, neighbours ; have we not ?

Clara. We had, for those I'll fit her now ;
They shall be of the lady-cow,
The dainty shell upon her back
Of crimson, strew'd with spots of black,
Which, as she holds a stately pace,
Her leg will wonderfully grace.

Cloris. But then for music of the best,
This must be thought on for the feast.

Mert. The nightingale, of birds most choice,
To do her best shall strain her voice ;
And to this bird, to make a set,
The mavis, merle, and robinet,

The lark, the linnet, and the thrush,
 That make a quoir of every bush !
 But for still music, we will keep
 The wren and titmouse, which to sleep
 Shall sing the bride, when she's alone.
 The rest into their chambers gone ;
 And like those upon ropes that walk
 On gossamer, from stalk to stalk,
 The tripping fairy tricks shall play
 The evening of the wedding day.

Clara. But for the bride-bed what were fit,
 That hath not been talk'd of yet.

Cloris. Of leaves of roses white and red
 Shall be the covering of her bed ;
 The curtains, valance, tester, all
 Shall be the flower imperial ;
 And for the fringe, it all along
 With azure harebells shall be hung ;
 Of lillies shall the pillows be,
 With down stuff of the butterfly.

Mert. Thus far we handsomely have gone
 Now for our prothalamion.
 Or marriage song of all the rest,
 A thing that much must grace our fest
 Let us practice then to sing it,
 Ere we before th'assembly bring it
 We in dialogues must do it,
 Then, my dainty girls, set to it !

[The Song.]

Clara. This day must Tita marry
 Come, nymphs, this nuptial let us sing

Mert. But is it certain that ye say
 Will she wed the noble fay ?

Cloris. Sprinkle the dainty flowers with dews,
Such as the Gods at banquets use :
Let hearbs and weeds turn all to roses,
And make proud the posts with posies.
Shoot your sweets into the air,
Charge the morning to be fair !

Clau. } For our Tita is this day

Mert. } To be married to a fay.

Clau. By whom then shall our bride be led
To the temple to be wed ?

Mert. Only by yourself and I ;
Who that room should else supply ?

Cloris. Come, bright girls, come all together,¹
And bring all your offerings hither ;
Ye most brave and buxom bevy,
All your goodly graces levy ;
Come in majesty and state,
Our bridal here to celebrate.

Mert. } For our Tita is this day

Clau. } Married to a noble fay.

Clau. Whose lot will't be the way to strew
On which to church our bride must go ?

Mert. That I think as fitt'st of all,
To lively Lelipa will fall.

Cloris. Summon all the sweets that are,
To this nuptial to repair,
Till with their throngs themselves they smother,
Strongly stifling one another,
And at last they all consume,
And vanish in one rich perfume.

Mert. } For our Tita is this day

Clau. } Married to a noble fay.

¹ *Altogether* in the original, a common method of printing the phrase in old works.

Mert. By whom must Tita married be?
 'Tis fit we all to that should see.

Cluia. The priest he purposely doth come,
 The arch Flamyn of Elizium.

Cloris. With tapers let the temples shine,
 Sing to Hymen hymns divine!
 Load the alters, till there rise
 Clouds from the burnt sacrifice;
 With your sensors sling aloof
 Their smels, till they ascend the roof.

Mert. } For our Tita is this day

Cluia. } Married to a noble fay.

Mert. But coming back when she is wed,
 Who breaks the cake above her head?¹

Cluia. That shall Mertilla, for she's tallest,
 And our Tita is the smallest.

Cloris. Violins, strike up aloud,
 Ply the gittern, scowr the crowd!
 Let the nimble hand belabour
 The whistling pipe, and drumbling tabor;
 To the full the bagpipe rack,
 Till the swelling leather crack.

Mert. } For our Tita is this day

Cluia. } Married to a noble fay.

Cluia. But when to dine she takes her seat,
 What shall be our Tita's meat?

Mert. The gods this feast as to begin,
 Have sent of their ambrosia in.

Cloris. Then serve we up the straw's rich berry,
 The respas, the Elizian cherry;
 The virgin honey from the flowers
 In Hiblea, wrought in Flora's bowers:

¹ This curious custom is alluded to in Brand's "Peop. & Antiquities," new ed., ii. 64.

Full bowls of nectar, and no girl
Carouse but in dissolv'd pearl.

Mert. } For our Tita is this day

Claia. } Married to a noble fay.

Claia. But when night comes, and she must go
To bed ; dear nymphs, what must we do ?

Mert. In the posset must be brought,
And points¹ be from the bridegroom caught.

Cloris. In masques, in dances, and delight,
And rear-banquets, spend the night ;
Then about the room we ramble,
Scatter nuts, and for them scramble,
Over stools and tables stumble,
Never think of noise nor rumble.

Mert. } For our Tita is this day

Claia. } Married to a noble fay.

XV. THE LAND OF FAERIE.

[From Lane's "Triton's Trumpet," a MS. in the British Museum, Bib. Reg. 17 B. xv.]

From Faerie Lande, I com, quoth Danus now.
Ha ! that, quoth June, mee never chaunced to knowe,
Ne could or would th'igh poet Spencer tell,
(So farr as mote my witt this ridle spell)
Though none that breatheth livinge aier doth knowe,
Where is that happie land of Faerie,
Which I so oft doe vaunt yet no where showe,
But vouch antiquities which nobodie maie knowe.

¹ The points or tags that were used to hold the dress.

No marveile that, quoth Danus mirrelie,
 For it is movable of Mercurie,
 Which Faeries with a trice doe snatch up hence,
 Fro sight and heering of the common sense ;
 Yet coms on sodaines to the thoughtlesse eye
 And eare (favored to heere theire minstrelsy).
 Ne bootes climbe promontories yt to spie,
 For then the Faeries dowt the seeinge eye.
 Onlie right sold it to some fewe doth chaunce,
 That (ravishd) they behold it in a traunse.
 Wheare yt a furor calls, rage, extacie,
 Shedd but on the poetick misterie.
 Which they with serious apprehension tend,
 Ells from them also yt dothe quicklie wend :
 But caught ! with it they deale most secretly,
 As deignes the Muse instruct them wacredly.
 The glorie wheareof doth but this arive,
 They farr more honord dead are then alive.
 But now folke vaunt by use, to call yt prittie,
 Themselves theareby comparinge with more wittie :
 Nathlesse kinges, captaines, clerkes, astrologers,
 And everie learnd thideal spirit admires,
 But ah ! well fare his lines alive not dead,
 Yf of his readers his reward bee bread,
 Which proves, while poets thoughts up sore divine
 These fleshe-flies, earth wormes, walter bot in rhyme,
 Ha ! yet near known was, but more peevish,
 Came to ann ancor at sadd povertie.

XVI. SPORTS OF THE FAIRIES.

[From MS. Ashmole 36, 37.]

I spied kinge Oberon and his beuteous queene,
 Attended by a nimble footed trayne
 Of fayeryes trippinge ore the medows greene,
 And to meewards (methought) they came amayne.
 I coucht myselfe behinde a bushe to spye,
 What would betide the noble company.

It gaun to rayne, the kinge and quene they runne
 Under a mushroom fretted over head,
 With glowormes artificially donne,
 Resemblinge much the canopy of a bedd
 Of cloth of silver : and such glimmeringe light
 It gave, as stars doe in a frosty night.

The kinge perceivinge it grew night apace,
 And that faint light was but for show alone,
 Out of a box made of a fayre topace,
 Hee toke a blasinge carbuncle that showne
 Like to a flameinge barre of iron, and
 Stucke it among the glowormes with his hand.

Like as the sunne darts forth his ruddy beames,
 Unable longer to hold up his head,
 Glanccinge his gloateinge eye upon the streames,
 Such was the lustre that this mixture bredd,
 So light it was that one might plainly see,
 What was donne under that rich canopy.

The floore whereon they trode, it was of jett
 And mother of pearle, polished and cutt,

Chequerd, and in most decent order sett,
A table dyamond was theire table, butt
To see th'reflection from the rooffe to the table,
'Twas choyce, meethought, and shewed admirable.

Like to a heaven directly was that table,
And these bright wormes they doe resemble starres.
That precious carbunckle soe invaluable,
Lookt like a meteor with his ominous barres
Hung out in heaven by th' allseeinge eye,
Bidd us expect to heare a tragedye.

Soe this great light appeard amongst the rest.
But now it grew towards suppertyme apace,
And for to furnish out this suddaine feast,
The servitours, who knew each one his place,
Disperse themselves immediately, and
Some find the choycest dayntyces on the land.

Others dive downe to th' bottome of the deepe,
Another mounts up to the lofty skye,
To fetch downe hony dew of mowntaynes steepe—
In every corner doe they serch and pry,
Who can the best accepted present bringe,
To please theire soe much honoured queene and kinge.

One gathers grapes ripe from the lusty vine,
And with his little hands hee squeazeth out
The juice, and then presents it up for wine ;
And straight theire presses in among the rowt
Another loaden with an eare of wheate,
The whitest and the fairest hee cann gett.

XVII. CONJURATIONS FOR FAIRIES.

From MS. Ashmole 1406, written about the year 1600. One of these has been printed by Dr. Percy. The impiety of the originals has been omitted; but it runs through all the old charms and conjurations, and affords a curious picture of the times. The three last are given from a MS. in my own possession.

An excellent way to gett a fayrie, but for myselfe I call Margaret Barrance, but this will obtaine any one that is not already bound.

First, gett a broad square cristall or Venus glasse, in length and breadth three inches. Than lay that glasse or christall in the bloud of a white henne three Wednesdayes, or three Fridayes; then take it out and wash it wit holy *aqua*, and fumigate it. Then take three hazle stickes or wands of an yeare groth, pill them fayre and white, and make soe longe as you write the spiritts name, or fayries name, which you call three times, on every sticke beinge made flatt one one side. Then bury them under some hill, whereas you suppose fayries haunt, the Wednesday before you call her, and the Friday followinge take them uppe, and call her at eight or three or ten of the clocke, which be good plannetts and howres for that turne. But when you call, be in cleane life, and turne thy face towards the East; and when you have her, bind her to that stone ore glasse.

An unguent to annoynt under the eyelids, and upon the eyelids, ev[e]ninge and morninge; but especially when you call, or finde your sight not perfect.

Take one pint [of] sallet oyle, and put it into a viall glasse, but first wash it with rose-water, and marygold flower water.

the flowers be gathered towards the East. Wash it till the oyle come white ; then put it into the glasse, *ut supra*, and then put thereto the budds of holyocke, the flowers of marygold, the flowers or toppes of wilde time, the budds of younge hazle, and the time must be gathered neare the side of a hill where fayries use to be, and the grasse of a fayrie throne there. All these put into the oyle into the glasse, and sett it to dissolve three dayes in the sonne, and then keepe it for thy use, *ut supra*.

To cull Elabigathan, a fayrie.

I, E. A., call the Elaby-Gathen, in the name &c., And I adjure thee, Elaby-Gathen, conjure, and straightly charge and command thee by Tetragrammaton, Emanuell, Messias, Sether, Panton, Cratons, Alpha et Omega, and by all other high and reverent names &c., I adjure and commande thee, Elaby, by all the powers and grace and vertues of all the holy meritorious virgiunes and patriarches, and I conjure thee, Elaby-Gathen, by these holy names, Saday, Eloy, Iskyros, Adonay, Sabaoth, that thou appeare presently meekely and myldly in this glasse without doing hurt or daunger unto me, or any other livinge creature, and to this I binde thee by the whole power and vertue &c. of Adonay, Adonatos, Eloy, Elohim, Suda, Ege, Jeth, and Heban, that is to say, Lord of vertue and king of Israell, dwellinge upon the whole face of the earth, whose seate is in heaven, and his power in earth, and by Him, and by these glorious and powerfull names, I binde thee to give and doe thy true, humble, and obedient servise unto me, E. A., and never to depart without my consent and lawfull authoritie, in the name &c. And I command thee, Elaby-Gathen, by all &c., that thou doest come and appeare presently to me, E. A., in this cristall or glasse meekely and myldlye, to my true and perfect sight, and truly without fraud, dissymilation, or deceite, resolve and satisfie me in and of all manner of such questions and commands, and demandes, as I shall either aske, require,

desire, or demande of thee ; and that thou, Elaby-Gathen, be true and obedient unto me, both now and ever hereafter, at all time and times, howers, dayes, nightes, mynites, and in and at all places wheresoever, either in field, howse, or in any other place whatsoever and wheresoever I shall call upon thee ; and that thou, Elaby-Gathen, doe not start, depart, or desire to goe or departe from me, neyther by arte or call of any other artist of any degree or learninge whatsoever, but that thou in the humblyest manner that thou mayest be commaunded to attend and give thy true obedience unto me, E. A., and that even as thou wilt, answer it unto and before &c. And to this, I, E. A., sweare thee, Elaby-Gathen, and binde thee by the whole power &c., to be trew and faithfull unto me in all reverente humillity. Let it be done quickly ! quickly ! quickly ! come ! come ! come ! fiat ! fiat ! fiat ! amen ! amen ! amen ! &c.

A call to call any fayrie.

In nomine &c., Amen, I, E. A., with a true and stedfast faith &c., call thee &c. by the power &c., and commaund thee &c. that thou doest come and appeare before me in this christall stonc or glasse, humblyc, meekly, and mildly, and that in the lowliest, humblest shape and manner that thou canst, to the true and perfect sight of me, the sayed E. A., without prejudice, feare, harme, or danger of me, my body or soule, or any other member unto my body belonging. I, E. A., doe therefore call thee, &c., by all the strength, power, and vertue &c., I commaund thee &c., and I conjure thee &c., I call thee &c., to appeare in this christall stonc or glasse, by all the most high, excellent and reverent names &c., and by these most holy names, Tetragrammaton, Sothier, Panton, Craton, Alpha et Omega, and by all the whole powers, dominion, rule, and command of, &c., I adjure, conjure, and straightly commaund thee, &c., to attend me, and come and appeare unto me as aforesayed in this cristall. and with all thy power, skill,

and best experience that thou hast, or by thy superiors and rulers thou canst or may any kinde of way get and obtayne, that thou doest presently, and at all time and times, both now and ever hereafter, reveale unto me the same, and fully resolve, absolve, and fulfill all and every one of my questions, requestes, commaundes, and desires, truly, sensibly, and faithfully, without any manner of deceipt, delution, dissimulation or fraude, and that as thou doest feare the heavy wrath and judgment &c. Therefore and to this end I adjure thee by the power of all thy superiors who hath any power over thee, and whome thou art subject unto, that thou doest by the power &c., and by these holy names, Tagla, Agla, Tetragrammaton, Sabaoth, Adonay, Athanatos, Ely, Eloy; and also I adjure, conjure, and command the to appeare mildely and firmly to my sight in this christall as aforesaid, at all times, dayes, nights and houres when and wheresoever I shall call upon thee, by the power &c., I commaund the, &c., to come quickly as aforesayed at all times, dayes, nightes, and houres, and in all places either one land or water, howse or field, sittinge or lying, standinge or walkinge, in valleyes, dales, woods or pastures, where and whensoever by the vertues &c. I binde thee, &c., and compell thee truly and reverently to attend and obey me from this time forth and evermore, and to this end by the power, strength, and vertue of all these, I sweare thee, &c., to give thy true allegeance, attendance onely one me, and one noe other person livinge, And sweare, adjure, conjure, commaund, compell, constrayne, and charge thee, &c., by the high name Horlon, by the greate name Gorthenthion, by the excellent name Jebar, by the fearefull name Gosgamer, and by the holy name Heloy, marvelous and honorable, and by the scale wherewith you or many of you were sealed, and by the ball and glasse wherein you or many of you were included, and by all other vertues and powers of heaven whatsoever, that thou never be dissloyall, but ever true and faithfull unto me. To this I bind thee, &c., and sweare thee by the whole power &c., make noe delay nor tar-

riance, but come by the power of all the celestiall company, quickly ! quickly ! quickly ! fiat ! fiat ! fiat ! Amen.

To goe invisible.

Take water, and powre it upon an antl-hill, and looko immediatly after, and you shall finde a stone of divers colours sente from the facrie. This beare in thy righte hande, and you shall goe invisible.

A conjuration for a fairy.

I conjure thee, I exsorsize thee, I compell, command, constrain and bind thee, spirit N., by the power of Tetragrammaton and Athanatos and Aglay, and by the vertue of the great Tetragrammaton, that thou appeare to mine owne person visible to the sight of mine owne eyes, so that I may see and deserne thee, and that thou shew me the truth of all thinges that I shall demand of thee, without decept, fraud, or guile ; nether shalt thou hurt or crack this stone, nor mee, nor any other creatur, in mind, soule or body ; nether shalt thou by cavell or deceat leave mee, nor depart from my presence or commandment, untill thou have made mee true answer ; and to shew mee true signes to all questions and demands. This I abjure, conjure, and command thee &c. Amen.

A discharge of the fairies, or other spirits or elphes, from any place or ground wher treasher is hid or luid.

First shall the master say in the name &c., Amen ! and then say as followeth : — I conjure you, speritts or elphes, which bee seven sisters, and have these names, Lilia, Restila, Tetar, Afryta, Julia, Nevula, I conjure and charge you &c., and by all the apostles, marters, confessors, and all virgins, and all the elect. that from henceforth nether you nor any

other for you have power or rule upon this ground, nether within nor without, nor upon this servant, nether by day nor night, but the &c. be allwayes upon him or her. Amen ! Amen !

XVIII. FAIRY SONGS.

The three following songs are taken from a very interesting collection of madrigals by Mr. Oliphant. The two first are from a publication by Weelkes, and the third from Ravenscroft. The last one is also given by Douce, in his "Illustrations," vol. i. p. 83.

I.

On the plains,
 Fairy trains
 Were a-treading measures ;
 Satyrs play'd,
 Fairies stray'd
 At the stops set leisures.

Nymphs begin
 To come in
 Quickly thick and threefold ;
 Now they dance,
 Now they prance,
 Present there to behold.

II.

Come let's begin to revel't out,
 And tread the hills and dales about ;
 That hills and dales and woods may sound,
 An echo to this warbling sound.

Lads, merry be with music sweet,
 And, fairies, trip it with your feet,
 That hills and dales and woods may sound
 An echo to this warbling round.

III.

Dare you haunt our hallow'd green ?
 None but fairies here are seen.

Down and sleep,
 Wake and weep,
 Pinch him black and pinch him blue,
 That seeks to steal a lover true.
 When you come to hear us sing,
 Or to tread our fairy ring,
 Pinch him black, and pinch him blue ;
 O, thus our nails shall handle you !

XIX. THE WILTSHIRE FAIRIES.

The following curious particulars are extracted from the miscellaneous Wiltshire collections of Aubrey, preserved in the library of the Ashmolcan Museum, Oxford. Part of them are also to be found in his "Naturall History of Wiltshire," a MS. in the library of the Royal Society, p. 77, &c.

In the yeare 1633-4, soonc after I had entered into my grammar at the Latin Schoole at Yatton Keynel, our curate Mr. Hart was annoy'd one night by these elves or fayries. Comming over the downes, it being neere darke, and approaching one of the fairy dances, as the common people call them in these parts, viz. the greene circles made by those sprites on the grasse, he all at once sawe an innumerable

quantitie of pignies or very small people dancing rounde and rounde, and singing, and making all maner of small odd noyses. He, being very greatly amaz'd, and yet not being able, as he sayes, to run away from them, being, as he supposes, kept there in a kinde of enchantment, they no sooner perceave him but they surround him on all sides, and what betwixt feare and amazement, he fell down scarcely knowing what he did ; and thereupon these little creatures pinch'd him all over, and made a sorte of quick humming noyse all the time ; but at length they left him, and when the sun rose, he found himself exactly in the midst of one of these faiery dances. This relation I had from him myselfe, a few days after he was so tormented ; but when I and my bedfellow Stump (?) wente soon afterwards at night time to the dances on the downes, we sawe none of the elves or fairies. But indeede it is saide they seldom appeare to any persons who go to seeke for them.

As to these circles, I presume they are generated from the breathing out of a fertile subteraneous vapour, which comes from a kinde of conical concave, and endeavours to get out at a narrow passage at the top, which forces it to make another cone inversely situated to the other, the top of which is the green circle. Every tobacco-taker knowes that 'tis no strange thing for a circle of smoake to be whiff't out of the bowle of the pipe, but 'tis donne by chance. If you digge under the turfe of this circle, you will find at the rootes of the grasse a hoare or mouldinesse. But as there are fertile streames, so contrary-wise there are noxious oncs which proceed from some mineralls, iron, &c., which also, as the others, *cæteris paribus*, appear in a circular forme. *Mem.* that pidgeon's dung and nitre, steeped in water, will make the fayry circles ; it drawes to it the nitre of the aire, and will never weare out.

Let me not omitt a tradition which I had many yeares since, when I was a boy, from my great uncles and my father's bayly, who were then old men ; that in the harvest time, in one of the great fields at Warminster, at the very time of

the fight at Bosworth field in Leicestershire between King Richard III. and Henry VII., there was one of the parish (I have forgott whether he was not a naturall fool) who took two wheat-sheaves, one in one hand, and the other in the other hand, and sayd that the two armies were ingag'd. He play'd with the sheaves, crying with some intervalls, "Now for Richard!" "Now for Henry!" At last lets fall Richard, and cried, "Now for King Henry, Richard is slaine!" And this action of his did agree with the very time, day and houre. Query, might not this boy have been one changed by the fairies. The vulgar call them changlings.

XX. RANDOLPH'S AMYNTAS.

The following scenes are taken from a play by Randolph, entitled "Amyntas, or the Impossible Dowry," 12mo. Oxford, 1640. They are extremely amusing, and detail a laughable imposition, which will probably remind the reader of Mistress Quickly and her elves in the Merry Wives of Windsor. Here we have for the first time fairy Latin, and it does no discredit whatever to the order.

Thestylis, Mopsus, Jocastus.

Mop. Jocastus, I love Thestylis abominably! The mouth of my affection waters at her.

Jo. Be wary, Mopsus, learne of me to scorn the mortalls. Choose a better match: Go, love some fairy lady! Princely Oberon shall stand thy friend, and beauteous Mab, his queen, give thee a Maid of Honour.

Mop. How, Jocastus? Marry a puppet? Wed a mote i'th' sunne? Go looke a wife in nutshells? Wooc a gnat that's nothing but a voice? No, no, Jocastus, I must have flesh and bloud, and will have Thestylis. A fig for fairies!

The. Tis my sweet-heart, Mopsus, and his wise brother. O, the twins of folly ! These doe I entertaine only to season the poore Aniyntas madnesse.

Mop. Sacred red and white, how fares thy reverend beauty ?

Thest. Very ill, since you were absent, Mopsus ! Where have you been all this live-long houre ?

Mop. I have been discoursing with the birds.

Thest. Why, can birds speak ?

Jo. In Fairy Land they can : I have heard 'em chirp very good Greek and Latin.

Mop. And our birds talk better farre than they : a new-laid egge of Sicily shall out-talk the bravest parrot in Oberon's Utopia.

Thest. But what languages doe they speak, servant ?

Mop. Severall languages, as Cawation, Chirpation, Hootation, Whistleation, Crowation, Cackleation, Shreekation, Hissation.

Thest. And Foolation ?

Mop. No, that's our language. We ourselves speak that, that are the learned augurs.

Thest. What successe does your art promise ?

Mop. Very good.

Thest. What birds met you then first ?

Mop. A woodcock and a goose.

Thest. Well met.

Mop. I told'm so.

Thest. And what might this portend ?

Mop. Why thus—and first the Woodcock. Wood and Cock—both very good signes. For first the wood doth signify the fire of our love shall never goe out, because it has more fuell : wood doth signifie more fuell.

Thest. What the Cock ?

Mop. Better then t'other : that I shall crow o're those that are my rivals, and roost myselfe with thee.

Thest. But now the goose ?

Mop. I, I, the goose ! That likes me best of all. Th'ast heard our gray-beard sheapheards talke of Rome, and what the geese did there. The goose doth signifie that I shall keep thy Capitoll.

Thest. Good gander !

Jo. It cannot choose but strangely please his highnesse.

Thest. What are you studying of, Jocastus, ha ?

Jo. A rare device, a masque to entertaine his grace of Fairy with.

Thest. A masque ? what is't ?

Jo. An anti-masque of fleas, which I have taught to dance currantos on a spider's thread.

Mop. An anti-masque of fleas ! Brother, methinks a masque of birds were better, that could dance the morice in the ayre, wrens and robbin-red brests, linnets, and titmice.

Jo. So ! and why not rather your geese and wood-cocks ? Mortall, hold thy tongue ; thou dost not know the mystery.

Thest. Tis true. He tells you, Mopsus, leave your augury, follow his counsell, and be wise.

Mop. Be wise ! I skorn the motion ! Follow his counsell and be wise ! That's a fine trick, i'faith ! Is this an age for to be wise in ?

The. Then you mean I see t'expound the oracle.

Mop. I doe mean to be th' interpreter.

Jo. And then a jig of pismires is excellent.

Mop. What, to interpret oracles ? A foole must be th' interpreter.

The. Then no doubt but you will have honour.

Mop. Nay I hope I am as faire for't as another man, if I should now grow wise against my will, and catch this wisdom !

The. Never feare it, Mopsus.

Mop. Twere dangerous vent'ring. Now I think on't too, pray Heaven this ayre be wholesome ! Is there not an antidote against it ? What doe you think of garlick every morning ?

The. Fye upon't, 'twill spoyle our kissing ! and besides I tell you garlick's a dangerous dish ; eating of garlick may breed the sicknesse, for as I remember 'tis the philosophers' diet.

Mop. Certainly I am infected, now the fit's upon me ! 'Tis some thing like an ague ; sure I caught it with talking with a schollar next my heart.

*The.** How sad a life live I betwixt their folly and Amyntas madnesse ! For Mopsus, Ile prescribe you such a diet as shall secure you.

Mop. Excellent she-doctor ! Your women are the best physitions, and have the better practice.

The. First, my Mopsus, take heed of fasting, for your hungry meales nurse wisdom.

Mop. True ! O, what a stomach have I to be her patient !

The. Besides, take speciall care you weare not thred-bare clothes : 'twill breed at least suspition you are wise.

Jo. I, marry will it.

The. And walk not much alone ; or if you walk with company, be sure you walke with fooles, none of the wise.

Mop. No, no, I warrant you, Ile walk with nobody but my brother here, or you, or mad Amyntas.

The. By all meanes take heed of travell ; your beyond-sea wit is to be fear'd.

Mop. If ere I travell, hang me !

Jo. Not to the Fairy Land ?

The. Thither he may. But above all things weare no beard ; long beards are signes the brains are full, because the excrements* come out so plentifully.

Jo. Rather emptie ; because they have sent so much out, as if their brains were sunk into their beards. King Oberon has ne're a beard, yet for his wit I am sure he might have beene a gyant. Who comes here ?

* The same phrase is used by Shakespeare in *Love's Labour's Lost*, act v. sc. 1, and *Merchant of Venice*, act iii. sc. 2.

Enter Dorylas.

Dor. All haile unto the fam'd interpreter of fowles and Oracles !

Mop. Thankes, good Dorylas.

Dor. How fares the winged cattell ? Are the woodcocks, the jayes, the dawes, the cuckoes, and the owles in health ?

Mop. I thanke the gracious starres they are.

Dor. Like health unto the president of the jigs ! I hope King Oberon and his royall Mab are well.

Jo. They are ; I never saw their Graces eate such a meale before.

Dor. E'ne much good do t'e'm !

Jo. They're rid a hunting.

Dor. Hare or deere, my Lord ?

Jo. Neither ; a brace of snailes of the first head.

Thest. But, Dorylas, ther's a mighty quarrell here, and you are chosen umpire.

Dor. About what ?

Thest. The exposition of the Oracle. Which of these two you think the verier foole ?

Dor. It is a difficult cause. First, let me pose'em ; you, Mopsus, cause you are a learned augur, how many are the seven liberall sciences ?

Mop. Why, much about a dozen.

Dor. You, Jocastus, when Oberon shav'd himselfe, who was his barber ?

Jo. I knew him well, a little dapper youth, they call him Perriwinckle.

Dor. Thestilis, a weighty cause and askes a longer time.

The. Wee'l in the while to comfort sad Amyntas.

[Exeunt.]

* * * * *

Dorylas, Mopsus, Jocastus, Thestylis, Amyntas.

Jo. Ist not a brave sight, Dorylas? Can the mortalls caper so nimbly?

Dor. Verily they cannot!

Jo. Does not King Oberon beare a stately presence? Mab is a beauteous empresse.

Do. Yet you kiss'd her with admirable courtship.

Jo. I doe think there will be of Jocastus brood in Fairy.

Mop. You cuckold-maker, I will tell King Oberon you lye with Mab his wife.

Jo. Doe not, good brother, and I'll wooe Thestylis for thee.

Mop. Doe so then.

Jo. Canst thou love Mopsus, mortall?

The. Why suppose I can, sir, what of that?

Jo. Why then be wise, and love him quickly.

Mop. Wise! then I'll have none of her. That's the way to get wise children! Troth, and I had rather they should be bastards.

Amy. No, the children may be like the father.

Jo. True, distracted mortall. Thestylis, I say, love him, he's a fool.

Dor. But we will make him rich, then 'tis no matter.

The. But what estate shall he assure upon me?

Jo. A royall joynture, all in Fairy land.

Amy. Such will I make Urania.

Jo. Dorylas knowes it, a curious parko.

Do. Pal'd round about with pick-teeth.

Jo. Besides a house made all of mother of pearle; an ivory tennis-court.

Dor. A nut-meg parlour.

Jo. A saphyre dairy-roome.

Dor. A ginger-hall.

Jo. Chambers of agate.

Dor. Kitchins all of cristall.

Amy. O admirable ! This is it for certain.

Jo. The jacks are gold.

Dor. The spits are Spanish needles.

Jo. Then there be walks.

Dor. Of amber.

Jo. Curious orchards.

Do. That beare as well in winter as in summer.

Jo. 'Bove all the fish-ponds ! Every pond is full !

Do. Of Nectar ! Will this please you ? Every grove stor'd
with delightfull birds !

Mop. But be there any lady-birds there ?

Jo. Abundance.

Mop. And cuckoes too, to presage constancy ?

Do. Yes.

The. Nay then, let's in to seale the writings.

Amy. There boy, so ho, ho, ho ! *[Exeunt.]*

Do. What pretty things are these both to be born to
lands and livings ! We poore witty knaves have no inheri-
tance but brains. Who's this ?

* * * * *

Dor. So, so, this hony with the very thought
Has made my mouth so liquorish, that I must
Have something to appease the appetite.
Have at Jocastus orchard ! Dainty apples,
How lovely they look ! Why these are Dorylas sweet-hearts.
Now must I be the princely Oberon,
And in a royall humour with the rest
Of royall fairies attendant goe in state
To rob an orchard. I have hid my robes
On purpose in a hollow tree. Heaven blesse me !

* * * * *

Dorylas with a bevy of fairies.

Dor. How like you my Grace ? Is not my countenance
Royall and full of majesty ? Walk I not

Like the young Prince of Pigmies? Ha! my knaves,
 Wee'l fill our pockets. Look, look yonder, elves!
 Would not yon apples tempt a better conscience
 Than any we have, to rob an orchard? ha!
 Fairies, like nymphs with child, must have the things
 They long for. You sing here a fairy catch
 In that strange tongue I taught you, while yourselve
 Doe climbe the trees. Thus princely Oberon
 Ascends his throne of state.

Elves. Nos beati fauni proles,
 Quibus non est magna moles,
 Quamvis lunam incolamus,
 Hortos sæpe frequentamus.

Furto cuncta magis bella,
 Furto dulcior puella.
 Furto omnia decora;
 Cum poma dulciora.

Cum mortales lecto jacent,
 Nobis poma noctu placent!
 Illa tamen sunt ingrata,
 Nisi furto sint parata.

[We the fairies blithe and antic,
 Of dimensions not gigantic;
 Though the moonshine mostly keep us,
 Oft in orchards frisk and peep us.

Stolen sweets are always sweeter;
 Stolen kisses much completer:
 Stolen looks are nice in chapels;
 Stolen, stolen be your apples!

When to bed the world are bobbing,
Then's the time for orchard robbing !
Yet the fruit were scarce worth peeling,
Were it not for stealing, stealing.]

Jocastus, Bromius.

Jo. What divine noyse fraught with immortall harmony salutes mine eare ?

Bro. Why, this immortall harmony rather salutes your orchard ! These young rascalls, these pescod-shelers do so cheat my master ; we cannot have an apple in the orchard, but streight some fairy longs for't. Well, if I might have my will, a whip again should jerk 'hem into their old mortality.

Jo. Dar'st thou, screech-owle, with thy rude croaking interrupt their musique, whose melody hath made the spheares to lay their heavenly lutes aside, only to listen to their more charming notes ?

Bro. Say what you will. I say a cudgell now were excellent musique !

Eloes. Oberon, descende citus,
Ne cogaris hinc invitus ;
Canes audio latrantes,
Et mortales vigilantes.

[Fairy king, from that tree skip,
Ere angry mortals make thee trip ;
Busy men surround and mark,
Watchful dogs and mastiffs bark.]

Jo. Prince Oberon ? I heard his Graces name.

Bro. O ho : I spye his Grace ! Most noble Prince, come down, or I will pelt your Grace with stones, that I believe your Grace was ne're so pelted since 'twas a Grace.

Do. Bold mortall, hold thy hand !

Bro. Immortall thiefe, come downe, or I will fetch you ! Me-thinks it should impaire his Grace's honour to steale poore mortalls apples. Now, have at you !

Dor. Jocastus, we are Oberon, and we thought that one so neare to us as you in favour, would not have suffered this prophane rude groome thus to impaire our royalty.

Jo. Gracious Prince, the fellow is a foole, and not yet purged from his mortality.

Do. Did we out of love
And our entire affection, of all orchards
Choose yours to make it happy by our dances,
Light ayry measures, and fantasticke rings,
And you ingratefull mortall thus requite us
All for one apple ?

Jo. Villaine, th'ast undone me ! His Grace is much incens'd.

Do. You know, Jocastus, our Grace have orchards of our own more precious then mortals can have any, and we sent you a present of them t'other day.

Jo. Tis right ; your Graces humble servant must acknowledge it.

Bro. Some of his owne I am sure.

Do. I must confesse, their out-side look'd something like yours indeed, but then the taste more relish'd of eternity, the same with nectar.

Jo. Your good Grace is welcome to any things I have : Nay, gentlemen, pray doe not you spare neither.

Elves. Ti-ti-ta-ti.

Jo. What say these mighty peeres, great Oberon ?

Do. They cannot speak this language, but in ours they thank you, and they say they will have none.

Elves. Ti-ti-ta-ti, Tititatie.

Jo. What say they now ?

Do. They doe request you now to grant them leave to dance

a fairy-ring about your servant, and for his offence pinch him : doe you the while command the traitour not dare to stirre, not once presume to mutter.

Jo. Traitour, for so Prince Oberon deignes to call thee, stirre not, nor mutter.

Bro. To be thus abus'd !

Jo. Ha ? mutter'st thou ?

Bro. I have deserved better.

Jo. Still mutter'st thou ?

Bro. I see I must endure it.

Jo. Yet mutter'st thou ? Now, noble lords, begin when it shall please your honours.

Do. Ti-ti-ta-tie.

Jo. Our noble friend permits. Tititatie. Doe you not sir ?

Jo. How should I say I doe ?

Do. Ti-ti-ta-tie.

Jo. Ti-ti-ta-tie, my noble lords.

Elves. Quoniam per te violamur,
Ungues hic experiamur !
Statim dices tibi datam
Cutem valde variatam !

[Since by thee comes violation,
We'll treat thee with excoriation !
We'll tatto o'er thy vulgar skin,
Until thou art an Indian king.]

[*They dance.*

Jo. Titiatie to your Lordship for this excellent musick.

Bro. This 'tis to have a coxcombe to on's master.

Jo. Still mutter'st thou ?

[*Exit Bromius.*

Dorylas from the tree. Jocastus falls on his knees.

Do. And rise up, Sir Jocastus, our deare knight.
Now hang the hallowed bell about his neck,
We call it a mellisonant Tingle-Tangle.
(Indeed a sheep-bell stol'n from's own fat weather) [*Aside.*
The ensigne of his knight-hood. Sir Jocastus,
We call to minde we promis'd you long since
The president of our dances place ; we are now
Pleas'd to confirme it on you. Give him there
His staffe of dignitie.

Jo. Your grace is pleas'd to honour your poore liegeman.

Do. Now begone.

Jo. Farewell unto your Grace and eke to you, Tititatie. My noble lords, farewell.

Dor. Tititatie, my noble foole, farewell ! Now, my nobilitie and honoured Lords, our Grace is pleas'd for to part stakes. Here, Jocalo, these are your share ; these his, and these our graces. Have we not gull'd him bravely ? See, you rascalls, these are the fruits of witty knaverie.

Mopsus enters barking.

Dor. Heaven shield Prince Oberon and his honoured lords !
We are betrayed.

Mop. Bow, wow, wow. Nay, nay, since you have made a sheep of my brother Ile be a dogge to keep him.

Do. O good Mopsus !

Mop. Does not your grace, most low and mighty Dorylas, feare whipping now ?

Do. Good Mopsus, but conceale us, and I will promise by tomorrow night to get thee Thestylis.

Mop. I will aske leave
Of the birds. First, an owle, the bird of night.

That plainly shewes that by to morrow night, (*an owle shriekes*)
He may performe his promise.

Do. And I will.

Mop. Why then I will conceale you. But your Grace must
think your Grace beholding to me.

Do. Well we doe.

Mop. And thank the owle she stood your friend. And for
this time, my witty Grace, farewell.

Do. Nay, be not so discourteous. Stay and take an apple
first. You, Jocalo, give him one, and you another, and our
Grace a third.

Mop. Your Grace is liberall, but now I feare I am not he
that must interpret th' oracle. My brother will prevent me, to
my grieve I much suspect it, for this Dorylas, a scarre-crow,
cozend him most shamefully, which makes me feare hee's a
more foole then I. *[Exit Mopsus.]*

Dor. So, we are clean got off! Come, noble peeres
Of Fairy, come attend our royall Grace.
Let's goe and share our fruit with our Queen Mab,
And th' other dary-maids: whercof this theam
We will discourse amidst our cakes and cream.

Eloes. Cum tot poma habeamus,
Triumphos læti jam canamus;
Faunos ego credam ortos,
Tantum ut frequentent hortos.

I, domum, Oberon, ad illas,
Quæ nos manent nunc ancillas,
Quarum osculemur sinum,
Inter poma, lac, et vinum.

[Now for such a stock of apples,
Laud us with the voice of chapels;
Fays, methinks, were gotten solely
To keep orchard-robbing holy!

Hence then, hence, and let's delight us
 With the maids whose creams invite us,
 Kissing them, like proper fairies,
 All amidst their fruits and dairies.]

* * * * *

*Jocastus with a morrice, himselfe Maid Marrian, Bromius
 the clowne.*

Dor. See, Mopsus, see, here comes your fairy brother ;
 Hark you, for one good turne deserves another.

[*Exeunt Dor. Mop.*

Jocast. I did not think there had been such delight in any mortall morrice. They doe caper, like quarter fairies at the least. By my knighthood, and by this sweet mellisonant tingle-tangle, the ensigne or my glory, you shall be of Oberons Revels.

Bro. What to doe I pray? to dance away our apples?

Joc. Surely, mortall, thou art not fit for any office there.

Enter Dorylas lik the King of Fairies. Mopsus.

Jo. See, blind mortall, see with what a port, what grace, what majesty this princely Oberon comes. Your grace is welcome.

Do. A beauteous lady, bright and rare ;
 Queen Mab herselfe is not so faire.

Jo. Does your grace take me for a woman then ?

Do. Yes, beauteous Virgin, thy each part
 Has shot an arrow through my heart !
 Thy blazing eye, thy lip so thin,
 Thy azure cheek and christall chin,
 Thy rainbow brow, with many a rose,
 Thy saphyre cares, and rubie nose,
 All wound my soule ! O gentle be,
 Or, lady, you will ruin me !

Jo. Bromius, what shall I doe? I am no woman! If gelding of me will preserve your grace, with all my heart.

Bro. No, master, let him rather steale away all your orchard apples.

Jo. I, and shall! Beauteous Queen Mab may lose her longing else.

Do. How's this? are you no woman then?
Can such bright beauty live with men?

Jo. An't please your grace, I am your knight Jocastus.

Do. Indeed, I thought no man but he
Could of such perfect beauty be.

Jo. Cannot your Grace distill me to a woman.

Do. I have an hearb they moly call,
Can change thy shape, my sweet, and shall.
To taste this moly but agree,
And thou shalt perfect woman be.

Jo. With all my heart, ne're let me move
But I am up to the eares in love.
But what if I doe marry thee?

Do. My Queen Jocasta thou shalt be.

Jo. Sweet Moly! pray let Bromius have some Moly too,
Hee'l make a very pretty waiting maid.

Brom. No, indeed, forsooth, you have ladies enough already.

Do. Halfe your estate then give to me,
Else, you being gon, there none will be
Whose orchard I dare here frequent.

Jo. Sweet Oberon, I am content.

Do. The other halfe let Mopsus take.

Jo. And Thestylis a joynture make.

Bro. Why, master, are you mad?

Jo. Your mistress, sirrah.
Our Grace has said it, and it shall be so.

Bro. What, will you give away all your estate?

Jo. We have enough beside in Fairy Land. You, Thestylis,
shall be our maid of honour.

Thes. I humbly thank your Grace.

Jo. Come, princely Oberon, I long to tast this Moly. Pray bestow the Knighthood of the Mellisonant Tingle Tangle upon our brother Mopsus ; we will raise all of our house to honours.

Mop. Gracious sister !

Jo. I alwayes thought I was borne to be a qucene.

Do. Come let us walke, majestique queene,
Of fairy mortalls to be seen.

In chaires of pearle thou plac't shalt be,

And empresses shall envie thee,

When they behold upon our throne

Jocasta with her Dorylas.

All. Ha, ha, ha !

Jo. Am I decciv'd and cheated, guld and foold ?

Mop. Alas, sir, you were borne to be a qucene.

Jo. My lands, my livings, and my orchard gone ?

Dor. Your grace hath said it, and it must be so.

Bro. You have enough beside in Fairy-land.

Thes. What, would your Grace command your maid of honour ?

Dor. Well I restore your lands : only the orchard I will reserve for feare queen Mab should long.

Mop. Part I'll restore unto my liberall sister in liew of my great knighthood.

Thes. Part give I.

Jo. I am beholding to your liberality.

Bro. I'll something give as well as doe the rest ;
Take my fooles coat, for you deserve it best.

Jo. I shall grow wiser.

Dor. Oberon will be glad on't.

Thes. I must goe call Urania that she may come vow virginity.

XXI. HERRICK'S FAIRY POETRY.

From the "Hesperides, or the Works both humane and divine of Robert Herrick," 8vo. Lond. 1648. Several of these pieces are very common in contemporary manuscripts, and are also inserted in a few printed collections.

Oberon's Feast.

A little mushroome table spred,
 After short prayers they set on bread,
 A moon-pareht grain of purest wheat,
 With some small glit'ring gritt, to eate
 His choyce bitts with ; then in a trice
 They make a feast lesse great then nice,
 But all this while his eye is serv'd,
 We must not thinke his care was sterv'd ;
 But that there was in place to stir
 His spleen, the chirring grashopper,
 The merry cricket, puling fle,
 The piping guat for minstraley.¹
 And now, we must imagine first,
 The elves present to quench his thirst,
 A pure seed-pearle of infant dew,
 Brought and besweetned in a blew
 And pregnant violet ; which done,
 His kitling eyes begin to runne
 Quite through the table, where he spies
 The hornes of paperie butterflies,

¹ The following two lines are here inserted in a copy in Poole's Parnassus, which contains many variations, generally for the worse :—

"The humming dor, the dying swan,
 And each a chief musician."

Of which he eates ; and tastes a little
 Of that we call the cuckoes spittle ;
 A little fuz-ball pudding stands
 By, yet not blessed by his hands,
 That was too coorse ; but then forthwith
 He ventures boldly on the pith
 Of sugred rush, and eates the sagge
 And well bestrutted bees sweet bagge ;
 Gladding his pallat with some store
 Of emits eggs ; what wo'd he more ?
 But beards of mice, a newt's stew'd thigh,
 A bloated carewig, and a flie ;
 With the red-capt worrne, that's shut
 Within the concave of a nut,
 Browne as his tooth. A little moth,
 Late fatned in a piece of cloth ;
 With withered cherries, mandrakes eares,
 Moles eyes ; to these the slain stag's teares ;
 The unctuous dewlaps of a snaile,
 The broke-heart of a nightingale
 Ore-come in musicke ; with a wine
 Ne're ravisht from the flattering vine,
 But gently prest from the soft side
 Of the most sweet and dainty bride,
 Brought in a dainty daizie, which
 He fully quaffs up to bewitch
 His blood to height ; this done, commend
 Grace by his priest ; the feast is ended !

Oberon's Palace.

Full as a bee with thyme, and red
 As cherry harvest, now high fed
 For lust and action ; on he'l go
 To lye with Mab, though all say no.

Lust has no cares ; he's sharpe as thorn,
And fretfull, carries hay in's horne,
And lightning in his eyes ; and flings
Among the elves, if mov'd, the stings
Of peltish wasps ; we'l know his guard ;
Kings, though th'are hated, will be fear'd.
Wine lead[s] him on. Thus to a grove,
Sometimes devoted unto love,
Tinseld with twilight, he and they
Lead by the shine of snails, a way
Beat with their num'rous feet, which by
Many a neat perplexity,
Many a turn and man' a crosse-
Track, they redeem a bank of mosse
Spungie and swelling, and farre more
Soft then the finest Lemster ore ;
Mildly disparkling, like those fiers
Which break from the injeweld tyres
Of curious brides ; or like those mites
Of candi'd dew in moony nights.
Upon this convex, all the flowers
Nature begets by th'sun and showers,
Are to a wilde digestion brought,
As if loves sampler here was wrought,
Or Citherca's ceston, which
All with temptation doth bewitch.
Sweet aires move here, and more divine
Made by the breath of great ey'd kine,
Who, as they lowe, empearl with milk
The foure-leav'd grasse, or mosse-like silk.
The breath of munkies, met to mix
With musk-flies, are th'aromaticks
Which cense this arch ; and here and there,
And farther off, and every where

Throughout that brave Mosaick yard,
Those picks or diamonds in the card ;
With peeps of harts, of club and spade,
As here most neatly interlaid.
Many a counter, many a die,
Half-rotten, and without an eye,
Lies here abouts ; and for to pave
The excellency of this cave,
Squirrils and childrens teeth late shed,
Are neatly here enchequered,
With brownest toadstones, and the gum
That shines upon the blower plum.
The nails faln off by whit-flawes ; Art's
Wise hand enchasing here those warts,
Which we to others (from our selves)
Sell, and brought hither by the elves.
The tempting mole, stoln from the neck
Of the shie virgin, seems to deck
The holy entrance ; where within
The roome is hung with the blew skin
Of shifted snake ; enfrez'd throughout
With eyes of peacock's trains, and trout-
Flies curious wings ; and these among
Those silver-pence, that cut the tongue
Of the red infant, neatly hung.
The glow-wormes eyes, the shining scales
Of silv'rie fish, wheat-strawes, the snailes
Soft candle-light, the kitling's eyuc,
Corrupted wood, serve here for shine.
No glaring light of bold-fac't day,
Or other over radiant ray,
Ransacks this roome ! but what weak beams
Can make reflected from these jems,
And multiply ; such is the light,
But ever doubtfull, day or night.

By this quaint taper-light, he winds
His errours up ; and now he finds
His moon-tann'd Mab, as somewhat sick,
And, love knowes, tender as a chick,
Upon six plump dandillions, high
Rear'd, lyes her elvish majestie,
Whose woollie-bubbles seem'd to drowne
Hir Mab-ship in obedient downe ;
For either sheet was spread the caule
That doth the infant's face enthrall,
When it is born, by some enstyl'd
The luckie omen of the child ;
And next to these, two blankets ore-
Cast of the finest gossamore ;
And then a rug of carded wooll,
Which, sponge-like, drinking in the dull
Light of the moon, seem'd to comply,
Cloud-like, the daintie deitie.
Thus soft she lies ; and over-head
A spinner's circle is bespread
With cob-web curtains ; from the roof
So neatly sunck, as that no proof
Of any tackling can declare
What gives it hanging in the aire.
The fringe about this, are those threds
Broke at the losse of maiden-heads ;
And all behung with these pure pearls,
Dropt from the eyes of ravisht girles,
Or writhing brides, when, panting, they
Give unto love the straiter way.
For musick now, he has the cries
Of fained lost virginities ;
The which the elves make to excite
A more unconquer'd appetite.

The king's undrest ; and now upon
The gnat's watch-word the elves are gone.
And now the bed, and Mab possest
Of this great little kingly guest ;
We'll nobly think, what's to be done
He'll do no doubt: this flax is spun.

The Fairie Temple.

A way enchac't with glasse and beads
There is, that to the chappel leads ;
Whose structure, for his holy rest,
Is here the halcion's curious nest ;
Into the which who looks, shall see
His temple of idolatry ;
Where he of god-heads has such store,
As Rome's Pantheon had not more.
His house of Rimmon this he calls,
Girt with small bones, instead of walls.
First, in a neech, more black then jet,
His idol-cricket there is set ;
Then in a polisht ovall by,
There stands his idol beetle flie ;
Next, in an arch, akin to this,
His idol canker seated is ;
Then in a round, is plac't by these
His golden god, Cantharides.
So that where ere ye look, ye see
No capitoll, no cornish free,
Or freeze, from this fine fripperie.
Now, this the fairies wo'd have known,
Their's is a mixt religion :
And some have heard the elves it call
Part pagan, part papisticall.

If unto me all tongues were granted,
 I co'd not speak the saint's here painted.
 Saint Tit, Saint Nit, Saint Is, Saint Itis,
 Who 'gainst Mab's state plac't here right is.
 Saint Will o'th' Wispe, of no great bignes,
 But alias call'd here *fatuus ignis*.
 Saint Fripp, Saint Trip, Saint Fill, S. Fillie,
 Neither those other saint-ships will I
 Here goe about for to recite
 Their number, almost infinite ;
 Which, one by one, here set downe are
 In this most curious calendar.
 First, at the entrance of the gate,
 A little puppet-priest doth wait,
 Who squeaks to all the commers there,
 " Favour your tongues, who enter here.
 Pure hands bring hither, without staine."
 A second pules, " Hence, hence, profane."
 Hard by, i'th'shell of halfe a nut,
 The holy-water there is put ;
 A little brush of squirrils haire,
 Compos'd of odde, not even paires,
 Stands in the platter, or close by,
 To purge the fairie family.
 Neere to the altar stands the priest,
 There off'ring up the holy-grist ;
 Ducking in mood and perfect tense,
 With (much-good-do't-him) reverence.
 The altar is not here foure-square,
 Nor in a forme triangular ;
 Nor made of glasse, or wood, or stone,
 But of a little transveree bone,
 Which boyes and bruckel'd children call
 (Playing for points and pins) cockall.

Whose linnen-drapery is a thin,
Subtile, and ductile codlin's skin ;
Which o're the board is smoothly spred
With little seale-work damasked.
The fringe that circumbinds it, too,
Is spangle-work of trembling dew,
Which, gently gleaming, makes a show,
Like frost-work glitt'ring on the snow ;
Upon this fetuous board doth stand
Something for shew-bread, and at hand
(Just in the middle of the altar)
Upon an end, the fairie-psalter,
Grac't with the trout-flies curious wings,
Which serve for watched ribbanings.
Now, we must know, the elves are led
Right by the rubrick, which they read :
And if report of them be true,
They have their text for what they doo,
I, and their book of canons too.
And, as Sir Thomas Parson tells,
They have their book of articles ;
And if that fairie knight not lies,
They have their book of homilies ;
And other scriptures, that designe
A short, but righteous discipline.
The bason stands the board upon
To take the free oblation :
A little pin-dust, which they hold
More precious then we prize our gold ;
Which charity they give to many
Poore of the parish, if there's any.
Upon the ends of these neat railles,
Hatcht with the silver-light of snails,
The elves, in formall manner, fix
Two pure and holy candlesticks,

In either which a small tall bent
Burns for the altar's ornament.
For sanctity, they have to these
Their curious copes and surplices
Of cleanest cob-web, hanging by
In their religious vesterie.
They have their ash-pans and their brooms
To purge the chappel and the rooms ;
Their many mumbling masse-priests here,
And many a dapper chorister.
Their ush'ring vergers here likewise ;
Their canons and their chaunteries ;
Of cloyster-monks they have enow,
I, and their abby-lubbers too.
And if their legend doe not lye,
They much affect the papacie ;
And since the last is dead, there's hope
Elve Boniface shall next be pope.
They have their cups and chalices,
Their pardons and indulgences,
Their beads of nits, bells, books, and wax
Candles, forsooth, and other knacks ;
Their holy oyle, their fasting spittle,
Their sacred salt here, not a little.
Dry chips, old shooes, rags, grease, and bones,
Beside their fumigations,
To drive the devill from the cod-picco
Of the fryar, of work an odd-picce.
Many a trifle, too, and trinket,
And for what use, scarce man wo'd think it.
Next then, upon the chanter's side
An apples-core is hung up dry'd,
With ratling kirnils, which is rung
To call to morn and even-song,

The saint, to which the most he prayes.
And offers incense nights and dayes,
The lady of the lobster is,
Whose foot-pace he doth stroak and kisse,
And humbly chives of saffron brings,
For his most cheerfull offerings.
When after these h'as paid his vows,
He lowly to the altar bows ;
And then he dons the silk-worms shed,
Like a Turks turbant on his head,
And reverently departeth thence,
Hid in a cloud of frankincense ;
And by the glow-worms light wel guided.
Goes to the feast that's now provided.

The Beggar to Mab, the Fairie Queen.

Please your grace, from out your store
Give an almes to one that's poore,
That your mickle may have more.
Black I'm grown for want of meat,
Give me then an ant to eate,
Or the cleft eare of a mouse
Over-sowr'd in drinke of souce ;
Or, sweet lady, reach to me
The abdomen of a bee ;
Or commend a cricket's hip,
Or his huckson, to my scrip,
Give for bread a little bit
Of a pease that 'gins to chit,
And my full thanks take for it.
Floure of fuz-balls, that's too good
For a man in needy-hood ;
But the meal of mill-dust can
Well content a craving man ;

Any orts the elves refuse
Well will serve the beggar's use.
But if this may seem too much
For an almes, then give me such
Little bits that nestle there
In the pris'ner's panier.
So a blessing light upon
You and mighty Oberon ;
That your plenty last till when
I return your almcs agen.

The night-piece, to Julia.

Her eyes the glow-worme lend thee,
The shooting-starres attend thee ;
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow,
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No Will-o'th'-Wiske mis-light thee,
Nor snake or slow-worme bite thee ;
But on, on thy way,
Not making a stay,
Since ghost ther's none to affright thee.

The Fairies.

If ye will with Mab find grace,
Set each platter in his place :
Rake the fier up, and get
Water in, ere sun be set.
Wash your pailcs, and clense your dairies,
Sluts are loathsome to the fairies !
Sweep your house ; Who doth not so,
Mab will pinch her by the toe.

XXII. THE HOLLY-BUSH.

From "Men-Miracles with other Poemes," 12mo. Lond. 1646, where it is entitled the "Song at the Holly-Bush Guard." The chorus is here omitted. It is also found in some editions of the "Academy of Complements."

Clare the eyes of the watch,
 Lazy sleepe we dispatch
 From hence as farre as Dedford ;
 For the flocke-bed and feather
 We expose to the weather,
 And hang all sheetes in the bed-cord.

The goblins and the jigge
 We regard not a figge ;
 Our phansies they cannot vary :
 We nere pity girles that doe
 Finde no treasure in their shooe,
 But are nipt by the tyrannous fairy.

List ! the noise of the chaires
 Wakes the wench to her pray'rs,
 Queene Mab comes worse then a witch in.
 Backe and sides she entailes
 To the print of her nailes,
 Shee'le teach her to snort in the kitchen.

Some the night-mare hath prest,
 With that weight on their breast,
 No returnes of their breath can passe ;
 But to us the tale is adde,
 We can take off her saddle,
 And turne out the night-mare to grasse.

Now no more will we harke
 To the charmes of the larke,
 Or the tunes of the early thrush ;
 All the woods shall retire,
 And submit to the quire
 Of the birds in the holly-bush.

While the country lasse
 With her dairy doth passe,
 Our joyes no tongue can utter ;
 For we centinells stand,
 And exact by command
 The excise of her lips and butter.

XXIII. KING OBERON'S APPAREL.

A poem by Sir Simon Steward, from the "*Musarum Deliciae, or the Muses Recreation*," 12mo. Lond. 1656. Other copies of it are in MS. Ashmole 38, f. 99, MS. Rawl. Poet. 147, and MS. Malone 17. A great part of it, with some variations, is inserted in Poole's "*English Parnassus*."

When the monthly horned Queen
 Grew jealous, that the stars had seen
 Her rising from Eudimions armes,
 In rage, she throws her misty charmes
 Into the bosome of the night,
 To dim their curious prying light.
 Then did the dwarfish faery elves
 (Having first attir'd themselves)
 Prepare to dresse their Oberon king
 In highest robes for revelling.

In a cobweb shirt, more thin
Then ever spider since could spin,
Bleach'd by the whitenesse of the snow,
As the stormy windes did blow
It in the vast and freezing aire ;
No shirt halfe so fine, so faire.

A rich wastcoat they did bring,
Made of the trout-flies gilded wing ;
At that his elveship 'gan to fret,
Swearing it would make him sweat,
Even with its weight, and needs would wear
His wastcoat wove of downy haire,
New shaven from an eunuch's chin ;
That pleas'd him well, 'twas wondrous thin.

The outside of his doublet was
Made of the four-leav'd true-love grasse,
On which was set so fine a glosse,
By the oyle of crispy mosse ;
That through a mist, and starry light,
It made a rainbow every night.
On every seam, there was a lace
Drawn by the unctuous snailes slow trace ;
To it, the purest silver thread
Compar'd, did look like dull pale lead.

Each button was a sparkling eye
Ta'ne from the speckled adders frye,
Which in a gloomy night, and dark,
Twinckled like a fiery spark :
And, for coolness, next his skin,
'Twas with white poppy lin'd within.

His breeches of that fleece were wrought,
Which from Colchos Jason brought ;
Spun into so fine a yarne,
That mortals might it not discernue ;

Wove by Arachne, in her loom,
Just before she had her doom ;
Dy'd crimson with a maiden's blush,
And lyn'd with dandelyon push.

A rich mantle he did wear
Made of tinsel gossamere,
Be-starred over with a few
Dyamond drops of morning dew.

His cap was all of ladies love,
So passing light that it did move,
If any humming gnat or fly
But buzz'd the ayre, in passing by ;
About it was a wreath of pearle,
Drop'd from the eyes of some poor girle
Pinch'd because she had forgot
To leave faire water in the pot.
And for feather, he did weare
Old Nisus fatall purple hairo.

The sword they girded on his thigh
Was smallest blade of finest rye.

A paire of buskins they did bring
Of the cow-ladyes corall wing ;
Powder'd o're with spots of jet,
And lin'd with purple-violet.

His belt was made of mirtle leaves,
Plaited in small curious threaves,
Beset with amber cowslip studds,
And fring'd about with daizy budds ;
In which his bugle horne was hung,
Made of the babbling ceecho's tongue ;
Which set unto his moon-burn'd lip,
He winces and then his faeries skip ;
At that, the lazy dawn 'gan sound,
And each did trip a faery round.

XXIV. A FAIRY GUIDE.

A Description of the King and Queene of Fayries, their Habit, Fare, their Abode, Pompe, and State. Beeing very delightfull to the sense, and full of mirth. London: printed for Richard Harper, and are to be sold at his shop at the Hospitall Gate, 1635. sm. 12mo.

This curious little volume, consisting of eleven leaves only, which is plentifully embellished with rude woodcuts, commences with the following address “to the reader:”—

“Courteous Reader,—I present thee here with the description of the king of the Fayries, of his attendants, apparel, gesture, and victuals, which, though comprehended in the brevity of so short a volume, yet as the proverbe truly averres, it hath as mellifluous and pleasing discourse, as that whose amplitude containes the fulnesse of a bigger composition: yet not so much presuming on the contentment that it will bring to thee, as partly relying upon thy connivence at the faults therein contained, which beeing innocent and harmelesse, can give no great disturbance to thy patience, but please thy palate with varietie of mirth, and not doubting but my labour will bee remunerable with your good approbation, I shall thinke my paines well taken, and myselfe really satisfied with your contentment, emboldning me to subscribe myselfe,

“Yours hereafter, if now approved on,

“R. S.”

Immediately following this is an extract from Seward's poem on Fairies, under the title of “A Description of the King of Fayries clothes, brought to him on New-year's day, in the morning, 1626, by his Queene's chambermaids.” We

have then a poetical address from the compiler, who has thought proper to leave out the names of his authorities :—

Deepe skild geographers, whose art and skill
Do traverse all the world, and with their quill
Declare the strangenes of each severall clime,
The nature, scituation, and the time
Of being inhabited ; yet all their art
And deepe-informed skill could not impart
In what set climate of this orbe or ile,
The king of Fayries kept, whose honor'd stile
Is here inclos'd, with the sincere description
Of his abode, his nature, and the region
In which he rules : reade, and thou shalt find
Delightfull mirth, fit to content thy mind.
May the contents thereof thy palate sute,
With its mellifluous and pleasing fruit :
For nought can more be sweetn'd to my mind,
Than that this pamphlet thy contentment find ;
Which, if it shall, my labour is suffie'd,
In being by your liking highly priz'd.

The remainder of the tract is occupied with extracts from Herrick, the beautiful little ballad of "Robin Goodfellow," printed by Percy, and the poem on Melancholy, prefixed to the early editions of Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy." From this last-mentioned poem Milton is supposed to have derived the hint of "Il Penseroso."

XXV. QUEEN MAB'S INVITATION.

Percy having inserted this song in his "Reliques," it is well-known to most readers. Several copies of it are found in

the poetical collections of the seventeenth century. One, hitherto unnoticed, is in MS. Ashmole 37, and another in a MS. in the Rawlinson collection. It was sung to the tune of the "Spanish Gipsy." See Thorpe's Catalogue of Manuscripts for 1831, p. 114.

Come follow, follow me,
Ye fairy elves that be
Light tripping o'er the green,
Come follow Mab, your queen :
Hand in hand we'll dance around,
For this place is fairy-ground.

When mortals are at rest,
And snoring in their nest,
Unheard and unespied,
Through key-holes we do glide ;
Over tables, stools, and shelves,
We trip it with our fairy elves.

And if the house be foul,
Or platter, dish, or bowl,
Up stairs we nimbly creep,
And find the sluts asleep ;
Then we pinch their arms and thighs ;
None us hears, and none us spies.

But if the house be swept,
And from uncleanness kept,
We praise the household maid,
And duly she is paid :
Every night before we go,
We drop a tester in her shoe.

Upon a mushrooms head
Our table-cloth we spread ;

A grain of rye or wheat
 Is the diet that we eat ;
 Pearly drops of dew we drink,
 In acorn cups fill'd to the brink.¹

The grasshopper, gnat, and fly,
 Serve for our minstrelsy ;
 Grace said, we dance awhile,
 And so the time beguile :
 And when the moon doth hide her head,
 The glow-worm lights us home to bed.

O'er tops of dewy grass
 So nimbly we do pass,
 The young and tender stalk
 Ne'er bends as we do walk ;
 Yet in the morning may be seen
 Where we the night before have been.

XXVI. HEYWOOD'S HIERARCHIE.

[From Heywood's "Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels," fol. Lond. 1635, p. 574.]

Of Faustus and Agrippa it is told,
 That in their travels they bare seeming gold

¹ In some copies is inserted the following stanza : --

"The tongues of nightingales,
 The unctuous fat of snails,
 Between two muscles stew'd,
 Is meat that's easily chew'd :
 The brains of wrens, the beards of mice
 Do make a feast of wondrous price!"

Which would abide the touch ; and by the way,
In all their hostries they would freely pay.
But parted thence, mine host thinking to find
Those glorious pieces they had left behind
Safe in his bag, sees nothing save together
Round scutes of horn and pieces of old leather.
Of such I could cite many, but I'll hie
From them, to those we call *Lucifugi*.

These in obscurest vaults themselves invest,
And above all things light and day detest.
In John Milesius any man may read
Of devils in Sarmatia honored,
Call'd *Kottri*, or *Kibaldi* ; such as we
Pugs and hob-goblins call. Their dwellings be
In corners of old houses least frequented,
Or beneath stacks of wood : and these convented,
Make fearful noise in butteries and in dairies ;
Robin Good-fellowes some, some call them fairies.
In solitary rooms these uproars keep
And beat at doors to wake men from their sleep.
Seeming to force locks, be they ne're so strong,
And keeping Christmas gambols all night long.
Pots, glasses, trenchers, dishes, pans and kettles
They will make dance about the shelves and settles,
As if about the kitchen tost and cast,
Yet in the morning nothing found misplas't.
Others such houses to their use have fitted
In which base murders have been once committed :
Some have their fearful habitations taken
In desolate houses, ruin'd and forsaken.

XXVII. THE MIDNIGHT'S WATCH.

The following curious tract, which is reprinted from a copy preserved in the British Museum, is of a political nature, but, at the same time, affords some illustration of the popular character of Robin Goodfellow, and is in many respects curious and interesting. The tract itself is printed on four leaves, in very small quarto.

The Midnight's Watch, or Robin Goodfellow his serious observation; Wherein is discovered the true state and strength of the kingdome as at this day it stands, without either Faction or Affaction. London, printed for George Lindsey, 1643.

The harmlesse spirit and the merry, commonly knowne to the world by the name of Robin Goodfellow, having told his fairy mistresse of fleering upon strangers elves, and the tickling of her nose with her petulant finger, and receaving but frownes for his favours and checks for his counsailes, he grew weary of her service, and being as light of love as he was of care he resolved to visit her no more. The troubles and commotions in the upper world had wrought his thoughts another way, and in a serious humour one night he resolved to goe abroad, to observe the new courses and alterations of the world.

The first place he came at was Windsor, where he found a good part of the army newly come from Redding, he heard them talke as confident of victory as if they had killed the Cavaliers already, he much admired the understanding and resolution of their Generall, and daring not to stay there any longer for feare he should be taken for a malignant and be whipt, he made a swift dispatch for Oxford; yet not farre from Windsor he met at the townes end many sentinells and incountered some Courts of Guard, though they were men of

warre he heard them much to desire peace, and freezing in the cold, Robin could not chuse but laugh, to hear them comfort one another by boasting in what hot service they had been.

When he came to Oxford, the first place he ventured into was St. Maries Church, where indeed he found a convocation of many reverend heads, some whereof had lately departed from London for their consciences sako, and esteemed the freedome of their minds of a greater consequence then their revenues: they much lamented the iniquity of the times, and wisht indeed (if they could be found) that abler and more learned men might supply their deserted places. Robbin wondred at the gravity of the men, who with great wisdom and moderation were discoursing amongst themselves from whence the first cause of these distempers did arise, and some imputing it to this, and some to that, Robin departing from them three times, sneezed out aloud, *Bishop, Bishop, Bishop.*

From thence he come to Christchurch where he found a pack of cunning heads assembled together; these were men of another temper, and indeed they were the ottachousticons of the Kings, who whispered into his sacred eares all the ill counsells that they had contrived, Those were they that possessed him with impossible things, and induced him to believe them. They would tell him of great battels which were never fought, wherein he had the victory, and some conquests were told him to be atchieved by the Parliament wherein he received no losse at all. A band or two of men have passed for a whole army, and a liter on the Thames for a whole fleet at sea. Robbin much wondred that they being so neare unto him the influence of so sacred a Majesty could work no better impression in their soules; and drawing neare unto the bed chamber he found his Majesty though in these distracted times yet full of native constancy, and tranquillity of mind, and secured better by his innocence then his guard. With much joy and renowne he departed thence, and observing as he went

(for it was past midnight) many a loose wench in the armes of many of the Cavaliers, he gave every wench as he passed by a blue and secret nip on the arm without awakening her. He heard among the sentinells, as he was departing from Oxford, of a great victory obtained by one Sir Ralph Hopton against a part of the Parliaments forces, wherein the earle of Stanfords regiments were said to be quite routed, many of his souldiers slaine, many taken prisoners and great store of armes, and amnition with them, amongst which a great brasse piece, on which the Crown and the Rose were stamp't, was most remarkable. Robbin had a great desire to go thither himself, and to justify the truth of so absolute a victory. He had not gone as far as Ensham, but he espied the nine muses in a vinteners porch crouching close together, and defending themselves as well as they could from the cold visitation of the winters night. They were extreame poore, and (which is most strange) in so short an absence and distance from Oxford they were grown extreameuly ignorant, for they took him for their Apollo, and craved his power and protection to support them. Robbin told them they were much mistaken in him, for though he was not mortal he was but of middle birth no more than they, they being the daughters of Memorie, and he the son of Mirth, but he bade them take comfort for that now in Oxford there was sure news of peace and a speedy hope of their return to their discontinued habitations: at this they seemed with much joy to rouse up themselves, and did assure him that if what he reported did prove true, they would sing his praises throughout all generations. The elf, proud of such a favour, in the name of Oberon did thank them, and did conjure them to perform it, and in the twinkling of an eye he conveyed himself to Salt-ash in Cornwall, where Sir R. Hopton's forces were quartered. Ho found the defeat given to the earl of Stanford nothing so great as fame in Oxford confirmed it to be. Collonell Ruthens regiment indeed was sorely shaken, and some of his men slain, and many taken

prisoners. With a curious eye he observed what arms and ammunition were taken, and above all he had a labouring desire to see the brasse piece with the Crowne and the Rose on it, which so much dignified his conquest: he searched up and down the army, and in and about the magazine, but he could not find it. At length despairing of what he looked for, the venterous elf came into Sir Ralphs chamber, and finding him asleepe, and safe as wine and innocence, he dived into his pocket, and the first thing he took out, hee found to beare the impression of the Rose and Crowne, and it was a brave piece indeed, for it was a farthing token which was all peradventure that was in it. Robbin ashamed to see himself so deluded could not at the first but smile at the conceit, and putting it into its magazine repenting himself of his journey, he did swaere that he would never trust fame, nor pamphlet more, though printed in a thousand universities.

From thence with much indignation, and more speed he flung away, and in a moment placed himselfe at Bristoll, where he found the face of things just like the aire of an April morning, it smiled and it rained both at once, some were greedy of peace, and some againe were as eager of war; here some stood for the King, there others for the Parliament, the greater number was for the one side, but the better for the other. The husband was divided against the wife, the sister against the brother, and the son lifting forbidden hands against the father. Robin beholding so strange a division amongst people so neer in blood, wished himselfe againe in Fairy Land; for, said he, we have no such dinne, no such tumults, nor unnaturall quarrels, but all silence and oblivion and a perpetuall peace. And quickly abandoning the place, he in an instant came into Glocestershire, to a towne called Tedbury, where the more to increase his misery he met with the spirit of faction and distempered zeale. This was the spirit that was accustomed to make a great hubbub in the churches, to teare off the surplice from the ministers shoulders, and when the

children were to be signed with the signe of the Crosse (like a divell dispossessed) to teare himself for fury, and with great noyse and foaming to runne out of the Temple. This spirit would faine have persuaded Robin to turne Roundhead, and told him that they were the best sort of Christians : I, replied Robin, that is even as true as God is in Glocestershire. As he was proceeding in his discourse, he was interceped by a great noyse and tumult of people, who cried out flye, flye, flye. Amazed at the suddenesse of the cry, and the multitudes of the people that came thronging by ; he looked about him to understand what the businesse was, he found it a company of people, whom flying from Cirencester, the ignorant fury of the sword had spared. Prince Rupert had newly entred the towne, and having thrice summoned it, and they refusing to yeeld it into his hands, he seized on it by violence, and on his first entrance he burned a great part of the towne, the shot from the windowes by the muskets of the towne did wonderfully among his men, and he found no better meanes to prevent that mischiefe but by setting fire on the houses, there was a great overthrow, and Colonell Carre, and Colonell Massey, two chiefe commanders for the Parliament, were either slaine, or desperately wounded. Robin found this Prince to be a gentleman of himselfe of a civill and serious disposition, a man few in words, and very little beholding to fame for the many strange reports he had delivered of him ; affrighted at the thunder of his armes, Robin dispatched himselfe from him with as much speed as the bullets flew from the mouth of his angry canons, and on the first summons of the cocke he came to Newarko, where either through feare of some new designe upon them, or through some great cold they had taken, he found every man of the earl of Newcastle's garrison souldiers to be sicke of a palsey : loath to continue amongst those crasic people, with an invitive dispatch hee came to Pontefract, where he found the earle of Newcastle, with the greatest part of his

armie gone towards Yorke, not so much through feare as it was suggested, but for complement rather, and to entertaine the Qucene of England, who was expected to be either at Newcastle or at Yorke. He found the army of the recusants though in many combats shaken and scattered, yet not to receive so great an overthrow as many tongues too credulously have voiced it.

Neither did he find in York masse to be said in every Church, it being crosse to the method of the close and subtile generation of the Papists to make a publick profession of their religion before they had fully perfected their intentions and by the strength of authority made both the ends of their designes to meet together. Howsoever it being discovered that the warre which was pretended for the maintaining of the King's prerogative, tended now indeed to the innovation of Religion, and to make the Papists appeare the King's best subjects. it hath turned many hearts and armed many hands against them. The newes of the Queens landing made Robbin so brisk, and so overcharged him with newes, that being as unable to contain it, as he was greedy to receive it, he could not take a full survey of Yorke, nor had the leisure to go unto Newcastle to discover what good service those foure ships have done to hinder any malignant vessells that come either from Holland or from Denmark, from landing at Newcastle; a mad vagary tooke him to come up to London, which the vagabond elfe performed with such a suddenesse that could he be discovered in his way, he would have proved rather the object of the memory then of the eye. The first place hee came into, it was a conventicle of the family of love, it was then much about two of the clock in the morning, and the candles being put out, they were going from one exercise unto another. Robbin presented himself before them all, and seemed lusty as the spirit of youth when it is newly awakened from the mornings sleep: the women were well contented to stay, but

the men cryed out a Satyre, a Satyre, a Satyre, and thrusting them before them all tumbling headlong, down the staires together, they left him laughing to himself alone.

XXVIII. THE FAIRIES FAREWELL.

From "Certain Elegant Poems, written by Dr. Corbet, Bishop of Norwich," 12mo. Lond. 1647, p. 47-9, entitled, "A proper new ballad, intituled the Fairies Farewel, or God a mercy, Will ! to be sung or whistled to the tune of the Meadow Brow by the learned, by the unlearned to the tune of Fortune."

Farewell rewards and fairies !
 Good housewives now may say ;
 For now foul sluts in dairies
 Do fare as well as they.
 And though they sweep their hearths no less
 Than maids were wont to do,
 Yet who of late for cleanliness
 Finds six-pence in her shoe ?

Lament, lament, old abbies,
 The fairies lost command ;
 They did but change priests babies,
 But some have chang'd your land :
 And all your children stol'n from thence
 Are now grown puritanes,
 Who live as changelings ever since,
 For love of your demaines.

At morning and at evening both
You merry were and glad,
So little care of sleep and sloth
These pretty ladies had ;
When Tom came home from labour.
Or Ciss to milking rose,
Then merrily went their tabour,
And nimbly went their toes.

Witness those rings and roundelays
Of theirs, which yet remain,
Were footed in queen Mary's days
On many a grassy plain ;
But since of late Elizabeth,
And later James came in,
They never danc'd on any heath
As when the time hath bin.

By which we note the fairies
Were of the old profession ;
Their songs were *Ave Marias*,
Their dances were proccession.
But now, alas ! they all are dead,
Or gone beyond the seas,
Or farther from religion fled,
Or else they take their ease.

A tell-tale in their company
They never could endure,
And whoso kept not secretly
Their mirth was punish'd sure :
It was a just and christian deed
To pinch such black and blue :
O, how the commonwealth doth need
Such justices as you !

Now they have left our quarters
 A register they have,
 Who can preserve their charters,
 A man both wise and grave ;
 A hundred of their merry pranks
 By one that I could name
 Are kept in store ; con twenty thanks
 To William for the same.

To William Churne of Staffordshire
 Give laud and praises due,
 Who every meal can mend your cheer
 With tales both old and true :
 To William all give audience,
 And pray you for his noddle,
 For all the fairies evidence
 Were lost, if it were addle.

XXIX. BOVET ON FAIRIES.

The following narratives are taken from a curious little volume by Richard Bovet, entitled, "Pandemonium, or the Devil's Cloyster, being a further blow to modern Sadduceism, proving the existence of witches and spirits," 12mo. London, 1684.

A remarkable passage of one named the Fairy-boy of Leith in Scotland, given me by my worthy friend Captain George Burton, and attested under his own hand.

About fifteen years since, having business that detained me for some time at Leith, which is near Edenborough in the kingdom of Scotland, I often met some of my acquaintance at

a certain house there, where we used to drink a glass of wine for our refection. The woman which kept the house was of honest reputation among the neighbours, which made me give the more attention to what she told me one day about a fairy-boy, as they called him, who lived about that town. She had given me so strange an account of him, that I desired her I might see him the first opportunity, which she promised ; and not long after, passing that way, she told me there was the fairy-boy. But a little before I came by, and casting her eye into the street, said, " Look you, sir, yonder he is at play with those other boys ;" and designing him to me, I went, and by smooth words and a piece of money got him to come into the house with me ; where, in the presence of divers people, I demanded of him several astrological questions, which he answered with great subtilty ; and through all his discourse carried it with a cunning much above his years, which seemed not to exceed ten or eleven.

He seemed to make a motion like drumming upon the table with his fingers, upon which I ask'd him whether he could beat a drum. To which he replied, " Yes, sir, as well as any man in Scotland, for every Thursday night I beat all points to a sort of people that use to meet under yonder hill," pointing to the great hill between Edenborough and Leith. " How, boy," quoth I, " what company have you there?" " There are, sir," said he, " a great company both of men and women, and they are entertained with many sorts of musick besides my drum ; they have, besides, plenty of variety of meats and wine, and many times we are carried into France or Holland in a night, and return again ; and whilst we are there, we enjoy all the pleasures the country doth afford." I demanded of him how they got under that hill. To which he replied that there were a great pair of gates that opened to them, though they were invisible to others, and that within there were brave large rooms as well accommodated as most in Scotland. I then asked him how I should know what he said to be true. Upon

which he told me he would read my fortune, saying I should have two wives, and that he saw the forms of them sitting on my shoulders, that both would be very handsome women. As he was thus speaking, a woman of the neighbourhood, coming into the room, demanded of him what her fortune should be? He told her that she had had two bastards before she was married; which put her in such a rage, that she desired not to hear the rest.

The woman of the house told me that all the people in Scotland could not keep him from the rendezvous on Thursday night; upon which, by promising him some more money, I got a promise of him to meet me at the same place in the afternoon the Thursday following, and so dismissed him at that time. The boy came again at the place and time appointed, and I had prevailed with some friends to continue with me, if possible, to prevent his moving that night. He was placed between us, and answered many questions without offering to go from us, until about eleven of the clock he was got away unperceived of the company, but I suddenly missing him, hastened to the door, and took hold of him, and so returned him into the same room. We all watched him, and on a sudden he was again got out of the doors; I follow'd him close, and he made a noise in the street as if he had been set upon; but from that time I could never see him.

GEORGE BURTON.

Advertisement. This gentleman is so well known to many worthy persons, merchants and others, upon the exchange in London, that there can be no need of my justifying for the integrity of the relation. I will only say thus much, that I have heard him very solemnly affirm the truth of what is here related; neither do I find any thing in it more than hath been reported by very unquestionable pens to the same purpose. What this manner of transvection was, which the boy spoke of, whether it were corporeal or in a dream only, I shall not

dispute, but I think there be some relations of this kind that prove it may be either way, and therefore that I leave to the reader to determine. But the Captain hath told me that at that time he had a virtuous and a handsome wife, who being dead, he thinks himself in election of another such. That too of the womans having had two children happened to be very true, though hardly any of the neighbours knew it in that place. His getting away in that manner was somewhat strange, considering how they had planted him, and that besides he had the temptation of wine and mony to have detained him, arguments very powerful with lads of his age and fortune.

A relation of the apparition of fairies, their seeming to keep a fair, and what happened to a certain man that endeavoured to put himself in amongst them.

Reading once the eighteenth of Mr. Glanvil's Relations, p. 203, concerning an Irishman that had like to have been carried away by spirits, and of the banquet they had spread before them in the fields &c., it called to mind a passage I had often heard of fairies or spirits, so called by the country people, which shewed themselves in great companies at divers times; at sometimes they would seem to dance, at other times to keep a great fair or market. I made it my business to inquire amongst the neighbours what credit might be given to that which was reported of them; and by many of the neighbouring inhabitants, I had this account confirmed.

The place near which they most ordinarily shewed themselves was on the side of a hill named Blackdown, between the parishes of Pittminster and Chestonford, not many miles from Tanton. Those that have had occasion to travel that way, have frequently seen them there, appearing like men and women of a stature generally near the smaller size of men; heir habits used to be of red, blow, or green, according to the old way of country garb, with high-crown'd hats. One time

about fifty years since, a person living at Comb St. Nicholas, a parish lying on one side of that hill, near Chard, was riding towards his home that way, and saw just before him, on the side of the hill, a great company of people, that seemed to him like country folks, assembled, as at a fair; there was all sorts of commodities to his appearance, as at our ordinary fairs, pewterers, shoe-makers, pedlars, with all kind of trinkets, fruit, and drinking booths; he could not remember any thing which he had usually seen at fairs, but what he saw there. It was once in his thought that it might be some fair for Chestonford, there being a considerable one at some time of the year; but then again he considered that was not the season for it. He was under very great surprize, and admired what the meaning of what he saw should be. At length it came into his mind what he had heard concerning the fairies on the side of that hill; and it being near the road he was to take, he resolved to ride in amongst them, and see what they were. Accordingly, he put on his horse that way, and though he saw them perfectly all along as he came, yet when he was upon the place where all this had appeared to him, he could discern nothing at all, only seemed to be crouded and thrust, as when one passes through a throng of people. All the rest became invisible to him, until he came at a little distance, and then it appeared to him again as at first. He found himself in pain, and so hasted home; where being arrived, a lameness seized him all on one side, which continued on him as long as he lived, which was many years; for he was living in Comb, and gave an account to any that inquired of this accident for more than twenty years afterward: and this relation I had from a person of known honour, who had it from the man himself.

There were some, whose names I have now forgot, but they then lived at a gentleman's house named Comb Farm, near the place before specified. Both the man, his wife, and divers of the neighbours assured me that they had at many times seen this fair-keeping in the summer time, as they came from

Tanton market ; but that they durst not adventure in amongst them, for that every one that had done so had received great damage by it.

Any person that is incredulous of what is here related, may, upon inquiry of the neighbour inhabitants, receive ample satisfaction, not only as to what is here related, but abundantly more, which I have heard solemnly confirmed by many of them.

XXX. PUCK'S PRANKS ON TWELFTH-DAY.

[From " *Mercurius Fumigosus, or the Smoking Nocturnall*," No. 32, Jan. 3-10, 1655.]

Last Twelfth Day, a mad merry company being mett together to chuse King and Queen, the Cake being no sooner cut, but Robbin Good-fellow came amongst them, and pulling one of them by the nose, he, imagining it had been his fellow that sate next him, gave him a good cuff on the ear, and so falling to boxes, a woman catching up a great pot of apples and ale, thinking to save it from spilling, the merry Puck, that could not be seen, giving her a good nipp by the buttocks, made her so madd, that she flung all her pott of lambs-wooll in the faces of the combatants, which so blinded them with the roasted apples that came in their eyes, that without fear or witt they laid about them like two mad men, striking any that came neer them ; in which scuffle, there was given two black-eyes, one crack'd crown, and a bloody nose.

XXXI. FAIRY TALES.

[From "A Pleasant Treatise of Witches," 12mo. Lond. 1673.]

Siarra hath left us this notable relation, that there lived, in his time, in Spain, a [no]table and beautiful virgin, but far more famous for her excellence at her needle, insomuch that happy did that courtier think himself, that could wear the smallest piece of her work, though at a price almost invaluable. It happen'd one day, as this admirable seamstress sate working in her garden, that, casting aside her eye on some fair flower or tree, she saw, as she thought, a little gentleman, yet one that shew'd great nobility by his clothing, come riding toward her from behind a bed of flowers; thus surprised how any body should come into her garden, but much more, at the stature of the person, who, as he was on horseback, exceeded not a foots length in height, she had reason to suspect that her eyes deceived her. But the gallant, spurring his horse up the garden, made it not long, though his horse was little, before he came to her: then greeting the lady in most decent manner, after some compliments passed, he acquaints her with the cause of his bold arrival; that, forasmuch as he was a prince amongst the fairies, and did intend to celebrate his marriage on such a day, he desired she would work points for him and his princess against the time he appointed. The lady consented to his demands, and he took his leave; but whether the multitude of business caused the lady to forget her promise, or the strangeness of the thing made her neglect the work, thinking her sight to have been deceived, I know not; yet so it fell out, that, when the appointed time came, the work was not ready. The hour, wherein she had promised the fairy-prince some fruits of her needle, happen'd to be one day as she was at dinner with many noble persons, having quite forgot her promise; when, on a sudden, casting her eye to the door.

she saw an infinite train of fairies come in : so that fixing her eyes on them, and rememb'ring how she [had] neglected her promise, she sate as one amazed, and astonished the whole company. But, at last, the train had mounted upon the table, and, as they were prancing on their horses round the brims of a large dish of white-broth, an officer that seemed too busy in making way before them, fell into the dish, which caused the lady to burst into a sudden fit of laughter, and thereby to recover her senses. When the whole fairy company was come upon the table, that the brims of every dish seemed fill'd with little horsemen, she saw the prince coming toward her, [who] hearing she had not done what she promised, seemed to go away displeased. The lady presently fell into a fit of melancholy, and, being asked by her friends the cause of these alterations and astonishments, related the whole matter ; but, notwithstanding all their consolations, pined away, and died not long after.

'Tis reported likewise of a country girl, being sent out daily by her mother to look to a sow that was then big with pigs, that the sow always strayed out of the girls sight, and yet always came safe home at night ; this the maid often observing, resolved to watch her more narrowly, and followed her one day closely, till they both came to a fair green valley, where was laid a large bason full of milk and white bread. The sow, having eaten her mess, returned home, and that night pigg'd eleven pigs. The good wife, rising early the next morning to look to her beast, found on the threshold of the sty ten half-crowns, and, entering in, saw but one pig ; judging by these things, that the fairies had fed her sow, and bought her pigs.

A certain woman having put out her child to nurse in the country, found, when she came to take it home, that its form was so much altered that she scarce knew it ; nevertheless,

not knowing what time might do, took it home for her own. But, when, after some years, it could neither speak nor go, the poor woman was feign to carry it, with much trouble, in her arms ; and, one day, a poor man coming to the door, God bless you, mistress, said he, and your poor child, be pleased to bestow something on a poor man. Ah ! this child, repli'd she, is the cause of all my sorrow ; and related what had happen'd ; adding, moreover, that she thought it was changed, and none of her child. The old man, whom years had render'd more prudent in such matters, told her that to find out the truth, she should make a clear fire, sweep the hearth very clean, and place the child fast in his chair, that he might not fall before it ; then break a dozen eggs, and place the four and twenty half-shells before it ; then go out and listen at the door, for if the child spoke, it was certainly a changeling ; and then she should carry it out, and leave it on the dunghill to cry, and not to pity it, till she heard its voice no more. The woman, having done all things according to these words, heard the child say, Seven years old was I, before I came to the nurse, and four years have I lived since, and never saw so many milk-pans before. So the woman took it up, and left it upon the dunghill to cry, and not to be pitied, till at last she thought the voice went up into the air ; and, coming out, found there in the stead her own natural and well-favoured child.

XXXII. FAIRY FRAGMENTS.

[From MS. Harl. 6482.]

(Of spirits called Hobgoblins, or Robin Goodfellows.)

These kinde of spirits are more familiar and domestical then the others, and for some causes to us unknown, abode in one place more then in another, so that some never almost depart

from some particular houses, as though they were their proper mansions, making in them sundry noises, rumours, mockeries, gawds and jests, without doing any harme at all; and some have heard them play at gitterns and Jews' harps, and ring bells and make answer to those that call them, and speake with certain signes, laughter and merry gestures, so that those of the house come at last to be so familiar and well acquainted with them that they fear them not at all. But in truth, if they had free power to put in execution their mallicious desire, we should finde these pranks of theirs not to be jests, but earnest indeed, tending to the destruction both of our body and soul, but their power is so restrained and tyed that they can passo no further then to jests and gawds, and if they do any harm at all, it is certainly very little, as by experience hath been founde.

[From MS. Rawl. Poet. 66.]

A farmer hired a grange commonly reported to be haunted with fairies, and paid a shrewd for it every half year. A gentleman asked him how he durst live in the house, and whether no spirits haunted him? Truth, quoth he, there be two saints in Heaven do vex me more than all the devills in hell, namely, the Virgin Mary and Michaell the Archangell; on whose daies he paid his rent.

[From a Welch MS., quoted by Ritson.]

One D. Harding, about twenty years ago, in Lanbistan parish, saw a circle upon the snow, and in it, as it were, the track of hundreds of children in little pump-shoes. It was near a way, said to be haunted, or where people were usually disturbed, in going to and coming from Knighton-market, or at other times at night.

XXXIII. THE WHITE POWDER.

This tale is related by Hotham, and from thence quoted in Webster's "Displaying of supposed Witchcraft," 1677, p. 301. It is here taken from Ritson.

There was a poor illiterate man in Germany, who, being apprehended for suspicion of witchcraft, and examined by a judge, told him, that one night, before day was gone, as he was going home from his labour, being very sad and full of heavy thoughts, not knowing how to get meat and drink for his wife and children, he met a fair woman, in fine clothes, who asked him why he was so sad, and he told her that it was by reason of his poverty, to which she said, that, if he would follow her counsel, she would help him to that which would serve to get him a good living; to which he said he would consent with all his heart, so it were not by unlawful ways: she told him that it should not be by any such ways, but by doing of good, and curing of sick people; and so, warning him strictly to meet her there the next night at the same time, she departed from him, and he went home. The next night, at the time appointed, he duly waited, and she (according to promise) came and told him it was well that he came so duly, otherwise he had missed of that benefit that she intended to do unto him, and so bade him follow her, and not be afraid. Thereupon she led him to a little hill, and came to a fair hall, wherein was a queen sitting in great state, and many people about her, and the gentlewoman that brought him presented him to the queen, and she said, he was welcome, and bid the gentlewoman give him some of the white powder, and teach him how to use it; which she did, and gave him a little wood-box full of the white powder, and bad him give two or three grains of it to any that were sick, and it would heal them, and so she brought him forth of the hill, and so they parted. Being asked by the judge,

whether the place within the hill, which he called a hall, were light or dark, he answered, "Indifferent, as it is with us in the twilight;" and, being asked how he got more powder, he said, when he wanted he went to that hill, and knocked three times, and said every time, I am coming, I am coming; whereupon it opened, and he, going in, was conducted by the afore-said woman to the queen, and so had more powder given him.

XXXIV. THE IRISH FAIRIES.

The following curious narrative is printed entire from a copy of the pamphlet in the British Museum. It is a very interesting document in the history of Fairy Mythology.

Strange and Wonderful News from the county of Wicklow in Ireland, or, a Full and True Relation of what happened to one Dr. Moore (late Schoolmaster in London). How he was taken invisibly from his Friends, what happened to him in his absence, and how and by what means he was found, and brought back to the same Place. (With Allowance) London, printed for T. K., 1678.

Dr. Moore having lately purchased an estate in the county of Wicklow, did (together with Mr. Richard Uniack, and one Mr. Laughlin Moore), about three weeks since, go down to view his concerns there: And being come to their Inn at a place called Dromgreagh near Baltinglass, where they intended to lodge that night, the Doctor began a discourse of several things that happened to him in his childhood near that place, and that it was about thirty-four years since he had been in that country: That he had been often told by his mother, and several others of his relations, of spirits which they call'd Fairies,

who used frequently to carry him away, and continue him with them for some time, without doing him the least prejudice : but his mother being very much frightened and concern'd thereat, did, as often as he was missing, send to a certain old woman, her neighbour in the country, who, by repeating some spells or exorcisms, would suddenly cause his return. Mr. Uniack used several arguments to dissuade the doctor from the belief of so idle and improbable a story ; but notwithstanding what was said to the contrary, the Doctor did positively affirm the truth thereof. And during the dispute, the Doctor on a sudden starting up, told them he must leave their company, for he was called away. Mr. Uniack perceiving him to be raised off from the ground, catches fast hold of his arm with one hand, and intwined his arm within the doctor's arm, and with his other hand grasped the Doctor's shoulder ; Laughlin Moore likewise held him on the other side : but the Doctor (maugre their strength) was lifted off the ground. Laughlin Moore's fear caused him presently to let go ; but Mr. Uniack continued his hold, and was carried above a yard from the ground, and then by some extraordinary unperceived force was compelled to quit. The Doctor was hurried immediately out of the room, but whether conveyed through the window, or out at the door, they, being so affrighted, none of them could declare.

The two gentlemen being greatly surprised at the strangeness of the accident, and troubled for the loss of their friend, call'd for the innkeeper, to whom they related what had befallen their companion. He seem'd not to be much terrified thereat, as if such disasters were common thereabouts ; but told them, that within a quarter of a mile there lived a woman, who by the neighbourhood was call'd a wise woman, and who did usually give intelligence of several things that had been lost, and of cattle that were gone astray, and he doubted not but if the woman were sent for, she could resolve them where their friend was, and by what means conveyed away. They forthwith sent a messenger for the woman, who being come, Mr. Uniack de-

manded if she could give them any account of a gentleman, one Dr. Moore, that had been spirited out of their company about an hour before. The woman told him she could, and that he was then in a wood about a mile distant, preparing to take horse; that in one hand he had a glass of wine, in the other a piece of bread; that he was very much courted to eat and drink, but if he did either, he should never be free from a consumption, and pine away to death. Mr. Uniack gave the woman a cobb, and desired her to use some means for preventing his eating and drinking. She answered, He should neither eat nor drink with them: and then struck down her hand, as if she were snatching at something. When she had thus done, she often repeated a spell or charm in Irish, the substance whereof was; First she runs his pedigree back four generations, and calls his ancestors by their several names: then summons him from the East, the West, the North, and the South, from troops and regiments, especially from the governour mounted on the sorrel horse, &c. And after having repeated the charm, she gave them an account of the several places the doctor should be carried unto that night.

At first, from the wood to a Danes Fort about seven miles distant, where there should be great revelling and dancing, together with a variety of meats and liquors, to the eating and drinking whereof he should be very much importuned, but promised she would prevent his doing either. And from that fort he was to be carried twenty miles farther, where there would likewise be great merriment, and then to the *Sreen Churches*; and towards daybreak should be returned safe to the company of his friends, without any damage or mischiefe whatsoever: and so took leave of Mr. Uniack and Mr. Moore.

About six o'clock the next morning, Dr. Moore knocked at the door, and being let in, desired meat and drink might be provided for him, for that he was both hungry and thirsty, having been hurried from place to place all that night: and after having refreshed himself, discours'd of the manner of his

being taken away ; that it seem'd to him there came into the room about twenty men, some mounted on horseback, others on foot, and laid hold on him : that he was sensible of Mr. Uniack's and Mr. Moore's endeavours to have kept him, and of the force they used ; but it was all to no purpose, for had there been fourty more they would have signified nothing ; that from the house he was carried to a wood, about a mile distant, where was a fine horse prepared, and as he was about to mount, a glass of wine was given him and a crust of bread, but when he offered to eat and drink, they were both struck out of his hand. That from thence he went in the same company that had taken him away, to a Danes Fort about seven miles from the wood ; that he imagined himself to be mounted on a white horse, whose motion was exceeding swift, and when they came to the fort, their company multiplied to about three hundred large and well-proportioned men and women ; he who seem'd to be chief was mounted on a sorrel horse ; that they all dismounted and fell to dancing, and that it came to the doctor's turn to lead a dance, which he did remember the tune he danced unto.

That after the dancing there appear'd a most sumptuous banquet, and the governour took him by the hand and desired him to eat ; which he several times attempted, but was prevented by something that still struck the meat out of his hand : and so gives an account how from thence he was carried to the several places the old woman had mentioned the night before ; and that about break of day, he found himself alone within sight of the inn.

Mr. Uniack was so curious as to go seven miles out of his way to see the Danes Fort, and the doctor was his guide ; who traced the path he had travelled the night before so exactly, that if his horse went but a yard out of the track, he would presently turn him into it again ; and that upon view of the fort, he found the grass so trodden down, and the ground beaten, as if five hundred men had been there.

This was related by Mr. Uniack in the presence of one Dr. Murphy, a civilian, Dr. Moore himself, and Mr. Ludlow, one of the six clerks of the high court of chancery, November 18, 1678.

For satisfaction of the licenser, I certifie this following relation was sent to me from Dublin, by a person whom I credit, and recommended in a letter bearing date the 23rd of November last, as true news much spoken of there.

JOHN COTIER.

XXXV. THE CORNISH FAIRIES.

[From Morgan's "*Phœnix Britannicus*," 4to., Lond., 1732. p. 546, as abridged in Ritson's "*Fairy Tales*."]]

Anne Jefferies (for that was her maiden name) of whom the following strange things are related, was born in the parish of St. Teath, in the county of Cornwall, in December, 1626, and she is still living, 1696, being now in the 70th year of her age. She is married to one William Warren, formerly hind to the late eminent physician Dr. Richard Lower deceased, and now lives as hind to Sir Andrew Slanning of Devon, Bart.

It is the custom in our county of Cornwall for the most substantial people of each parish, to take apprentices the poors children, and to breed them up till they attain to twenty-one years of age, and, for their service, to give them meat, drink, and clothes. This Anne Jefferies, being a poor mans child of the parish, by Providence fall into our family,¹ where she lived

¹ The authors name is Moses Pitt, who communicates these particulars to the right reverend father in God Edward Fowler lord bishop of Gloucester, printed in 1696.

several years ; being a girl of a bold, daring spirit, she would venture at those difficulties and dangers that no boy would attempt.

In the year 1645 (she then being nineteen years old), she being, one day, knitting in an arbour in our garden, there came over the garden-hedge to her (as she affirmed) six persons, of a small stature, all clothed in green, which she called fairies ; upon which she was so frightened, that she fell into a kind of a convulsion-fit. But, when we found her in this condition, we brought her into the house, and put her to bed, and took great care of her. As soon as she recovered out of her fit, she cries out, "They are just gone out of the window ; they are just gone out of the window ; do you not see them ?" And thus, in the height of her sickness, she would often cry out, and that with eagerness ; which expressions were attributed to her distemper, supposing her light-headed.

[On her recovery she becomes very religious, goes constantly to church, and takes mighty delight in devotion, although she could not herself read. She even begins to work miracles, and, by the blessing of God, cures her old mistress's leg, which had been hurt by a fall, as she was coming from the mill, with continued stroking of the part affected ; when our author thus proceeds :]

On this, my mother demanded of her, how she came to the knowledge of her fall ? She [who had been walking at the time in the gardens and orchard till the old woman came from the mill] made answer, *That half a dozen persons told her of it.* That, replied my mother, could not be, for there was none came by at that time but my neighbour, who brought me home. Anne answers again, *That that was truth, and it was also true that half a dozen persons told her so :* For, said she, you know I went out of the house into the gardens and orchard, very unwillingly, and now I will tell you the truth of all matters and things which have befallen me.

" You know, that this my sickness and fits came very sud-

denly upon me, which brought me very low and weak, and have made me very simple. Now the cause of my sickness was this : I was, one day, knitting of stockings in the arbour in the garden, and there came over the garden-hedge, of a sudden, six small people, all in green clothes, which put me into such a great fright, that was the cause of my great sickness : and they continue their appearance to me, never less than two at a time, nor never more than eight : they always appear in even numbers, two, four, six, eight. When I said, often, in my sickness, *They were just gone out of the window* ; it was really so, although you thought me light-headed. At this time, when I came out into the garden, they came to me, and asked me, If you had put me out of the house against my will ? I told them, I was unwilling to come out of the house. Upon this, they said,—You should not fare the better for it ; and thereupon, in that place, and at that time, in a fair path-way, you fell, and hurt your leg, I would not have you send for a surgeon, nor trouble yourself, for I will cure your leg :” the which she did in a little time.

This cure of my mother’s leg, and the stories she told of these fairies, made such a noise over all the county of Cornwall, as that people of all distempers came not only so far off as the Land’s-end, but also from London, and were cured by her. She took no monies of them, nor any reward, that ever I knew or heard of ; yet had she monies, at all times, sufficient to supply her wants. She neither made, nor bought any medicines, or salves, that ever I saw or heard of, yet wanted them not as she had occasion. She forsook eating our victuals, and was fed by these fairies from that harvest-time to the next Christmas-day ; upon which day she came to our table, and said, Because it was that day, she would eat some roast beef with us : the which she did, I myself being then at table.

One time (I remember it perfectly well) I had a mind to speak with her, and not knowing better where to find her than in her chamber, I went thither, and fell a knocking very

earnestly, at her chamber-door, with my foot, and calling to her earnestly, Anne, Anne, open the door, and let me in. She answered me, Have a little patience, and I will let you in immediately. Upon which, I looked through the key-hole of the door, and I saw her eating; and when she had done eating, she stood still by her bed-side, as long as thanks to God might be given, and then she made a courtesy (or bow), and opened the chamber-door, and gave me a piece of her bread, which I did eat: and, I think, it was the most delicious bread that ever I did eat, either before, or since.

[She could, also, render herself invisible, of which he relates an instance; and then proceeds:]

One day, these fairies gave my sister Mary (the now wife of Mr. Humphry Martyn) then about four years of age, a silver cup, which held about a quart, bidding her give it my mother, and she did bring it my mother; but my mother would not accept of it, but bid her carry it to them again, which she did. I presume this was the time my sister owns she saw the fairies.

I have seen Anne in the orchard dancing among the trees, and she told me she was then dancing with the fairies.

The great noise of the many strange cures Anne did, and also her living without eating our victuals (she being fed, as she said, by these fairies) caused both the neighbour magistrates and ministers to resort to my father's house, and talk with her, and strictly examine her, about the matters here related; and she gave them very rational answers to all those questions they then asked her (for by this time she was well recovered out of her sickness and fits, and her natural parts, and understanding much improved); my father, and all his family, affirming the truth of all we saw. The ministers endeavoured to persuade her, they were evil spirits which resorted to her, and that it was the delusion of the devil, and advised her not to go to them, when they called her. Upon these admonitions of the ministers and magistrates, our Anne was not a little troubled. How-

ever, that night, my father, with his family, sitting at a great fire in his hall, Anne being also present, she spake to my father, and said, Now they call (meaning the fairies). We all of us urged her not to go. In less than half a quarter of an hour, she said, Now they call a second time. We encouraged her again, not to go to them. By-and-by she said, Now they call a third time : upon which, away to her chamber she went to them (of all these three calls of the fairies none heard them but Anne). After she had been in her chamber some time, she came to us again with a bible in her hand, and tells us, that, when she came to the fairies, they said to her, What ! has there been some magistrates and ministers with you, and dissuaded you from coming any more to us, saying, we are evil spirits, and that it was all the delusion of the devil ? Pray desire them to read that place of scripture in the 1st epistle of St. John, chap. 4, ver. 1. "Dearly beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits, whether they are of God, &c." This place of scripture was turned down to in the said Bible.

After this, one John Tregeagle esq. (who was steward to the late John earl of Radnor) being then a justice of peace in Cornwall, sent his warrant for Anne, and sent her to Bodmin jail, and there kept her a long time. That day the constable came to execute his warrant, Anne milking the cows, the fairies appeared to her, and told her, that a constable would come that day, with a warrant, for to carry her before a justice of peace, and she would be sent to jail. She asked them, if she should hide herself ? They answered her, No : she should fear nothing, but go with the constable. So she went with the constable to the justice, and he sent her to Bodmin jail, and ordered the prison-keeper that she should be kept without victuals ; and she was so kept, and yet she lived, and that without complaining. But poor Anne lay in jail for a considerable time after ; and also justice Tregeagle, who was her great persecutor, kept her in his house some time, as a prisoner, and that with-

out victuals: and, at last, when Anne was discharged out of prison, the justices made an order, that Anne should not live any more with my father. Whereupon, my father's only sister, Mrs. Frances Tom, a widow, near Padstow, took Anne into her family, and there she lived a considerable time, and did many great cures: and from thence she went to live with her own brother, and, in process of time, married, as aforesaid.

XXXVI. PARNELL'S FAIRY TALE.

In Britain's isle and Arthur's days,
 When midnight fairies daunc'd the maze,
 Liv'd Edwin of the Green:
 Edwin, I wis, a gentle youth,
 Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,
 Tho' badly shap'd he'd been.

His mountain back mote well be said
 To measure height against his head,
 And lift itself above;
 Yet spite of all that nature did
 To make his uncouth form forbid,
 This creature dar'd to love.

He felt the charms of Edith's eyes,
 Nor wanted hope to gain the prize,
 Cou'd ladies look within;
 But one sir Topaz dress'd with art,
 And, if a shape cou'd win a heart,
 He had a shape to win.

Edwin, if right I read my song,
With slighted passion pac'd along
 All in the moony light ;
'Twas near an old enchanted court,
Where sportive fairies made resort
 To revel out the night.

His heart was drear, his hope was cross'd,
'Twas late, 'twas far, the path was lost
 That reach'd the neighbour-town ;
With weary steps he quits the shades,
Resolv'd the darkling dome he treads,
 And drops his limbs adown.

But scant he lays him on the floor,
When hollow winds remove the door,
 A trembling rocks the ground :
And well I ween, to count aright,
At once a hundred tapers light
 On all the walls around.

Now sounding tongues assail his ear,
Now sounding feet approachen near,
 And now the sounds increase :
And from the corner where he lay,
He sees a train profusely gay
 Come pranking o'er the place.

But (trust me, gentles,) never yet
Was dight a masquing half so neat,
 Or half so rich, before ;
The country lent the sweet perfumes,
The sea, the pearl, the sky, the plumes,
 The town its silken store.

Now, whilst he gaz'd, a gallant drest
 In flaunting robes above the rest,
 With awful accent cry'd ;
 " What mortal of a wretched mind,
 Whose sighs infect the balmy wind,
 Has here presum'd to hide?"

At this the swain, whose vent'rous soul
 No fears of magic art controul,
 Advanc'd in open sight ;
 " Nor have I cause of dread," he said,
 " Who view by no presumption led,
 Your revels of the night.

'Twas grief for scorn of faithful love,
 Which made my steps unweeting rove
 Amid the nightly dew."
 " 'Tis well," the gallant cries again,
 " We fairies never injure men
 Who dare to tell us true.

" Exalt thy love-dejected heart,
 Be mine the task, or ere we part,
 To make thee grief resign ;
 Now take the pleasure of thy chance ;
 Whilst I with Mab, my part'ner, daunce,
 Be little Mable thine."

He spoke, and all a sudden there
 Light music floats in wanton air ;
 The monarch leads the queen :
 The rest their fairy part'ners found,
 And Mable trimly tript the ground
 With Edwin of the Green.

The dauncing past, the board was laid,
And siker such a feast was made
As heart and lip desire ;
Withouten hands the dishes fly,
The glasses with a wish come nigh,
And with a wish retire.

But now to please the fairy king,
Full ev'ry deal they laugh and sing,
And antic feats devise ;
Some wind and tumble like an ape,
And other some transmute their shape
In Edwin's wond'ring eyes.

'Till one at last that Robin hight,
Renown'd for pinching maids by night,
Has bent him up aloof ;
And full against the beam he flung,
Where by the back the youth he hung,
To spraul unneath the roof.

From thence, "Reverse my charm," he crys,
And let it fairly now suffice
The gambol has been shown."
But Oberon answers with a smile,
"Content thee, Edwin, for a while,
The vantage is thine own."

Here ended all the phantom-play ;
They smelt the fresh approach of day,
And heard a cock to crow ;
The whirling wind that bore the crowd
Has clapp'd the door, and whistled loud,
To warn them all to go.

Then screaming all at once they fly,
 And all at once the tapers dye ;
 Poor Edwin falls to floor.
 Forlorn his state, and dark the place,
 Was never wight in sike a case
 Thro' all the land before !

But soon as dan Apollo rose,
 Full jolly creature home he goes,
 He feels his back the less ;
 His honest tongue and steady mind
 Had rid him of the lump behind,
 Which made him want success.

With lusty livelyhed he talks,
 He seems a-dauncing as he walks,
 His story soon took wind ;
 And beauteous Edith sees the youth,
 Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,
 Without a bunch behind.

The story told, sir Topaz mov'd,
 The youth of Edith erst approv'd,
 To see the revel scene :
 At close of eve he leaves his home,
 And wends to find the ruin'd dome,
 All on the gloomy plain.

As there he bides, it so befell
 The wind came rustling down a dell,
 A shaking seiz'd the wall :
 Up spring the tapers as before,
 The fairies bragly foot the floor,
 And music fills the hall.

But certes sorely sunk with woe,
Sir Topaz sees the elphin show,
His spirits in him dy :
When Oberon crys, " A man is near,
A mortal passion, cleeped fear,
Hangs flagging in the sky."

With that sir Topaz, hapless youth
In accents fault'ring, ay for ruth,
Intreats them pity graunt ;
For als he been a mister wight,
Betray'd by wand'ring in the night,
To tread the circled haunt.

"Ah losell vile," at once they roar,
"And little skill'd of fairie lore,
Thy cause to come we know :
Now has thy kestrell courage fell ;
And fairies, since a lye you tell,
Are free to work thee woe."

Then Will, who bears the wispy fire
To trail the swains among the mire,
The caitive upward flung ;
There like a tortoise in a shop
He dangled from the chamber top,
Where whilome Edwin hung.

The revel now proceeds apace,
Deftly they frisk it o'er the place,
They sit, they drink, and eat
The time with frolic mirth beguile,
And poor sir Topaz hangs the while.
Till all the rout retreat.

By this the stars began to wink,
 They shriek, they fly, the tapers sink,
 And down y-drops the knight ;
 For never spell by fairie laid,
 With strong enchantment bound a glade
 Beyond the length of night.

Chill, dark, alone, adreed, he lay,
 Till up the welkin rose the day,
 Then deem'd the dole was o'er :
 But wot ye well his harder lot,
 His seely back the bunch had got,
 Which Edwin lost afore !

This tale a Sybil nurse arod ;
 She softly stroak'd my youngling head,
 And when the tale was done,
 " Thus some are born, my son," she cries,
 " With base impediments to rise,
 And some are born with none.

" But virtue can itself advance
 To what the fav'rite fools of chance
 By fortune seem design'd ;
 Virtue can gain the odds of fate,
 And from itself shake off the weight
 Upon th'unworthy mind."

XXXVII.—THE LUCK OF EDEN HALL.

From Ritson's "Fairy Tales," p. 150, and Brand's "Popular Antiquities," ii., 284. The tradition is said to be still current.

In Eden-hall, in Cumberland, the mansion of the knightly family of Musgrave for many generations, is carefully preserved, in a leathern case, an old painted drinking-glass, which, according to the tradition of the neighbourhood, was long ago taken from fairies near a well dedicated to St. Cuthbert, not far from the house. This glass is supposed to have been a sacred chalice; but the legendary tale is, that the butler, going to draw water, surprised a company of fairies, who were amusing themselves upon the green near the well. He seized the glass, which was standing upon its margin; they tried to recover it, but after an ineffectual struggle, flew away, saying:—

If that glass either break or fall,
Farewell the luck of Eden-hall.

From this friendly caution the glass obtained the name recorded in a humorous and excellent ballad, usually, but erroneously attributed to the duke of Wharton, of a famous drinking match at this place, which begins thus:—

God prosper long from being broke,
The luck of Eden-hall.

The good-fortune, however, of this ancient house, was never so much endangered as by the duke himself, who, having drunk its contents, to the success and perpetuity, no doubt, of the worthy owner and his race, inadvertently dropped it, and here, most certainly, would have terminated *The luck of Eden-hall*,

if the butler, who had brought the draught, and stood at his elbow, to receive the empty cup, had not happily caught it in his napkin.

XXXVIII. ISLE OF MAN FAIRIES.

The following fairy legends are related in Waldron's "History of the Isle of Man." They are very curious documents in the history of our fairy mythology, and have been previously reprinted by Ritson, whose selection is here adopted.

[The Manks] say, that an apparition, called in their language, the *Maunthe Doog*, in the shape of a large black spaniel, with curled shaggy hair, was used to haunt Peel-castle; and has been frequently seen in every room, but particularly in the guard-chamber, where, as soon as candles were lighted, it came and lay down before the fire, in presence of all the soldiers, who, at length, by being so much accustomed to the sight of it, lost great part of the terror they were seized with at its first appearance. They still, however, retain'd a certain awe, as believing it was an evil spirit, which only waited permission to do them hurt, and, for that reason, forbore swearing and all prophane discourse while in its company. But tho' they endured the shock of such a guest when all together in a body, none cared to be left alone with it: it being the custom, therefore, for one of the soldiers to lock the gates of the castle, at a certain hour, and carry them to the captain, to whose apartment the way led through a church; they agreed among themselves, that whoever was to succeed the ensuing night, his fellow in this errand should accompany him that went first, and, by this means, no man would be expos'd singly to the danger: for the *Maunthe Doog* was always seen to come from that passage at the close of day, and return to it again as soon

as the morning dawned, which made them look on this place as its peculiar residence.

One night a fellow, being drunk, and, by the strength of his liquor, rendered more daring than ordinary, laugh'd at the simplicity of his companions, and tho' it was not his turn to go with the keys, would needs take that office upon him to testify his courage. All the soldiers endeavour'd to dissuade him, but the more they said, the more resolute he seemed, and swore that he desired nothing more than that [the] *Mauthe Doog* would follow him, as it had done the others, for he would try if it were dog or devil. After having talked in a very reprobate manner for some time, he snatched up the keys, and went out of the guard-room. In some time after his departure a great noise was heard, but nobody had the boldness to see what occasioned it, till the adventurer returning, they demanded the knowledge of him; but as loud and noisy as he had been at leaving them, he was now become sober and silent enough; and tho' all the time he lived, which was three days, he was entreated by all who come near him, either to speak, or, if he could not do that, to make some signs, by which they might understand what had happened to him, yet nothing intelligible could be got from him, only, that, by the distortion of his limbs and features, it might be guess'd that he died in agonies more than is common in a natural death.

The *Mauthe Doog* was, however, never seen after in the castle, nor would any one attempt to go thro' that passage, for which reason it was closed up, and another way made. This accident happened about threescore years since. and I HEARD IT ATTESTED by several, but especially, BY AN OLD SOLDIER, who assured me HE HAD SEEN IT OFTENER THAN HE HAD THEN HAIRS ON HIS HEAD.

A Manks-man, who had been led by invisible musicians for several miles together, and not being able to resist the harmony, followed till it conducted him to a large common, where

was a great number of little people sitting round a table, and eating and drinking in a very jovial manner. Among them were some faces which he thought he had formerly seen, but forbore taking any notice [of them] or they of him, till the little people offering him drink, one of them, whose features seemed not unknown to him, plucked him by the coat, and forbid him, whatever he did, to taste any thing he saw before him ; for, if you do, added he, you will be as I am, and return no more to your family. The poor man was much affrighted, but resolved to obey the injunction : accordingly a large silver cup, filled with some sort of liquor, being put into his hand, he found an opportunity to throw what it contained on the ground. Soon after, the music ceasing, all the company disappeared, leaving the cup in his hand ; and he returned home, though much wearied and fatigued. He went the next day, and communicated to the minister of the parish all that had happened, and asked his advice how he should dispose of the cup : to which the parson replied he could not do better than to devote it to the service of the church ; and this very cup, they say, is that which is now used for the consecrated wine in Kirk-Merlugh.

A fiddler, in the Isle of Man, having agreed with a person, who was a stranger, for so much money, to play to some company he should bring him to, all the twelve days of Christmas, and received earnest for it, saw his new master vanish into the earth the moment he had made the bargain. Nothing could be more terrified than was the poor fiddler ; he found he had entered into the devil's service, and looked on himself as already damned ; but, having recourse to a clergyman, he received some hope : he ordered him, however, as he had taken earnest, to go when he should be called ; but that, whatever tunes should be called for, to play none but psalms. On the day appointed, the same person appeared, with whom he went, though with what inward reluctance 'tis easy to guess ; but, punctually obeying the ministers directions, the company to whom he

played were so angry, that they all vanished at once, leaving him at the top of a high hill, and so bruised and hurt, though he was not sensible when, or from what hand, he received the blows, that he got not home without the utmost difficulty.

I was prevailed upon to go and see a child, who, they told me, was one of these changelings, and, indeed, must own, was not a little surprised, as well as shocked, at the sight: nothing under heaven could have a more beautiful face; but, though between five and six years old, and seeming healthy, he was so far from being able to walk or stand, that he could not so much as move any one joint: his limbs were vastly long for his age, but smaller than an infants of six months; his complexion was perfectly delicate, and he had the finest hair in the world; he never spoke nor cried; eat scarce any thing; and was very seldom seen to smile; but, if any one called him a *fairy-elf*, he would frown, and fix his eyes so earnestly on those who said it, as if he would look them through. His mother, or, at least, his supposed mother, being very poor, frequently went out a charing, and left him a whole day together: the neighbours, out of curiosity, have often looked in at the window, to see how he behaved when alone; which whenever they did, they were sure to find him laughing, and in the utmost delight. This made them judge that he was not without company more pleasing to him than any mortals could be; and what made this conjecture seem the more reasonable, was, that, if he were left ever so dirty, the woman, at her return, saw him with a clean face, and his hair combed with the utmost exactness and nicety.

A second account of this nature, he says, I had from a woman to whose offspring the fairies seemed to have taken a particular fancy. The fourth or fifth night after she was delivered of her first child, the family was alarmed with a most terrible cry of fire; on which, every body ran out of the house to see whence

it proceeded, not excepting the nurse, who, being as much frightened as the others, made one of the number. The poor woman lay trembling in her bed, alone, unable to help herself, and her back being turned to the infant, saw not that it was taken away by an invisible hand. Those who had left her, having inquired in the neighbourhood, and finding there was no cause for the outcry they had heard, laughed at each other for the mistake; but, as they were going to reenter the house, the poor babe lay on the threshold, and by its cries preserved itself from being trod upon. This exceedingly amazed all that saw it; and, the mother being still in bed, they could ascribe no reason for finding it there; but having been removed by fairies, who, by their sudden return, had been prevented from carrying it any farther.

About a year after, he says, the same woman was brought to bed of a second child, which had not been born many nights, before a great noise was heard in the house where they keep their cattle. Every body that was stirring ran to see what was the matter, believing that the cows had got loose: the nurse was as ready as the rest; but finding all safe, and the barn-door close, immediately returned, but not so suddenly but that the new-born babe was taken out of the bed, as the former had been, and dropped, on their coming, in the middle of the entry. This was enough to prove the fairies had made a second attempt; and the parents, sending for a minister, joined with him in thanksgiving to God, who had twice delivered their children from being taken from them.

But, in the time of her third delivery, every body seemed to have forgot what had happened in the first and second, and on a noise in the cattle-house, ran out to know what had occasioned it. The nurse was the only person, excepting the woman in the straw, who stayed in the house, nor was she detained through care, or want of curiosity, but by the bonds of sleep, having drunk a little too plentifully the preceding day. The mother, who was broad awake, saw her child lifted out of the

bed, and carried out of the chamber, though she could not see any person touch it; on which she cried out as loud as she could, Nurse! nurse! my child! my child is taken away! but the old woman was too fast [asleep] to be awakened by the noise she made, and the infant was irretrievably gone. When her husband, and those who had accompanied him, returned, they found her wringing her hands, and uttering the most piteous lamentations for the loss of her child; on which, said the husband, looking into the bed, The woman is mad; do not you see the child lies by you? On which she turned, and saw, indeed, something like a child, but far different from her own, which was a very beautiful, fat, well-featured babe; whereas, what was now in the room of it was a poor, lean, withered, deformed creature. It lay quite naked, but the clothes belonging to the child that was exchanged for it lay wrapt up altogether on the bed.

This creature lived with them near the space of nine years, in all which time it eat nothing except a few herbs, nor was ever seen to void any other excrement than water: it neither spoke, nor could stand or go, but seemed enervate in every joint; and in all its actions showed itself to be of the same nature.

A girl, about ten years old, daughter of a woman who lived about two miles from Ballasalli, in the Isle of Man, being sent over the fields to the town, for a pennyworth of tobacco for her father, was, on the top of a mountain, surrounded by a great number of little men, who would not suffer her to pass any farther. Some of them said she should go with them, and accordingly laid hold of her; but one, seeming more pitiful, desired they would let her alone; which they refusing, there ensued a quarrel, and the person who took her part fought bravely in her defence. This so incensed the others, that, to be revenged on her, for being the cause, two or three of them seized her, and, pulling up her clothes, whipped her

heartily ; after which, it seems, they had no further power over her, and she ran home directly, telling what had befallen her, and showing prints of several small hands. Several of the towns-people went with her to the mountain, and, she conducting them to the spot, the little antagonists were gone, but had left behind them proofs (as the good woman said) that what the girl had informed them was true ; for there was a great deal of blood to be seen on the stones.

Another woman, equally superstitious and fanciful as the former, told the author that, being great with child, and expecting every moment the good hour, as she lay awake one night in her bed, she saw seven or eight little women come into her chamber, one of whom had an infant in her arms : they were followed by a man of the same size with themselves, but in the habit of a minister. One of them went to the pail, and finding no water in it, cried out to the others, What must they do to christen the child ? On which they replied it should be done in beer. With that, the seeming parson took the child in his arms, and performed the ceremony of baptism, dipping his hand in a great tub of strong-beer, which the woman had brewed the day before, to be ready for her lying-in. She told me, that they baptized the infant by the name of Joan, which made her know she was pregnant of a girl, as it proved a few days after, when she was delivered. She added also, that it was common for the fairies to make a mock-christening when any person was near her time, and that, according to what child, male or female, they brought, such should the woman bring into the world.

A young sailor, coming off a long voyage, though it was late at night, chose to land rather than lie another night in the vessel : being permitted to do so, he was set on shore at Douglas. It happened to be a fine moon-light night, and very dry, being a small frost ; he, therefore, forebore going into any

house to refresh himself, but made the best of his way to the house of a sister he had at Kirk-Merlugh. As he was going over a pretty high mountain, he heard the noise of horses, the halloo of a huntsman, and the finest horn in the world. He was a little surprised that any body pursued those kind of sports in the night, but he had not time for much reflection before they all passed by him, so near, that he was able to count what number there was of them, which, he said, was thirteen, and that they were all dressed in green, and gallantly mounted. He was so well pleased with the sight, that he would gladly have followed, could he have kept pace with them; he crossed the foot-way, however, that he might see them again, which he did more than once, and lost not the sound of the horn for some miles. At length, being arrived at his sisters, he tells her the story, who, presently, clapped her hands for joy that he was come home safe; For, said she, those you saw were fairies, and 'tis well they did not take you away with them.

At my first coming into the island of Maa, and hearing this sort of stories, I imputed the giving credit to them merely to the simplicity of the poor creatures who related them; but was strangely surprised, when I heard other narratives of this kind, and altogether as absurd, attested by men who passed for persons of sound judgement. Among this number, was a gentleman, my near neighbour, who affirmed, with the most solemn asseverations, that, being of my opinion, and entirely averse to the belief that any such beings were permitted to wander for the purposes related of them, he had been at last convinced by the appearance of several little figures, playing and leaping over some stones in a field, whom, at a few yards distance, he imagined were school-boys, and intended, when I came near enough, to reprimand, for being absent from their exercises at that time of the day; it being then, he said, between three and four of the clock: but, when he approached

as near as he could guess, within twenty paces, they all, immediately, disappeared, though he had never taken his eye off them from the first moment he beheld them; nor was there any place where they could so suddenly retreat, it being an open field, without hedge or bush, and, as is said before, broad day.

Another instance, which might serve to strengthen the credit of the last, was told to Waldron by a person who had the reputation of the utmost integrity. This man, being desirous of disposing of a horse he had, at that time, no great occasion for, and riding him to market for that purpose, was accosted, in passing over the mountains, by a little man in a plain dress, who asked him if he would sell his horse. 'Tis the design I am going on, replied the person who told the story: on which the other desired to know the price. Eight pounds, said he. No, resumed the purchaser, I will give no more than seven; which if you will take, here is your money. The owner, thinking he had bid pretty fair, agreed with him, and, the money being told out, the one dismounted, and the other got on the back of the horse, which he had no sooner done, than both beast and rider sunk into the earth, immediately, leaving the person who had made the bargain in the utmost terror and confusion. As soon as he had a little recovered himself, he went directly to the parson of the parish, and related what had passed, desiring he would give his opinion whether he ought to make use of the money he had received, or not: to which he replied, that as he had made a fair bargain, and no way circumvented, nor endeavoured to circumvent the buyer, he saw no reason to believe, in case it was an evil spirit, it could have any power over him. On this assurance, he went home well satisfied, and nothing afterward happened to give him any disquiet concerning this affair.

An English gentleman, the particular friend of our author, to whom he told the story, was about passing over Douglas-bridge before it was broken down; but, the tide being high, he was obliged to take the river; having an excellent horse under him, and one accustomed to swim. As he was in the middle of it, he heard, or imagined he heard, the finest symphony, he would not say in the world, for nothing human ever came up to it. The horse was no less sensible of the harmony than himself, and kept in an immoveable posture all the time it lasted; which, he said, could not be less than three quarters of an hour, according to the most exact calculation he could make, when he arrived at the end of his little journey, and found how long he had been coming. He, who before laughed at all the stories told of fairies, now became a convert, and believed as much as ever a Manks-man of them all.¹

XXXIX. THE PORRIDGE-POT.

[From Aubrey's "Natural History and Antiquities of the County of Surrey," vol. iii., p. 366.]

In the vestry here [Trensham Church], on the North side of the chancel, is an extraordinary great kettle or caldron, which the inhabitants say, by tradition, was brought hither by the fairies, time out of mind, from Boreah-hill,

¹ Waldron, p. 73. A little beyond a hole in the rock, at the foot of a mountain, about a league and a half from Boreah-hill, is a place they call *The Devils den*, "is a small lake, in the midst of which is a large stone, on which, formerly, stood a cross: round this stone, they are said to celebrate the obsequies of any good person; and I have heard many people, and those of a considerable share of understanding, protest, that, in passing that way, they have heard the sound of such musick, as could proceed from no other source." p. 137.

about a mile from hence. To this place if any one went to borrow a yoke of oxen, money, &c., he might have it for a year or longer, so he kept his word to return it. There is a cave, where some have fancied to hear musick. On this Borough-hill (in the same parish) is a great stone lying along, of the length of about six feet. They went to this stone, and knocked at it, and declared what they would borrow, and when they would repay, and a voice would answer, when they should come, and that they should find what they desir'd to borrow at that stone. This caldron, with the trivet, was borrow'd here after the manner aforesaid, but not return'd according to promise; and, though the caldron was afterwards carried to the stone, it could not be received, and ever since that time, no borrowing there.

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ADDITIONAL NOTES.

Page 1, line 1. Romance of Launfal.] I had no opportunity of collating this romance in proof, but believe that the terminal contractions will be found to be accurately given. The MS. itself is occasionally uncertain and inaccurate in this respect, as indeed are most MSS. of the same period.

Page 24, line 21. Lodlokest.] That is, most loathly. In Syr Gawayne, p. 99, we have the following line,—

“ In the lyknes of Lucyfere, *layeth este* in helle.”

as printed by Sir F. Madden; but, as this does not make very good sense. I should propose to read *lathetheste*, another form of the word just mentioned, and which exactly suits the context of the whole passage.

Page 131, line 10. Sops in wine.] That is, pinks. See a long article in Nares's Glossary, in v.

Page 245, line 23. Fairy king, from that tree-skip.] To these lines I must plead guilty, but the other translations from Randolph are taken from an article on fairies in Leigh Hunt's “London Journal.”

Page 266, line 4. As the stormy windes did blow.] A curious coincidence with a well-known line in a celebrated modern song!

